THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. XI.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

LONDON,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caslon, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, T. Cadell, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Beecroft, W. Stuart, T. Lowndes, J. Robson, T. Payne, T. Becket, F. Newbery, G. Robinson, R. Baldwin, J. Williams, J. Ridley, T. Evans, W. Davies, W. Fox, and J. Murray.

MDCCLXXVIII.

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Vincentio, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an antient Lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtick.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
* Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, Servant to Mrs. Over-done.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Overdone, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once ſpoken to, and ſays nothing. JOHNSON.

MEA-

MEASURE for MEASURE[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.



The Duke's Palace[2].

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke. Escalus,——
Escal. My lord.

Duke.

[1] The story is taken from *Cinthio's Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5. POPE.

[2] There is perhaps not one of Shakespeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its authour, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakespeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetstone opens his play thus.

" Act. I. Scena I.

" Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde bearer: one with a bunche
" of keyes: Phallax, *Promos Man.*

" You Officers which now in *Julio* staye
" Know you your leadge, the King of *Hungarie*:
" Sent me *Promos*, to joyne with you in sway:
" That styll we may to *Justice* have an eye.

" And

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am [3] put to know, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice [4]
My strength can give you: Then no more remains [5],
But

" And now to show, my rule and power at lardge,
" Attentivelie, his letters pattents heare:
" *Phallax*, reade out my Soveraines chardge.
" *Phal.* As you commaunde, I wyll: give heedeful care.
Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which must be fayre written in parchment, with some great counterfeat zeale.*
" *Pro.* Loe, here you see what is our Soveraignes wyl
" Loe, heare his wish, that right, not might, beare swaye:
" Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
" To scoorge the wights, good lawes that disobay.
" Such zeale he beares, unto the common weale,
" (How so he byds, the ignoraunt to save)
" As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele, &c. &c. &c.

——— ——— ——— ——— ———

" *Pro.* Both swoorde and keies, unto my princes use,
" I doo receyve and gladlie take my chardge.
" It resteth nowe for to reforme abuse,
" We poynt a tyme, of councell more at lardge,
" To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart.
" *Al. speake.* To worke your wyll, we yeelde a wylling hart.
Exeunt."

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inserted here. See likewise the Piece itself among *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross. STEEVENS.

[3] *Since I am* not *to know*,—] Old copy,
——— put *to know*, ———
Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

I am put to know, may mean, *I am obliged to acknowledge*.
So in *King Henry* VI. p. 2. sc. i.
" —— had I first been *put to* speak my mind."
Again in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston*:
" My limbs were *put to* travel day and night." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *lists* ——] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.
So in *Othello*.
" Confine yourself within a patient *list*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Then no more remains*, &c.] This is a passage which has exercised the sagacity of the editors, and is now to employ mine.

——But

But that your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our

——— *Then no more remains,*
Put *that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,*
And let them work.

I doubt not, but this paſſage, either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyiſts, has come maimed to us. In the firſt place, what an unmeaſurable, inharmonious verſe have we here; and then, how lame is the ſenſe! What was Eſcalus to put to his *ſufficiency?* Why, his *ſcience.* But his ſcience and his ſufficiency were but one and the ſame thing. On what then does the relative *them* depend? The old editions read thus:

——— *Then no more remains,*
But *that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,*
And let them work.

Here again, the ſenſe is manifeſtly lame and defective, and as the verſification is ſo too, they concur to make me think, a line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, ſomething like this might ſupply our author's meaning:

——— *Then no more remains,*
But *that to your ſufficiency* you add
Due diligency, *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.

By ſome ſuch ſupplement both the ſenſe and meaſure would be cured. But as the conjecture is unſupported by any authorities, I have not pretended to thruſt it into the text; but ſubmit it to judgment. They, who are acquainted with books, know, that, where two words of a ſimilar length and termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for tranſcribers to glance their eye at once from the *firſt* to the *undermoſt* word, and ſo leave out the intermediate part of the ſentence.

THEOBALD.

Since I am not to know, that your own ſcience
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your ſufficiency, *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.

To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and ſays, *What was Eſcalus to put to his ſufficiency? why, his ſcience: But his ſcience and ſufficiency were but one and the ſame thing. On what then does the relative* them *depend?* He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropp'd, which he attempts to reſtore by *due diligency. Nodum in ſcirpo quærit.* And all for want of knowing, that by *ſufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the duke to Eſcalus. The plain meaning of the word

 being

Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
For common juſtice, you are as pregnant in [6],

As

being this: *Put your ſkill in governing* (ſays the duke) *to the power which I give you to exerciſe it, and let them work together.* WARBURTON.

Sir Tho. Hanmer, having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a line was loſt, endeavours to ſupply it thus.

———— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you join
A will to ſerve us, *as your worth is able.*

He has by this bold conjecture undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps not, even in his own opinion, the meaning of Shakeſpeare.

That the paſſage is more or leſs corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the editors. I am not convinced that a line is loſt, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after ſome other editor, will amend the fault. There was probably ſome original obſcurity in the expreſſion, which gave occaſion to miſtake in repetition or tranſcription. I therefore ſuſpect that the author wrote thus,

———— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiencies *your worth is* abled,
And let them work.

Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now inveſted with power equal to your knowledge and wiſdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may eaſily be conceived how *ſufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate ſpeaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *ſufficiency as*, and how *abled*, a word very unuſual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, or nearly the ſame, with the Duke. As for *ſufficiencies*, D. Hamilton in his dying ſpeech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the* virtues *and* ſufficiencies *of his father*. JOHNSON.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obſcurity, of this verſe may be conſidered as ſome evidence of its corruption. Take away the *two firſt* words, and the ſenſe joins well enough with what went before. *Then* (ſays the duke) *no more remains to ſay*.

Your ſufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.

i. e. *Your ſkill in government is in ability to ſerve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future miniſtry.*

The verſification requires that either ſomething ſhould be added, or ſomething retrenched. The latter is the eaſier, as well as the ſafer taſk. I join in the belief, however, that a line is loſt; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy of the folio, (for of this play there is no other old edition) will find my opinion juſtified. STEEVENS.

Some

As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us Angelo.—
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul[7]
Elected

Some words ſeem to be loſt here, the ſenſe of which, perhaps, may be thus ſupplied:

——— *then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you put
A zeal as willing *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.——— TYRWHITT.

[6] ———*the terms*
For *common juſtice, you are as pregnant in,*]

The later editions all give it, without authority,

———*the terms*
Of *juſtice,*———

and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* ſignify *bounds* or *limits*. I rather think the Duke meant to ſay, that Eſcalus was *pregnant*, that is, *ready* and knowing in all the forms of law, and, among other things, in the *terms* or *times ſet apart* for its adminiſtration. JOHNSON.

The word *pregnant* is uſed with this ſignification in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks* 1611, where a lawyer is repreſented reading:

"In triceſſimo primo Alberti Magni
"'Tis very cleare—the place is very *pregnant*."

i.e. very *expreſſive*, *ready*, or very *big with meaning*.

Again,

"——the Proof is moſt *pregnant*."

Again, *The Cruel Brother* by Sir *W. Davenant*, 1630.

"—— my abilities are moſt *pregnant*
"When I find I may be profitable."

Again,

"——oh, ſuch a *pregnant* eye!" STEEVENS.

[7] *For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial* ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;]

This nonſenſe muſt be corrected thus,

———*with ſpecial* roll

i.e. with a ſpecial commiſſion. For it appears, from this ſcene, that Eſcalus had one commiſſion, and Angelo *another*. The Duke had before delivered Eſcalus his commiſſion. He now declares that deſigned for Angelo; and he ſays, afterwards, to both,

To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life [8],

That

Why Angelo's was called the *ſpecial roll* was, becauſe he was in authority ſuperior to Eſcalus.

——— *old Eſcalus,*
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary. WARBURTON.

This editor is, I think, right in ſuppoſing a corruption, but leſs happy in his emendation. I read,

——— *we have with ſpecial* ſeal
Elected him our abſence to ſupply.

A ſpecial *ſeal* is a very natural metonomy for a *ſpecial commiſſion.* JOHNSON.

By the words *with ſpecial ſoul elected him,* I believe, the poet meant no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart.*

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

——— "with *private ſoul*
"Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me."

Again, more appoſitely in the *Tempeſt:*

——— "for ſeveral virtues
"Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
"With ſo *full ſoul,* but ſome defect," &c. STEEVENS.

We have with *ſpecial ſoul.*

This ſeems to be only a tranſlation of the uſual formal words inſerted in all royal grants—"De *gratia* noſtra *ſpeciali* et ex "mero motu—" MALONE.

[8] *There is a kind of character in thy life,*
That to the obſerver, &c.]

Either this introduction has more ſolemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot diſcover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the obſerver of his *hiſtory?* Might it be ſuppoſed that Shakeſpeare wrote this?

There

That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: Thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper [9], as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee [1].
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues [2]
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues [3]: nor nature never lends [4]
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech

There is a kind of character in thy look.

Hiſtory may be taken in a more diffuſe and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this ſenſe be received, the paſſage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare muſt, I believe, be anſwerable for the unneceſſary pomp of this introduction. He has the ſame thought in *Henry* IV. p. 2. which is ſome comment on this paſſage before us:

"There is a hiſtory in all mens' lives,
"Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
"The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy
"With a near aim, of the main chance of things
"As yet not come to life, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] —*are not thine own ſo proper.*] i. e. are not ſo much thy own property. STEEVENS.

[1] —them on *thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee. STEEVENS.

[2] ———*for if our virtues*, &c.]
"*Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ*
"*Celata virtus*"—— Hor. WARBURTON.

So in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour*:
"Virtue, if not in action, is a vice,
"And, when we move not forward, we go backward."

So the Latin adage—*Non progredi eſt regredi.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*to fine iſſues:*——] To great conſequences. For high purpoſes. JOHNSON.

[4] ——nor *nature* never *lends.*] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author.

So in *Julius Cæſar*:
"There is no harm intended to your perſon,
"*Nor* to *no* Roman elſe." STEEVENS.

To one that can my part in him advertise [5]:
Hold therefore Angelo [6]:
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question [7], is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

[5] ——*I do bend my speech,*
To one that can my part in him advertise;]
This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern: *my part in him*, signifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertise*; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him*; that is, his representation of my person. But all these quaintnesses of expression, the Oxford editor seems sworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of Shakespeare's characteristic marks; which, if not one of the comeliest, is yet one of the strongest. So he alters this to,
To one that can, in my part, me advertise.
A better expression indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakespeare's. WARBURTON.

I know not whether we may not better read,
One that can my part to *him advertise,*
One that can *inform himself* of that which it would be otherwise *my part* to tell him. JOHNSON.

To *advertise* is used in this sense, and with this accentuation, by Chapman, in his translation of the *11th book of the Odyssey*.
"Or, of my father, if thy royal ear
"Hath been *advertis'd*——." STEEVENS.

[6] *Hold therefore Angelo:*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore Angelo,* are the words which the duke utters on tendering his commission to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commission.* STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the duke may be understood to speak of himself. *Hold therefore.* i. e. Let me therefore hold, or stop. And the sense of the whole passage may be this. The duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himself thus. "But I am speaking *to one, that can in him* [in, or by himself] apprehend *my part* [all that I have to say]: I will therefore say no more [on that subject]." He then merely signifies to Angelo his appointment. TYRWHITT.

[7] —*first in question,*——] That is, first called for; first ap- ... JOHNSON.

Ang.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice [8]
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own [9];
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well

[8] *We have with a* leaven'd *and prepared choice*] *Leaven'd* has no sense in this place: we should read,

——levell'd *choice*.

The allusion is to archery, when a man has fixed upon his object, after taking good aim. WARBURTON.

No emendation is necessary. *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakespeare's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this. *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened.* When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate, not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it suits better with *prepared* than *levelled.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*your* scope *is as mine own.*] That is, Your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, ſir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a ſoldier of us all, that,

that, in the thankſgiving before meat, doth reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? [1] in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion [2], or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy [3]: As for example; Thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of ſheers between us [4].

Lucio.

[1] ——*in metre?*] In the primers, there are metrical graces, ſuch as, I ſuppoſe, were uſed in Shakeſpeare's time. JOHNSON.

[2] *In any proportion*, &c.] The Oxford editor gives us a dialogue of his own inſtead of this: and all for want of knowing the meaning of the word *proportion*, which ſignifies *meaſure:* and refers to the queſtion, *What? in metre?* WARBURTON.

[3] *deſpight of all controverſy:*] Satirically inſinuating that the *controverſies* about *grace* were ſo intricate and endleſs, that the diſputants unſettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in ſpite of controverſy, ſtill remained certain. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakeſpeare's thoughts reached ſo far into eccleſiaſtical diſputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profeſſion. The queſtion is, whether the ſecond gentleman has ever heard grace. The firſt gentleman limits the queſtion to *grace in metre.* Lucio enlarges it to *grace in any* form *or language.* The firſt gentleman, to go beyond him, ſays, or *in any religion*, which Lucio allows, becauſe the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagoniſt is a *wicked villain.* Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain.* This ſeems to be the meaning, ſuch as it is. JOHNSON.

[4] *there went but a pair of ſheers between us.*] We are both of the ſame piece. JOHNSON.

So in the *Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.——
"There went but a pair of ſheers and a bodkin between them."
STEEVENS.

The

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet [5]. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost, and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year [6].

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

The same expression is likewise found in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: "*There goes but a pair of sheers* betwixt an emperor and "the son of a bagpiper; only the dying, dressing, pressing, and "glossing, makes the difference." MALONE.

[5] *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*] The jest about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularity. Lucio finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so *feelingly*, promises to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakespeare's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elsewhere explained, under a passage in *Henry* VIII.

"*Pill'd* priest thou liest." STEEVENS.

[6] *To three thousand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *Tempest*. JOHNSON.

Lucio.

Lucio. A French crown more [7].

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

[7] *A French crown more.*] Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that *venereal* scab, which among the surgeons is styled *corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our author likewise makes Quince allude in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

" *Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.*"

For where these eruptions are, the skull is carious, and the party becomes bald. THEOBALD.

So in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

" I may chance indeed to give the world a bloody nose, but
" it shall hardly give me a crack'd crown, though it gives other
" poets *French crowns*."

Again in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1598:

" —never metst with any requital, except it were some few
" *French crownes*, pil'd friers crownes, &c." STEEVENS.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat [8], what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown [9].

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done [1]?

Clown. A woman.

[8] *what with the sweat,*] This may allude to the *sweating sickness*, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakespeare: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

So in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"You are very moist, sir; did you *sweat* all this, I pray?
"You have not the *disease*, I hope." STEEVENS.

[9] *Enter Clown.*] As this is the first *clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiss, from a passage in *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character.

"—I sawe one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his "head, a great bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so "artificially attired for a *clowne*, as I began to call Tarlton's "woonted shape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

[1] —*What has he* done?
Clown. A woman.]

The ancient meaning of the verb to *do*, (though now obsolete) may be guess'd at from the following passages.

"*Chiron.* Thou hast undone our mother.
"*Aaron.* Villain, I've *done* thy mother." *Titus Andronicus.*

Again in the *Maid's Tragedy*, act II. *Evadne*, while undressing, says—

"I am soon undone.

Dula answers, "And as soon *done*."

Hence the name of Over-*done*, which Shakespeare has appropriated to his *bawd.* COLLINS.

Bawd.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down [a]?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

[a] —*shall all our houses of resort in the* suburbs *be pull'd down?*] This will be understood from the Scotch law of *James*'s time, concerning *huires* (whores): "that comoun women be put at "the *utmost endes of townes*, queire least perril of fire is." Hence *Ursula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew-Fair*: "I, I, gamesters, "mock a plain, plump, soft *wench of the suburbs*, do!" FARMER.

So in the *Malcontent* 1604, when *Altofront* dismisses the various characters at the end of the play to different destinations, he says to *Macquerelle* the bawd:

"——— thou unto the *suburbs*."

Again in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Some fourteen bawds, he kept her in *the suburbs*."

Again:

"——how liv'd you in the *suburbs*
And scap'd so many searches?"

See Martial, where *summœniana* and *suburbana* are applied to prostitutes. STEEVENS.

All houses in the suburbs.] This is surely too general an expression, unless we suppose that *all* the houses in the suburbs were *bawdy-houses*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* says below, "But shall *all our houses of resort* in the suburbs be pulled down?" that the clown had been particular in his description of the houses which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we should read here, *all bawdy-houses*, or *all houses of resort* in the suburbs. TYRWHITT.

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counſellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes ſignior Claudio, led by the provoſt to priſon: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*

SCENE III.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to the world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord Angelo by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority [3],
Make

[3] *Thus can the demi-god, Authority,*
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.—
The words of heaven; - on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo: yet ſtill 'tis juſt.]

The wrong pointing of the ſecond line hath made the paſſage unintelligible. There ought to be a full ſtop at *weight.* And the ſenſe of the whole is this: *The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be queſtioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleaſure thus,—I puniſh and remit puniſhment according to my own uncontroulable will; and yet who can ſay, what doſt thou?—Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight,* is a fine expreſſion to ſignify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight,* which is always exact; not ſo by *tale,* on account of the practice of diminiſhing the ſpecies. WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect that a line is loſt. JOHNSON.

It may be read, *the ſword of heaven.*

Thus can the demi-god, Authority,

Make

Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
(Like rats that ravin [4] down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and, when we drink, we die [5].

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Make us pay down for our offence, by weight—
The sword *of heaven:—on whom,* &c.

Authority is then poetically called *the sword of heaven*, which will spare or punish as it is commanded. The alteration is slight, being made only by taking a single letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was suggested to me by the rev. Dr. Roberts, of Eton; and it may be countenanced by the following passage in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"—In brief they are *the swords of heaven* to punish."

Sir *W. Davenant*, who incorporated this play of *Shakespeare* with *Much ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a Tragicomedy called *The Law against Lovers*, omits the two last lines of this speech; I suppose, on account of their seeming obscurity. STEEVENS.

[4] *Like rats that ravin,* &c.] *Ravine* is an ancient word for *prey*. So in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

"as well of *ravine* as that chew the cud." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*when we* drink *we* die. So in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"—like poison'd rats, which when they've swallow'd
"The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,
"And can rest then much less, until they burst." STEEVENS.

Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it ſo.
Prov. Away, ſir; you muſt go.
Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.
Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery ſo look'd after?
Claud. Thus ſtands it with me,—Upon a true contract,
[6] I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs [7];
Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know

[6] *I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed*, &c.] This ſpeech is ſurely too indelicate to be ſpoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for ſhe appears to be brought in with the reſt, tho' ſhe has nothing to ſay. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady*, &c. one would think ſhe was not meant to have made her perſonal appearance on the ſcene. STEEVENS.

[7] —*the fault and glimpſe of newneſs*;] *Fault* and *glimpſe* have ſo little relation to each other, that both can ſcarcely be right: we may read *flaſh* for *fault*: or, perhaps we may read,

Whether it be the fault or *glimpſe* ——

That is, whether it be the ſeeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. Yet the ſame ſenſe follows in the next lines. JOHNSON.

He

He can command, let's it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in: —But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour [8], hung by the wall,
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round [9],
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me:—'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle [1] on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;

[8] ——like *unſcour'd armour.*] So in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
"Like *ruſty mail* in monumental mockery." STEEVENS.

[9] *So long that* nineteen *zodiacks have gone round,*] The duke in the ſcene immediately following ſays,
Which for theſe fourteen *years we have let ſlip.*
The author could not ſo diſagree with himſelf. 'Tis neceſſary to make the two accounts correſpond. THEOBALD.

[1] *ſo tickle.*] i. e. ticklish. This word is frequently uſed by our old dramatic authors. So in *The true Tragedy of Marius and Scilla,* 1594:
"——lords of Aſia
"Have ſtood on *tickle* terms."
Again, in *The Widow's Tears,* by Chapman, 1612:
"——upon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a dial."
Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy,* 1610:
"Now ſtands our fortune on a *tickle* point."
Again, in *Byron's Tragedy,* 1608:
"——all his ſways
"And *tickle* aptneſs to exceed his bounds." STEEVENS.

I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect [2],
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition [3]; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*prone and speechless dialect,*] I can scarcely tell what signification to give to the word *prone.* Its primitive and translated senses are well known. The authour may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as those actions seem to which we are *prone.* Either of these interpretations are sufficiently strained; but such distortion of words is not uncommon in our author. For the sake of an easier sense, we may read:

——— *In her youth*
There is a pow'r, *and speechless dialect,*
Such as moves men.

Or thus:

There is a prompt *and speechless dialect.* JOHNSON.

Prone, perhaps, may stand for *humble,* as *a prone posture* is *a posture of supplication.*

So in the *Opportunity,* by Shirley, 1640:
"You have *prostrate* language."

The same thought occurs in the *Winter's Tale:*
"The silence often of pure innocence
"Persuades, when speaking fails."

Sir *W. Davenant,* in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *sweet.* I mention some of his variations to shew that what appear difficulties to us, were difficulties to him, who living nearer the time of Shakespeare might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately. STEEVENS.

[3] *Under grievous imposition:*] I once thought it should be *inquisition,* but the present reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous* penalties imposed. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;—
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
[4] Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd [5];
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence [6])

[4] *Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love*
Can pierce a compleat bosom: ———]
Think not that a breast *compleatly armed* can be pierced by the dart of love that comes *fluttering without force.* JOHNSON.

[5] ———the *life remov'd.*] i.e. a life of retirement, a life removed from the bustle of the world. STEEVENS.

[6] *A man of* stricture *and firm abstinence,*] *Stricture* makes no sense in this place. We should read,

A man of strict ure *and firm abstinence,*

i.e. a man of the *exactest conduct*, and practised in the subdual of his passions. *Ure* an old word for use, practice: so *enur'd*, habituated to. WARBURTON.

Stricture may easily be used for *strictness*; *ure* is indeed an old word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to persons. JOHNSON.

Sir *W. Davenant* in his alteration of this play, reads, *strictness*. *Ure* is sometimes applied to *persons* as well as to things. So in the Old Interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"So shall I be sure
"To keep him in *ure*."

The same word occurs in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"The crafty man oft puts these wrongs in *ure*."

STEEVENS.

My abſolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to Poland;
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now, pious ſir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds [7])
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep [8];
Even

[7] *The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds,*] In the copies,

The needful bits *and* curbs *for head-ſtrong* weeds.

There is no matter of analogy or conſonance in the metaphors here: and, though the copies agree, I do not think, the author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare perſons of *unbridled licentiouſneſs* to head-ſtrong *ſteeds*: and, in this view, *bridling the paſſions* has been a phraſe adopted by our beſt poets. THEOBALD.

[8] *Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep;*] In former editions,

Which for theſe fourteen *years we have let* ſlip.

For *fourteen* I have made no ſcruple to replace *nineteen*. The reaſon will be obvious to him who recollects what the Duke has ſaid in a foregoing ſcene. I have altered the odd phraſe of *letting the laws ſlip*: for how does it ſort with the compariſon that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *ſleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing repreſented, and accords exactly too with the ſimile. It is the metaphor too, that our author ſeems fond of uſing upon this occaſion, in ſeveral other paſſages of this play:

The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept;
———'*Tis now* awake.

And ſo, again:

-*but this new governor*
Awakes *me all th' enrolled* penalties;
——— *and for a name,*
Now puts the drowſy *and neglected* act
Freſhly on me. THEOBALD.

I once thought that the words *let ſlip* (which is the reading of the old copy, and, I believe right) related to the line immediately preceding—*the needful bits and curbs*, which we have ſuffered for ſo many years to *hang looſe*. But it is clear from a paſſage in *Twelfth Night* that theſe words ſhould be referred to *laws*, "which for theſe nineteen years we have ſuffered to *paſs unnoticed*

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd [9], than feared; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith [1] 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do it slander [2]: And to behold his sway,

I will,

noticed—unobserved;" for so the same phrase is used by *Sir Andrew Aguecheek:* "Let him *let the matter slip*, and I'll give him my horse grey Capulet." Again in Marlow's *Doctor Faustus* 1631:

"Shall I *let slip* so great an injury."

Again in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640:

"Well, things must *slip* and sleep—I will dissemble."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"My simplicity may make them think
"That ignorantly I will *let all slip.*" MALONE.

[9] Becomes *more mock'd than fear'd:*——] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope to restore sense to the passage, some such word having been left out. STEEVENS.

[1] *Sith.*] i. e. since. STEEVENS.

[2] *To do it slander.*——] The text stood:

So do in slander.——

Sir

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear [3] me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard [4] with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus,

To *do* it *slander*.———

Yet perhaps less alteration might have produced the true reading,

And yet my nature never, in the fight,
So *doing slandered*.———

And yet my nature never suffer slander by doing any open acts of severity. JOHNSON.

The old text stood,

————————in the *fight*
To do in slander.

Hanmer's emendation is in my opinion best.

So in *Hen.* IV. p. 1:

"*Do me* no *slander*, Douglas, I dare fight." STEEVENS.

The words in the preceding line—*ambush* and *strike*, shew that *fight* is the true reading. MALONE.

[3] ———in *person bear*,] Mr. Pope reads,

———my *person bear*.

Perhaps a word was dropped at the end of the line, which originally stood thus,

How I may formally in person bear me,
Like a true friar.

So in the *Tempest*:

"———some good instruction give
"How I may *bear me* here."

Sir *W. Davenant* reads, in his alteration of the play:

I may in person a true friar seem. STEEVENS.

[4] *Stands at a guard*———] Stands on terms of defiance.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit Franc.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab.

Isab. Sir, make me not your ſtory [5].

Lucio. 'Tis true;—I would not (though 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing [6], and to jeſt,

[5] ——*make me not your ſtory.*] Do not, by deceiving me, make me a ſubject for a tale. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourſelf with me, as you would with a ſtory,* do not make me the ſubject of your drama. Benedict talks of becoming—the *argument* of his own ſcorn.

Sir W. Davenant reads ——*ſcorn* inſtead of *ſtory.* STEEVENS.

[6] ————'*tis my familiar ſin*
With maids to ſeem the lapwing,————]

The Oxford editor's note on this paſſage is in theſe words. *The lapwings fly, with ſeeming fright and anxiety, far from their neſts, to deceive thoſe who ſeek their young.* And do not all other birds do the ſame? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing, that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetually flying ſo low and ſo near the paſſenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is ſuddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a lover's falſhood: and it ſeems to be a very old one: for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale,* ſays:

—*And lapwings that well conith lie.* WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole ſimilitude here: they have taken notice of the lightneſs of a ſpark's behaviour to his miſtreſs, and compared it to the *lapwing*'s hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is,

————*and to jeſt.*

(See Ray's *Proverbs*) "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far* from heart." i. e. moſt fartheſt from the neſt, i. e. She is, as Shakeſpeare has it here

Tongue far from heart.

"The farther ſhe is from her neſt, where her heart is with her young ones, ſhe is the louder, or perhaps all tongue." SMITH.

Shakeſpeare has an expreſſion of the like kind, *Com. of Errors,* act. iv. ſc. 3:

"*Adr.* Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away,
"My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe."

We meet with the ſame thought in John Lilly's comedy, intitled *Campaſpe* (firſt publiſhed in 1591) act ii. ſc. 2. from whence Shakeſpeare might borrow it:

"*Alex.* Not with Timoleon you mean, wherein you reſemble the *lapwing,* who crieth moſt where her neſt is not, and ſo, to lead me from eſpying your love for Campaſpe, you cry Timoclea." GRAY.

Tongue

Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth [7], 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time [8]
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her [9]!

Lucio. This is the point.

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[7] ——Fewness *and truth*, &c.] i. e. in *few words*, and those true ones. *In few*, is many times thus used by Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[8] ————*as blossoming time*
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson; so————]

As the sentence now stands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read,

At *blossoming time*, &c.

That is, *As they that feed grow full, so her womb now*, at blossoming time, *at that time through which the seed time proceeds to the harvest*, her womb shows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrously calls pregnancy *blossoming time*, the time when fruit is promised, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.

Instead of *that*, we may read—*doth*; and, instead of *brings*, *bring*. STEEVENS.

[9] *O, let him marry her.*] *O* is an insertion of the modern editors. I cannot relish it. If any word is to be inserted to fill up the metre, I should prefer, *Why*. TYRWHITT.

The

The duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen [1], myſelf being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings-out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line [2] of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; A man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He (to give fear to [3] uſe and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace [4] by your fair prayer
To ſoften Angelo: and that's my [5] pith
Of buſineſs 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Iſab. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?

[1] *Bore many gentlemen-*
In hand and hope of action;——]
To bear in hand is a common phraſe for *to keep in expectation and dependance*, but we ſhould read,
——with *hope of action.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*with full line*—] With full extent, with the whole length. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*give fear to uſe*—] To intimidate *uſe*, that is, practices long countenanced by *cuſtom.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Unleſs you have the grace*——] That is, the acceptableneſs, the power of gaining favour. So when ſhe makes her ſuit, the provoſt ſays:
Heaven give thee moving graces. JOHNSON.

[5] ————*pith*
Of buſineſs————]
The inmoſt part, the main of my meſſage. JOHNSON.

Lucio.

Lucio. Has [6] censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them [7].

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying but to give the mother [8]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

6 —censur'd *him*,—] i. e. sentenced him.
So in *Othello:*

——— "to you, lord governor,
"Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain." STEEVENS.

7 —*would* owe *them.*] To *owe* signifies in this place, as in many others, to possess, to have.
So in *Othello:*

——— that sweet sleep
That thou *ow'dst* yesterday— STEEVENS.

8 ——*the mother*] The abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost[9]*, and Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fear[1] the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death[2]: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know[3], (whom I believe

[9] *Provost.*] A *provost* is generally the executioner of an army. So in the *Famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1605: Bl. L.
"*Provost*, lay irons upon him and take him to your charge."
Again, in the *Virgin Martyr* by Massenger:
"Thy *provost* to see execution done
"On these base Christians in Cæsarea." STEEVENS.

[1] —*to* fear *the birds of prey,*] To *fear* is to *affright*, to *terrify*. So in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"—this aspect of mine
"Hath *fear'd* the valiant." STEEVENS.

[2] *Than* fall, *and bruise to death.*—] I should rather read, *fell*, i. e. strike down. So in *Timon of Athens:*
"*All, save thee, I* fell *with curses.*" WARBURTON.

Fall is the old reading, and the true one. Shakespeare has used the same verb active in the *Comedy of Errors*:
"—as easy may'st thou *fall*
"A drop of water.——
i. e. let fall. So in *As You like it:*
"——the executioner
"*Falls* not the axe upon the humbled neck."
STEEVENS.

[3] *Let but your honour know,*—] To *know* is here to *examine*, to *take cognisance*. So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream:*
"*Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;*
"Know of *your truth, examine well your blood.*"
JOHNSON.

To

To be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him [4],
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? [5] 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
[6] For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it, as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

[4] *Err'd in this point which now you censure him,*] Some word seems to be wanting to make this line sense. Perhaps, we should read:

Err'd in this point which now you censure him *for*,

STEEVENS.

[5] —*'Tis very pregnant,*] 'Tis *plain* that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note.

JOHNSON.

[6] *For I have had*——] That is, *because, by reason that* I have had faults. JOHNSON.

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!

[7] Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter

[7] *Some rise, &c.*] This line is in the first folio printed in Italics as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

Some run from *brakes of* ice, *and answer none.*

JOHNSON.

The old reading is perhaps the true one, and may mean, *some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty.*

If this be true reading, it should be printed

Some run from breaks [i. e. fractures] *of ice*, &c.

Since I wrote this, I have found reason to change my opinion. A *brake* anciently meant not only a *sharp bit*, a *snaffle*, but also the engine with which farriers confined the legs of such unruly horses as would not otherwise submit themselves to be shod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This, in some places, is still called a smith's *brake*. In this last sense, Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Underwoods*:

" And not think he had eat a stake,
" Or were set up in a *brake*."

And, for the former sense, see the *Silent Woman*, act IV. Again, for the latter sense, *Bussy de Ambois*, by Chapman:

" Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my face
" In an eternal *brake*."

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

" He is fallen into some *brake*, some wench has tied him
" by the legs."

Again, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:—

" ——her I'll make
" A stale, to catch this courtier in a *brake*."

I offer these quotations, which may prove of use to some more fortunate conjecturer; but am able myself to derive very little from them to suit the passage before us.

I likewise find from Holinshed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. " The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Excester's daughter, by meanes of which pain he shewed many things," &c.

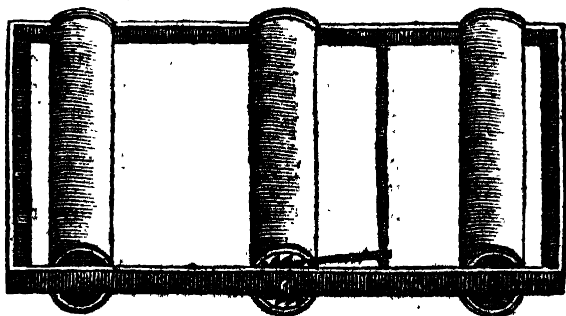
mi-

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their

" When the dukes of Exeter and Suffolk (says Blackstone in his Comment. vol. IV. chap. xxv. p. 320, 321.) and other ministers of Hen. VI. had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture; which was called in derision the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of queen Elizabeth." See Coke's Instit. 35. Barrington, 69, 385. and Fuller's Worthies, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine still remains in the Tower, and the following is the figure of it.



It consists of a strong iron frame about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it: the middle of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords, &c. to begin confession. I cannot conclude this account of it without confessing my obligation to Sir Charles Frederick, who politely condescended to direct my enquiries, while his high command rendered every part of the Tower accessible to my researches.

I have since observed that, in Fox's Martyrs, edit. 1596, p. 1843, there is a representation of the same kind.

If Shakespeare alluded to this engine, the sense of the contested passage in Measure for Measure will be: *Some run more than once from engines of punishment, and answer no interrogatories; while some are condemned to suffer for a single trespass.*

their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. [8] This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

It should not, however, be dissembled, that yet a plainer meaning may be deduced from the same words. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a number, a *thicket* of vices. The same image occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV:

"Rushing into the thickest woods of spears
"And *brakes* of swords, &c."

That a *brake* meant a bush, may be known from Drayton's poem on *Moses and his Miracles*:

"Where God unto the Hebrew spake
"Appearing from the burning *brake*."

Again, in the *Mooncalf* of the same author:

"He brings into a *brake* of briars and thorn,
"And so entangles."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that, by *brakes of vice*, Shakespeare means only the *thorny paths of vice*.

So in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's Edit. vol. VI. p. 367:

"Look at the false and cunning man, &c.——
"Crush'd in the snakey *brakes* that he had past."

STEEVENS.

[8] *This comes off well*;] This is nimbly spoken; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The same phrase is employed in *Timon of Athens* and elsewhere; but in the present instance it is used ironically. The meaning of it, when seriously applied to speech, is—This is well delivered, this story is well told. STEEVENS.

Ang.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow[9]?

Clown. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd[1], one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house[2], which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman;—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

9 ——*Why dost thou not speak*, Elbow?] Says Angelo to the constable.——"He cannot, sir, quoth the *Clown*, he's *out at elbow*." I know not whether this quibble be generally observed: he is *out* at the word *elbow*, and *out* at the *elbow* of his coat. The *Constable*, in his account of master *Froth* and the Clown, has a stroke at the *puritans*, who were very zealous against the stage about this time: "Precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have." FARMER.

1 —*a tapster, sir; parcel bawd;*—] This we should now express by saying, *he is* half-tapster, half-bawd. JOHNSON.

Thus in *K. Hen.* IV: "——a *parcel*-gilt goblet. STEEVENS.

2 —*she professes a hot-house*;] A *hot-house* is an English name for a *bagnio*:

"*Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,*
"*A purging-bill now fix'd upon the door,*
"*Tells you it is a* hot-house, *so it may,*
"*And still be a whore-house.*" Ben Jonson. JOHNSON.

 Escal.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means[3]: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To Angelo.*

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes[4]; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were

[3] *Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means:*—] Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable. JOHNSON.

[4] —*stew'd prunes;*—] *Stewed prunes* were to be found in every brothel. See a note on the 3d scene of the 3d act of the First Part of *King Henry* IV. In the old copy *prunes* are spelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *prewyns*. STEEVENS.

past

paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpoſe.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beſeech you, look into maſter Froth here, ſir; a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, maſter Froth?

Froth. All-hollond eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, ſir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, ſir;—'twas in the *Bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit, Have you not?

Froth. I have ſo; becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordſhip. [*Exit Angelo.*
Now, ſir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, ſir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, ſir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, ſir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Elb. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity[5]?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal[6], or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

[5] *Justice or Iniquity?*] These were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words therefore, at that time, produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost. JOHNSON.

[6] *Hannibal.*] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal.* JOHNSON.

Escal.

Escal. If he took you a box o' of the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir?

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. You mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you [7], master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: fare-

[7] *they will draw you,*] *Draw* has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain, to empty*; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle.* In Froth's answer, it is the same as *to bring along by some motive or power.*

JOHNSON.

well.

well.—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you [8]; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster; Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay [9]: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal.

[8] *—greatest thing about you.*] This fashion, of which, perhaps, some remains were to be found in the age of Shakespeare, seems to have prevailed originally in that of Chaucer, who in the *Persones Tale* speaks of it thus. "Som of hem shewen the bosse and "the shape &c. in the wrapping of hir hosen, and *eke the buttokkes* "*of hem behinde*, &c." Greene in one of his pieces mentions the *great bumme of Paris*. STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay:*] Mr. Theobald

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time; You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters:

Theobald found that this was the reading of the old books, and he follows it out of pure reverence for antiquity; for he knows nothing of the meaning of it. He supposes *bay* to be that projection called a bay-window; as if the way of rating houses was by the number of their bay-windows. But it is quite another thing, and signifies the squared frame of a timber house; each of which divisions, or squares, is called a *bay*. Hence a building of so many bays. WARBURTON.

A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the best conception that I could ever attain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

" ——that, by the yearly birth
" The large-*bay'd* barn doth fill," &c.

I forgot to take down the title of the work from which this instance is adopted. STEEVENS.

as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.
What's a clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Angelo's House.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit.* Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov.

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour!

Ang. Stay yet a while [1].—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;

[1] *Stay yet awhile.*———] It is not clear why the provost is bidden to stay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

For

For which I must not plead, but that I am [2]
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, [3] whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

[2] *For which I must not plead, but that I am*
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.]
This is obscure; perhaps it may be mended by reading:
For which, I must now *plead*; *but* yet *I am*
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Yet and *yt* are almost undistinguishable in a manuscript. Yet no alteration is necessary, since the speech is not unintelligible as it now stands. JOHNSON.

[3] To *find* the faults.] The old copy reads—To *fine*, &c.
STEEVENS.

If

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse [4]
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To Isabel.*

Isabel. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt, like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once [5];
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,

4 ——touch'd with that *remorse.*] *Remorse* in this place, as in many others, is *pity.*
So in the 5th act of this play:
"My sisterly *remorse* confutes my honour,
"And I did yield to him."
Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"The perfect image of a wretched creature,
"His speeches beg *remorse.*"
See *Othello*, act. III. STEEVENS.

5 ——*all the souls that* were,——] This is false divinity. We should read, *are.* WARBURTON.

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made [6].
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him;—he muſt die to-morrow.
Iſab. To-morrow? Oh, that's ſudden! Spare him, ſpare him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man, that did the edict infringe [7],
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet [8],

[6] *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
Like man new made.]
This is a fine thought, and finely expreſſed. The meaning is, that *mercy will add ſuch a grace to your perſon, that you will appear as amiable as a man come freſh out of the hands of his Creator.*
WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the ſeverity of your preſent character.* In familiar ſpeech, *You would be quite another man.* JOHNSON.

[7] *If the firſt man,* &c.] The word *man* has been ſupplied by the modern editors. I would rather read,
If he, *the firſt,* &c. TYRWHITT.

[8] ——*Like a prophet,*
Looks in a glaſs——]
This alludes to the fopperies of the *berril,* much uſed at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. WARBURTON.
See *Macbeth,* act IV.
So again in *Vittoria Corombona,* 1612:
"How long have I beheld the devil *in chryſtal?*"
STEEVENS.

Looks

Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
(Either now [9], or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end [1].

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity [2].

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting [3], petty officer,
Would uſe his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt

[9] *Either now*—] Thus the old copy. Modern Editors read —*Or new*— STEEVENS.

[1] *But ere, they live, to end.*] This is very ſagaciouſly ſubſtituted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for,

But here they live JOHNSON.

[2] —*ſhew ſome pity.*
Ang. *I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;*
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,]
This was one of Hale's memorials. *When I find myſelf ſwayed to remember, that there is a mercy likewiſe due to the country.* JOHNSON.

[3] [Pel]*ting*]—i. e. paltry.
[Th]is word I meet with in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:
"—will not ſhrink the city for a *pelting* jade."
STEEVENS.

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak [4],
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep [5]; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal [6].

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceiv't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself [7]:
Great

[4] ——*gnarled oak,*] *Gnarre* is the old English word for a *knot in wood.*
So in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:
"Till by degrees the tough and *gnarly* trunk
"Be riv'd in sunder."
Again, Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1979:
"With knotty, *knarry* barrein trees old." STEEVENS.

[5] *As make the angels weep;*—] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical.—*Ob peccatum flentes angelos induunt Hebræorum magistri.*—Grotius ad Lucam. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*who, with our spleens,*
Would all themselves laugh mortal.]
Mr. Theobald says the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh themselves out of immortality:* which amounts to this, that if they were mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakespeare meant no such nonsense. By *spleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, says Shakespeare, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen. WARBURTON.

[7] *We cannot weigh our brother with* yourself:] In former editions,
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Why not? Though this should be the reading of all the copies, 'tis as plain as light, it is not the author's meaning. Isabella would say, there is so great a disproportion in quality betwixt lord Angelo and her brother, that their actions can bear no comparison, or equal-

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it[8]. [*To Isab.*]
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

equality, together: but her brother's crimes would be aggravated, Angelo's frailties extenuated, from the difference of their degrees and state of life. WARBURTON.

The old reading is right. *We* mortals, proud and foolish, cannot prevail on our passions to *weigh* or compare *our brother*, a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourself*. We have different names and different judgments for the same faults committed by persons of different condition. JOHNSON.

[8] *That my sense breeds with it.*——] Thus all the folios. Some later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton blames poor Mr. Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My sense* breeds *with her sense*, that is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we say to *brood* over thought. JOHNSON.

Sir *W. Davenant's* alteration favours the sense of the old reading:

-She speaks such sense
As with my reason breeds such images
As she has excellently form'd.— STEEVENS.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels [9] of the tested gold [1],
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls [2],
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; [*Aside to Isabel.*] away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross [3].

Isab.

[9] ——fond *shekels*] *Fond*, means very frequently in our author *foolish*. It signifies in this place *valued or prized by folly*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——tested *gold*,] i. e. attested, or marked with the standard stamp. WARBURTON.

Rather cupelled, brought to the *test*, refined. JOHNSON.

All gold that is *tested* is not marked with the standard stamp. The verb has a different sense, and means tried by the cuppell, which is called by the refiners a *test*. Vide Harris's Lex. Tech. Voce CUPPELL. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[2] ——*preserved souls*,] i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. WARBURTON.

So in *The Amorous War*, 16—:

"You do not reckon us 'mongst marmalade,
"Quinces and apricots? or take us for
"Ladies *preserved*?" STEEVENS.

[3] *I am that way going to temptation,*
Where prayers cross.]

Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.

Isabella prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour*: he feels

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour! [*Ex. Lucio and Isabella.*
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I[4],
That lying, by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. [5] Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall

feels that his *honour* is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus:

I am that way going to temptation,
Which your *prayers cross.*

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou implorest the preservation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uses the same mode of language a few lines lower. Isabella, parting, says:

Save your honour!

Angelo catches the word—*Save it! From what?*

From thee; even from thy virtue!— JOHNSON.

The best method of illustrating this passage will be to quote a similar one from the *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. sc. 1:

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!
"*Sola.* Let me say *Amen* betimes, *lest the devil cross thy prayer.*"

For the same reason Angelo seems to say *Amen* to Isabella's prayer; but, to make the expression clear, we should read perhaps—Where prayers *are crossed.* TYRWHITT.

4 ——— *it is I,*
That lying, by the violet, in the sun, &c.]

I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by those beams which encrease the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

5 ——— *can it be,*
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?]

 So

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there [6]? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how [7].

[*Exit.*

So in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:
"I do protest her modest wordes hath wrought in me a maze,
"Though she be faire, she is not deackt with garish shewes for
"gaze.
"Hir bewtie lures, her lookes cut off fond suits with chast
"disdain.
"O God, I feele a sodaine change, that doth my freedome
"chayne.
"What didst thou say? fie, Promos fie, &c." STEEVENS.

6 *And pitch our evils there?*] So in *K. Henry* VIII:
"Nor build their evils on the graves of great men."
Neither of these passages appear to contain a very elegant allusion. STEEVENS.

7 —— *I smil'd, and wonder'd how.*] As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth [b],
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

[a] *Who falling in the* flaws *of her own youth,*
Hath blister'd *her report:*———]
Who doth not see that the integrity of the metaphor requires we should read:
———flames *of her own youth?* WARBURTON.

Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction? JOHNSON.

Dr Johnson did not know, nor perhaps Dr. Warburton either, that sir W. Davenant reads *flames* instead of *flaws* in his *Law against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken from *Measure for Measure*, and *Much ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Shakespeare has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*, and Greene, in his *Never too Late*, 1616, says—" he measured the *flames of youth* by his own dead cinders." *Blister'd her report*, is *disfigured her fame*. *Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in *Hamlet:*
-takes the rose
" From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
" And sets a *blister* there." STEEVENS.

More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so daughter: But lest you do repent[9],
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—

9 —— *But lest you do repent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors, led by Mr. Pope, read:

———— *But repent you not.*

But lest you do repent is only a kind of negative imperative—*Ne te pœniteat,*—and means, repent not on this account.

STEEVENS.

I think that a line at least is wanting after the first of the Duke's speech. It would be presumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the sense, I am persuaded, is easily recoverable out of Juliet's answer. I suppose his advice, in substance, to have been nearly this. "Take care, *lest you repent* [not so much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the sin hath brought you to this shame.*" Accordingly, Juliet's answer is explicit to this point:

"*I do repent me,* as it is an evil,
"*And take the shame with joy.*" TYRWHITT.

Which

Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not
heaven;
Shewing, we would not spare heaven [1], as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest [2].
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace go with you! *benedicite.* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious love [3],
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo [4].

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst

[1] *Shewing we'd not spare heaven,*] The modern editors had changed this word into *seek*. STEEVENS.

[2] *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Oh, injurious love,*] Her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love: therefore she calls it *injurious*; not that it brought her to shame, but that it hindered her freeing herself from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the Oxford editor changes it to *injurious law*. JOHNSON.

I know not what circumstance in this play can authorize a supposition that Juliet was respited *on account of her pregnancy*; as her life was in no danger from the law, the severity of which was exerted only on the seducer. I suppose she means that a parent's love for the child she bears is *injurious*, because it makes her careful of her life in her present shameful condition.

Mr. Tollet explains the passage thus. "Oh, love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that respites me a life, which is a burthen to me worse than death!" STEEVENS.

[4] *Enter Angelo.*] *Promos*, in the play already quoted, has likewise

Whilst my intention [5], hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven is in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious [6]; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot [7], change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place? oh form!
How often dost thou with thy [8] case, thy habit,

wise a soliloquy previous to the second appearance of *Cassandra*. It begins thus:

"Do what I can, no reason cooles desire,
"The more I strive my fond affectes to tame,
"The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
"Within my breast vaine thoughts to forge and frame, &c."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Whilst my* intention,——] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expression. But the old blundering folio having it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer authority to sense. WARBURTON.

Intention (if it be the true reading) has, in this instance more than its common meaning. It signifies eagerness of desire. So in the *Merry Wives*:

"——course o'er my exteriors, with such greediness of *intention*."

By *invention*, however, I believe the poet means *imagination*.

STEEVENS.

[6] *Grown* fear'd *and tedious*;——] We should read *seared*; i. e. old. So Shakespeare uses *in the sear*, to signify old age.

WARBURTON.

I think *fear'd* may stand. What we go to with reluctance may be said to be *fear'd*. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*with boot*,]——*Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. So in *M. Kyffin's* translation of the *Andria* of *Terence*, 1588: "You obtained this at my hands, and I went about it while there was any *boot*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Then list to me: Saint Andrew be my *boot*,
"But I'll raze thy castle to the very ground."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*case*,—] For outside; garb; external shew. JOHNSON.

Wrench

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls [9]
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn [1],
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter

[9] *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls*
To thy false seeming? ——]
Here Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

[1] *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,*
'Tis not the devil's crest.]
i. e. Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. This was his conclusion from his preceding words:

——*oh form!*
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? ——

But the Oxford editor makes him conclude just counter to his own premises; by altering it to,

Is't not the devil's crest?

So that, according to this alteration, the reasoning stands thus.—False seeming wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wise. Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn*, (i. e. give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's crest?* (i. e. he shall be esteemed a devil.)
WARBURTON.

I am still inclined to the opinion of the Oxford editor. Angelo, reflecting on the difference between his seeming character, and his real disposition, observes, that he *could change his gravity for a plume*. He then digresses into an apostrophe, *O dignity, how dost thou impose upon the world!* then returning to himself, *Blood*, says he, *thou art but blood*, however concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do not alter nature, which is still corrupt, however dignified:

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
Is't not?—or rather —*'Tis yet the devil's crest.*

It may however be understood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. O place, how dost thou impose upon the world by false appearances! so much, that if we *write good angel on the devil's horn, 'tis not* taken any longer to be the *devil's crest*. In this sense,

Blood

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart [2],
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king [3],
Quit

Blood, thou art but blood!
is an interjected exclamation. JOHNSON.
A Hebrew proverb seems to favour Dr. Johnson's reading:
————'Tis *yet* the devil's crest.
" A nettle standing among myrtles doth notwithstanding retain the name of a nettle." STEEVENS.

2 —*to my heart.*] Of this speech there is no other trace in *Promos and Cassandra,* than the following:
" Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch."
STEEVENS

3 *The gen'ral subjects to a well-wish'd king,*] So the later editions: but the old copies read:
The general subject *to a well-wish'd king.*
The *general subject* seems a harsh expression, but *general subjects* has no sense at all; and *general* was, in our authour's time, a word for *people,* so that the *general* is the *people,* or *multitude, subject* to a king. So in *Hamlet:* " *The play pleased not the* million: *'twas caviare to the* general." JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone observes, that the use of this phrase " *the general*" for the people, continued so late as to the time of lord Clarendon.—" as rather to be consented to, than that *the general* should suffer." Clar. Hist. B. v. p. 530, 8vo. Edit. I therefore adhere to the old reading, with only a slight change in the punctuation.
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit, &c.
i. e. the *generality* who are *subjects,* &c.
Twice in *Hamlet* our author uses *subject* for *subjects:*
" So nightly toils the *subject* of the land." act I. c. 1.

Again,

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Going.*
Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Again, act I. sc. 2:
" The lists and full proportions, all are made
" Out of his *subject.*"———

The *general subject* however may mean the *subjects in general.* So in *As you Like it.* act II. sc. 7:
" Wouldst thou disgorge into the *general world.*"
STEEVENS.

So the duke had before (act I. scene 2.) expressed his dislike of popular applause.
" I'll privily away. I love the people,
" But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
" Though it do well, I do not relish well
" Their loud applause and *ave's* vehement:
" Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
" That does affect it."———

I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare, in these two passages intended to flatter that unkingly weakness of James the first, which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some of our historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Memoirs of his own Life *, has a remarkable passage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the king going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, " spake lovingly to the people, and said God bless ye, God bless ye;" he adds these words, " contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox or a plague on such as flocked to see him." TYRWHITT.

* A manuscript in the British Museum.

Isab.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy [4]
Falsely to take away a life true made [5],
As to put metal in restrained means [6],
To make a false one.

Isab.

[4] ———*'tis all as* easy] *Easy* is here put for light or trifling. 'Tis, says he, as light or trifling a crime to do so, as so, &c. Which the Oxford editor not apprehending, has altered it to *just*; for 'tis much easier to conceive what Shakespeare should say, than what he does say. So just before, the poet said, with his usual licence, their *sawcy sweetness*, for *sawcy indulgence of the appetite*. And this, forsooth, must be changed to *sawcy lewdness*, though the epithet confines us, as it were, to the poet's word.
WARBURTON.

[5] Falsely *to take away a life true made,*] *Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly, illegally*: so *false*, in the next lines, is *illegal, illegitimate*. JOHNSON.

[6] ———*in restrained means,*] In forbidden moulds. I suspect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another.
JOHNSON.

I should suspect that the author wrote,
———*in restrained* mints,
as the allusion is still to *coining*. Sir W. Davenant omits the passage. STEEVENS.

On reading this passage, it seemed probable to me that Shakespeare, having already illustrated this thought by an allusion to coining, would not give the same image a second time; and that he wrote
As to put *mettle* in restrained means.
On looking into the folio I found my conjecture confirmed, for that is the original reading. It is likewise supported by a similar expression in *Timon*:
"———thy father, that poor rag,
"*Put stuff* to some she beggar, and compounded thee
"Poor rogue hereditary."

The

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth [7].
Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this,—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

The sense is clear, and *means* may stand without alteration.—*'Tis as easy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have unlawful commerce with a maid in order to give life to an illegitimate child.* The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication, and it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.—The words—*to make a false one*—evidently referring to life, shew that the preceding line is to be understood in a natural and not in a metaphorical sense. MALONE.

7 *'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.*] I would have it considered, whether the train of the discourse does not rather require Isabel to say:

'Tis so set down in earth, *but not in* heaven.

When she has said this, *Then*, says Angelo, *I shall poze you quickly.* Would you, who, for the present purpose, declare your brother's crime to be less in the sight of heaven, than the law has made it; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to save your brother's life? To this she answers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appositely to that which I propose:

I had rather give my body, than my soul. JOHNSON.

Ang.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul[8],
Were equal poize of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer[9].
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant;
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
[1] Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than

[8] *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril,* &c.] The reasoning is thus: Angelo asks, whether there might *not be a charity in sin to save this brother.* Isabella answers, that *if Angelo will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin.* Angelo replies, that if Isabella would *save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent.* JOHNSON.

[9] *And nothing of your, answer.*] I think it should be read,
And nothing of yours, *answer.*
You, and whatever is *yours,* be exempt from penalty. JOHNSON.
And nothing of your answer, means, *and make no part of those for which you shall be called to answer.* STEEVENS.
This passage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.
So that the substantive *answer* may be understood to be joined in construction with *mine* as well as *your.* The faults *of mine answer* are the faults *which I am to answer for.* TYRWHITT.

[1] *Proclaim an* enshield *beauty*——] An *enshield beauty* is *a shielded beauty, a beauty covered as with a shield.* STEEVENS.
———as these black masks
Proclaim an *enshield* beauty, &c.
This should be written *en-shell'd,* or *in-shell'd,* as it is in *Coriolanus,* Vol. VII. p. 411:
"Thrusts forth his horns again into the world
"That were *in-shell'd* when Marcius stood for Rome."
These

Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain [2].

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that [3], nor any other,
But in the loss of question [4]) that you, his sister,
Find-

These *Masks* must mean, I think, the *Masks of the audience*; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakespeare would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this passage affords ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some strokes of particular flattery to the king I have already pointed out; and there are several other general reflections, in the character of the duke especially, which seem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

Sir *W. Davenant* reads—*as a black mask*; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well supported in his first supposition, by a passage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*These* happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
"Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Accountant to the law upon that pain.*] *Pain* is here for *penalty*, *punishment*. JOHNSON.

[3] (*As I subscribe not that,*—] To *subscribe* means, to *agree to*. Milton uses the word in the same sense.
So in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, 16—:
"*Subscribe* to his desires." STEEVENS.

[4] *But in the loss of question)*——] The *loss* of question I do not well understand, and should rather read,
But in the toss *of question.*
In the *agitation*, in the *discussion* of the question. To *toss* an argument is a common phrase. JOHNSON.

But in the loss of question. This expression I believe means, *but in idle supposition*, or *conversation that tends to nothing*, which may therefore, in our author's language, be call'd *the loss of question*. Thus in *Coriolanus*. act III. sc. 1:
"The which shall turn you to no other harm,
"Than so much *loss of time*."
Question, in Shakespeare, often bears this meaning. So in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

 "And

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the [5] all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once [6],
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

"And after supper, long he *questioned*
"With modest Lucrece, &c." STEEVENS.

The following passages add strength to Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"I could *toss* woe for woe until to-morrow,
"But then we'd wake the wolf with bleating sorrow."
Acolastus his Afterwit, 1606.
"Whether it were a *question* mov'd by chance
"Or spitefully of purpose (I being there
"And your own countryman) I cannot tell;
"But when much *tossing*
"Had bandied both the king and you, as pleas'd
"Those that took up the rackets"——
Noble Spanish Soldier, by Rowley, 1634. MALONE.

[5] *Of the* all-binding *law*;——] The old editions read:
——all-building *law*,————
from which the editors have made *all-holding*; yet Mr. Theobald has *binding* in one of his copies. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*a brother died* at *once*,] Perhaps we should read:
Better it were, a brother died for *once*
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for *ever.* JOHNSON.

Ang.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?
Iſab. Ignominy in ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Iſab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he [7],
[8] Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms [9].
Women

[7] *If not a* feodary, *but only he*, &c.] This is ſo obſcure, but the alluſion ſo fine, that it deſerves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vaſſalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice: which tenures were called *feuda* amongſt the Goths. Now, ſays Angelo, "we are all frail; yes, replies Iſabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who ſucceed each other by the ſame tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original ſin, to a *feodary*, who owes *ſuit* and *ſervice* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakeſpeare has the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline*:
"—— ſenſeleſs bauble,
"Art thou a *feodarie* for this act?"
Again, in the prologue to Marſton's *Sophoniſba*, 1606:
"For ſeventeen kings were Carthage *feodars*."
The old copy reads—*thy* weakneſs. STEEVENS.

[8] Owe, *and ſucceed*—] To *owe* is, in this place, to *own*, to *hold*, to have poſſeſſion. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*glaſſes*——
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.]

Would

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
[1] In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are as soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints [2].

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold,—
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language [3].

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't [4],
Which seems a little fouler than it is [5],
To pluck on others.

Ang.

Would it not be better to read,
———take *forms*. JOHNSON.

[1] *In profiting by them.*———] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

[2] *And credulous to false prints.*] i. e. take any impression. WARBURTON.

[3] ———*speak the* former *language.*] We should read *formal*, which he here uses for plain, direct. WARBURTON.

Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. JOHNSON.

[4] *I know your virtue hath a* licence *in't*,] Alluding to the licences given by ministers to their spies, to go into all suspected companies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

[5] *Which seems a little fouler*, &c.] So in *Promos and Cassandra:*
" *Cas.* Renowned lord, you use this speech (I hope) your thrall
" to trye,
" If otherwise, my brother's life so deare I will not bye."

" *Pro.*

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe!—Seeming, ſeeming[6]!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,
[7] My vouch againſt you, and my place i' the ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny[8]. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes[9],
That

" *Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray,
" If you miſtruſt, to ſearch my harte, would God you had a kaye." STEEVENS.

6 ——*Seeming, ſeeming!*—] Hypocriſy, hypocriſy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

7 *My* vouch *againſt you,*——] The calling his denial of her charge his *vouch*, has ſomething fine. *Vouch* is the teſtimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he inſinuates his authority was ſo great, that his *denial* would have the ſame credit that a *vouch* or teſtimony has in ordinary caſes. WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch againſt* means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

8 *That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,*
And ſmell of calumny.]
A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguiſhed in its own greaſe. STEEVENS.

9 —— and *prolixious* bluſhes.] The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakeſpeare. I find it in *Moſes his Birth and Miracles*, by Drayton:
" Moſt part by water, more *prolixious* was, &c."
Again, in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*. 1598:
" ——rarifier of *prolixious* rough barbariſm, &c."

 Again,

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death [1],
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture [2] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him [3] such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:
"——well known unto them by his *prolixious* sea-wandering."
STEEVENS.

[1] ———*die the death*,] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. So in *Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"*Prepare* to die the death." JOHNSON.

It is a phrase taken from scripture, as is observed in a note on the *Midsummer Night's Dream.* STEEVENS.

The phrase is *a good phrase*, as Shallow says, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *scriptural* origin. Chaucer uses it frequently. See Cant. Tales, ver. 607.
"They were adradde of him, as of *the deth.*" ver. 1222.
"*The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte smite." It seems to have been originally a mistaken translation of the French *La Mort.*
TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*prompture*——] Suggestion, temptation, instigation.
JOHNSON.

[3] ———*such a mind of honour*,] This, in Shakespeare's language may mean, *such an honourable mind*, as he uses elsewhere *mind of love*, for *loving mind*. Thus in *Philaster:*
"———I had thought, thy *mind*
"Had been *of honour.*" STEEVENS.

On

On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Iſabel, live chaſte, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt,
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Priſon.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provoſt.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death [4]; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life,—
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would keep [5]: a breath thou art,
Ser-

[4] *Be abſolute for death;*——] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace,*——
"—*The hour, which exceeds expectation will be welcome.*"
JOHNSON.

[5] *That none but fools would keep:*———] But this reading is not only contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon; but to the drift of this moral diſcourſe. The duke, in his aſſumed character of a friar, is endeavouring to inſtil into the condemned priſoner a reſignation of mind to his ſentence; but the ſenſe of the lines in this reading, is a direct perſuaſive to *ſuicide:* I make no doubt, but the poet wrote,

That none but fools would reck:-

i. e.

Servile to all the skiey influences
That do this habitation [6], where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool [7];
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loss of. So in the tragedy of *Tancred and Gismunda*, act IV. sc. 3:

"——— *Not that she* recks *this life*———"

And Shakespeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Recking *as little what betideth me*—" WARBURTON.

The meaning seems plainly this, that *none but fools would* wish *to keep life*; or, *none but fools would keep* it, if choice were allowed. A sense, which whether true or not, is certainly innocent. JOHNSON.

Keep in this place, I believe, may not signify *preserve*, but *care for*. "No lenger for to liven I ne *kepe*," says Æneas in *Chaucer*'s Dido queen of Carthage; and elsewhere. "That I *kepe not* rehearsed be:" i. e. which I *care not* to have rehearsed. Again, in the *Knightes Tale*, late edit. ver. 2240:

"I *kepe* nought of armes for to yelpe."

Again, in a *Mery Jeste of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date; "Then the parson bad him remember that he had a soule for to *kepe*, and he preached and teached to him the use of confession, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] *That* do *this habitation*,—] This reading is substituted by sir Thomas Hanmer, for

That dost——— JOHNSON.

[7] ———*merely thou art* death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still:—]

In those old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the representations of these scenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from such circumstances, in the genius of our ancestors publick diversions, I suppose it was, that the old proverb arose, of *being merry and wise*. WARBURTON.

Such another expression as *death's fool*, occurs in *The Honest Lawyer*, a comedy, by S. S 1616:

"Wilt thou be a *fool of fate*? who can
"Prevent the destiny decreed for man?" STEEVENS.

Are

Are nurs'd by baseness [8]: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm [9]: Thy best of rest is sleep [1],
And

[8] *Are nurs'd by baseness:*—] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that by *baseness* is meant *self-love* here assigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakespeare only meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine. JOHNSON.

This is a thought which Shakespeare delights to express. So in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——our *dungy earth* alike
"Feeds man as beast."

Again:

"Which sleeps, and never palates more the *dung*,
"*The beggars nurse, and Cæsar's.*" STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the soft and tender fork*
Of a poor worm:——]

Worm is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakespeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction, a serpent's tongue is *soft* but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he has the same notion:

"————*With* doubler *tongue*
"*Than thine, O serpent, never adder* stung." JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have caught this idea from old tapestries or paintings, in which the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Thy best of rest is sleep,*
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grosly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.—]

Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: "*Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum?*" But the Epicurean insinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find Shakespeare say-

And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. [2] Thou art not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects[3],
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend haſt thou none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo [4], and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt nor youth,
nor age [5];
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,

ſaying, that *death is only ſleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a ſentence which in the friar is impious, in the reaſoner is fooliſh, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an overſight in Shakeſpeare; for in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act, the Provoſt ſpeaks of the deſperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken ſleep*. STEEVENS.

² —*Thou art not thyſelf*;] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external aſſiſtance, thou ſubſiſteſt upon foreign matter, and haſt no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

³ —*ſtrange effects*,] For *effects* read *affects*; that is, *affections*, *paſſions* of mind, or diſorders of body variouſly *affected*. So in *Othello*: "*The young* affects." JOHNSON.

⁴ —*ſerpigo*,] The *ſerpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*Thou haſt nor youth, nor age*;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both:—]
This is exquiſitely imagined. When we are young, we buſy ourſelves in forming ſchemes for ſucceeding time, and miſs the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuſe the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleaſures or performances; ſo that our life, of which no part is filled with the buſineſs of the preſent time, reſembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the deſigns of the evening. JOHNSON.

Dream-

Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth[6]
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

[6] —*for all thy blessed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, &c.]

The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be said to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—*We have neither youth nor age.* But how is this made out? That *age* is not enjoyed he proves, by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all sense of pleasure. To prove that youth is not enjoyed, he uses these words,

——*for all thy blessed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;——

Out of which, he that can deduce the conclusion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I suppose the poet wrote,

—*For* pall'd, *thy* blazed *youth*
Becomes assuaged; *and doth beg the alms*
Of palsied eld;——

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once assuaged, and thou immediately contractest the infirmities of old age; as particularly the palsy and other nervous disorders, consequent on the inordinate use of sensual pleasures. This is to the purpose; and proves *youth* is not enjoyed, by shewing the short duration of it.

WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. Warburton totally mistaken. Shakespeare declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happiest* time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld, must beg alms* from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged*, looks, like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment;

—*has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*
To make his *riches pleasant.*—

I have explained this passage according to the present reading, which may stand without much inconvenience; yet I am willing to persuade my reader, because I have almost persuaded myself, that our author wrote,

—*for all thy* blasted *youth*
Becomes as aged—JOHNSON.

Of

Of palsied eld [7]; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty [8],
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths [9]: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

[7] *palsied* eld;] *Eld* is generally used for *old age, decrepitude.* It is here put for *old people, persons worn out with years.* So in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Let colder *eld* their strong objections move."

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor:*

"The superstitious idle-headed *eld.*"

Gower uses it for *age* as opposed to *youth:*

"His *elde* had turned into youth."

De Confessione Amantis. lib. v. fol. 106. STEEVENS.

[8] —*heat, affection, limb, nor* beauty] But how does beauty make *riches pleasant?* We should read *bounty*, which completes the sense, and is this; thou hast neither the pleasure of enjoying riches thyself, for thou wantest vigour; nor of seeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wantest *bounty.* Where the making the want of *bounty* as inseparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely satyrical, though not altogether just. WARBURTON.

I am inclined to believe, that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleasant.* Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not such as that an opportunity of inserting it should be purchased by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confessing insensibility of what every one feels. JOHNSON.

[9] —*more thousand deaths:*—] For this sir T. Hanmer reads:

———*a thousand deaths:*——

The meaning is not only *a thousand deaths*, but *a thousand deaths* besides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

Claud.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two, with Claudio.

Prov: And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them [1]. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed [2]:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift embassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger [3]:
There-

[1] *Bring them to speak where I may be concealed,*
Yet hear them.]
Thus the modern editions. The old copy, published by the players, gives the passage thus:

Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

I believe we should read:

Bring *me* to hear *them* speak, where I may be conceal'd. STEEVENS.

The second folio authorizes the reading of the modern editions. TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*as all comforts are; most good in deed:*] If this reading be right, Isabella must mean that she brings something better than *words* of comfort, she brings an assurance of *deeds*. This is harsh and constrained, but I know not what better to offer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,

——*in* speed. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

"Why,
"As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede."

I believe the old reading, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is the true one. So in *Macbeth*:

"We're yet but young *in deed*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*an everlasting leiger:*
Therefore your best appointment——]
Leiger is the same with resident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The

Therefore your beſt appointment [4] make with ſpeed;
To-morrow you ſet on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Iſab. Ay, juſt, perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Though all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope [5].
Cland. But in what nature?
Iſab. In ſuch a one as (you conſenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Iſab Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

The word *lieger* is thus uſed in the Comedy of *Look about You*, 1600:

"Why do you ſtay, Sir?—
"Madam, as *leiger* to ſolicit for your abſent love."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*your beſt* appointment—] The word *appointment*, on this occaſion, ſhould ſeem to comprehend confeſſion, communion, and abſolution. "Let him (ſays *Eſcalus*) be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without ſuch preparation, is ſaid to be *diſ-appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more ſimply explained by the following paſſage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"————your lodging
"Is decently *appointed*." i. e. prepar'd, furniſhed.

STEEVENS.

[5] —*a reſtraint,*—
To a determin'd ſcope.]
A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be ſuppreſſed nor eſcaped.

JOHNSON.

Leſt

Left thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters, more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle[6], that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride[7],
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew[8],
[9] As faulcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His

[6] *The poor beetle*, &c.] The reasoning is, *that death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man*; or perhaps, *that* we are inconsistent with ourselves, when we so much dread that which we carelesly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*I will encounter darkness as a bride,*
And hug it in my arms.]
So in the first part of *Jeronimo, or the Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:
" ——————*night*
" That yawning beldam, with her jetty skin,
" 'Tis she I *hug* as mine effeminate bride." STEEVENS.

[8] —*follies doth emmew.*] Forces follies to lie in cover without daring to show themselves. JOHNSON.

[9] *As faulcon doth the fowl,*—] In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to shew themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.
So in the Third Part of *K. Henry* VI:
" ——————not he that loves him best,
" The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
" *Dares stir a wing*, if Warwick shakes his bells."

To

His filth within being cast [1], he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. [2] The princely-Angelo?

Isab.

To *enmew* is a term in falconry used by B. and Fletcher, in *The Knights of Malta*:

"———I have seen him scale
"As if a falcon had run up a train,
"Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,
"And, at his pitch, *enmew* the town below him."

STEEVENS.

[1] *His filth within being cast.*—] To *cast* a pond is to empty it of mud.

Mr. Upton reads:

His pond *within being cast, he would appear*
A filth *as deep as hell.* JOHNSON.

[2] *The* princely *Angelo?*———
—princely *guards!*——]

The stupid editors, mistaking *guards* for satellites, (whereas it here signifies *lace*) altered *priestly*, in both places, to *princely*. Whereas Shakespeare wrote it *priestly*, as appears from the words themselves,

——*'Tis the cunning* livery *of hell,*
The damned'st body to invest and cover
With priestly *guards.*——

In the first place we see that *guards* here signifies *lace*, as referring to *livery*, and as having no sense in the signification of *satellites*. Now *priestly guards* means *sanctity*, which is the sense required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a sense the passage will not bear. Angelo, indeed, as *deputy*, might be called the *princely* Angelo: but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of,

This out-ward-sainted deputy,

demand the reading I have here restored. WARBURTON.

The first folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

Princely guards mean no more than the ornaments of royalty, which Angelo is supposed to assume during the absence of the duke. The stupidity of the first editors is sometimes not more injurious to Shakespeare, than the ingenuity of those who succeeded them.

In the old play of *Cambyses* I meet with the same expression. *Sisamnes* is left by *Cambyses* to distribute justice while he is absent; and in a soliloquy says:

"Now may I wear the brodered *garde*,
"And lye in downe bed soft."

Again,

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee,[3] for this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to morrow.

Claud. Thou shall not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin[4].

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?
When he would force it[5], sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Again, the Queen of *Cambyses* says:
"I do forsake these broder'd *gardes*
"And all the facions new." STEEVENS.

3 —for *this rank offence*,] *For*, Hanmer. In other editions, *from*. JOHNSON.

—from *this rank offence*,] I believe means *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety. The advantages you would derive from my having such a secret of his in my keeping, would ensure you from further harm on account of the same fault, however frequently repeated. STEEVENS.

4 —*as a pin*.] So in *Hamlet*:
"I do not set my life at a *pin*'s fee." STEEVENS.

5 *When he would force it*,—] *Put* it *in force*. WARBURTON.

The meaning seems to me just the reverse, *When he, so wise, would offer violence to the law, would transgress it, surely the transgression cannot be in me a sin*. The next speech of Claudio shews that such is the meaning. MALONE.

Claud.

Claud. If it were damnable [6], he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd [7]? Oh Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit [8]
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

[6] *If it were damnable*, &c.] Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles,

Thou shall not do't.

But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments, he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it.
JOHNSON.

[7] *Be* perdurably *find.*] *Perdurably* is lastingly. So in *Othello:*
"—— cables of *perdurable* toughness." STEEVENS.

[8] —*delighted spirit*] i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated.* As if, because the spirit in the body is said to be imprisoned, it was *crowded together* likewise; and so by death not only set free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the less sensible of pain. WARBURTON.

This reading may perhaps stand, but many attempts have been made to correct it. The most plausible is that which substitutes,

——*the* benighted *spirit,*

alluding to the darkness always supposed in the place of future punishment.

Perhaps we may read,

——*the* delinquent *spirit,*

a word easily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unskilful reader. *Delinquent* is proposed by Thirlby in his manuscript.
JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* spirit is meant, *the soul once accustom'd to delight*, which of course must render the sufferings, afterwards described, less tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *blessed*, in a former scene, before he proceeds to shew its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

In

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts [9]
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
[1] To what we fear of death.

Iſab.

[9] —*lawleſs and incertain thoughts*] Conjecture ſent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all poſſibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

[1] *To what we fear of death.*] Moſt certainly the idea of the "ſpirit bathing in fiery floods," or of reſiding "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; which is the whole that is wanted for the argument: but I am not ſure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks alſo had their hot and their cold hell, "the fyrſte is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," ſays an old homily:—"The ſeconde is paſſying cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were caſt therin, it ſhold torne to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakeſpeare, gives us a dialogue between a biſhop and a ſoul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning beate* in his foot: take care, that you do not interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us,

"Si quis dixerit epiſcopum *podagrâ* laborare, anathema ſit."

Another tells us of the ſoul of a monk faſtened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may ſee in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miſcellaneous ones ſubjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will ſoon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquiſitive brother-antiquary hath obſerved to me, on the authority of Bleſkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philoſopher. FARMER.

Lazarus, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is repreſented to have ſeen theſe particular modes of puniſhment in the infernal regions:

"Secondly, I have ſeen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh, you beast!
Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest [2], to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness [3]
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance [4]:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade [5]:

Mercy

then suddainly came over them a right cold and great wind that grieved and pained them right sore, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *Is't not a kind of incest,*——] In Isabella's declamation there is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a warped slip of* wilderness] *Wilderness* is here used for *wildness*, the state of being disorderly. So in the *Maid's Tragedy:*

"And throws an unknown *wilderness* about me."

Again, in old *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"But I in *wilderness* totter'd out my youth."

The word, in this sense, is now obsolete, though employed by Milton:

"The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands
"Will keep from *wilderness* with ease." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*take my* defiance:] *Defiance* is *refusal*. So in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"I do *defy* thy commiseration." STEEVENS.

[5]—*but a trade:*] A custom; a practice; an established habit.

So

Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd :
'Tis beſt that thou dy'ſt quickly.
Claud. Oh hear me, Iſabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you : the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure ; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To Claudio aſide.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her ; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures : ſhe, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive : I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourſelf to death : Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible[6] : to-morrow you

So we ſay of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes* a trade *of it.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Do not* ſatisfy *your reſolution with hopes that are fallible* :] A condemned man, whom his confeſſor had brought to bear death with decency and reſolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occaſioned the advice in the words above. But how did theſe hopes *ſatisfy* his reſolution? or what harm was there, if they did? We muſt certainly read, *Do not* falſify *your reſolution with hopes that are* fallible. And then it becomes a reaſonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *reſolution* which was raiſed only on motives of religion. And this his confeſſor had reaſon to warn him of. The term *falſify* is taken from fencing, and ſignifies the pretending to aim a ſtroke in order to draw the adverſary off his guard. So Fairfax :

you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud. Re-enter Provoſt.*

Duke. Hold you there [7]: Farewell. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time [8]. [*Exit Prov.*

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhould keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo: How would you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! if ever he returns, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs: yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf

"*Now ſtrikes he out, and now he* falſifieth." WARBURTON.

The ſenſe is this. Do not reſt with ſatisfaction on *hopes that are fallible.* There is no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

7 *Hold you there:*] Continue in that reſolution. JOHNSON.

8 *In good time.*] i. e. *a la bonne heure*, ſo be it, very well. STEEVENS.

believe,

believe, that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak further: I have ſpirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard ſpeak of Mariana the ſiſter of Frederick, the great ſoldier, who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate huſband[9], this well-ſeeming Angelo?

Iſab. Can this be ſo? Did Angelo ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet ſhe wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can ſhe avail?

9 ——*her* combinate *huſband,*] *Combinate* is *betrothed, ſettled by contract.* STEEVENS.

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourſelf to this advantage[1],—firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe, now follows all. We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy ſcaled[2]. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke.

[1] *only refer yourſelf to this advantage,*] This is ſcarcely to be reconciled to any eſtabliſhed mode of ſpeech. We may read, *only* reſerve yourſelf to, or *only* reſerve to *yourſelf this advantage.* JOHNSON.

[2] *the corrupt deputy ſcaled.*] *To ſcale the deputy* may be, *to reach him, notwithſtanding the elevation of his place*; or it may be, *to ſtrip him and diſcover his nakedneſs, though armed and concealed by the inveſtments of authority.* JOHNSON.

To *ſcale*, as may be learn'd from a note to *Coriolanus*, act I, ſc. 1, moſt certainly means, to *diſorder*, to *diſconcert*, to *put to flight.* An army routed is called by Hollinſhed, an army *ſcaled.* The

word

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange [3] resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard [4].

Duke. Oh, heavens? what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries [5], the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd

word sometimes signifies to *diffuse* or disperse; at others, as I suppose in the present instance, to *put into confusion.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the moated* grange] A *grange* is a solitary farm-house. So in *Othello:*

" ———this is Venice,
" My house is not a *grange.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *bastard.*] A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian, *bastardo.* WARBURTON.

See a note on *Hen.* IV. p. I. act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

[5] *since of two usuries,* &c.] Here a satire on usury turns abruptly to a satire on the person of the usurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be assured then, that a line or two, at least, have been lost. The subject of which we may easily discover, a comparison between the two usurers; as, before, between the two usuries. So that, for the future, the passage should be read with asterisks thus——*by order of law,* * * * *a furr'd gown,* &c. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with less pomp, then *since of two* usurers *the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown,* &c. His punctuation is right, but

allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, ſir:—Bleſs you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother[6] father: What offence hath this man made you, ſir?

Elb. Marry, ſir, he hath offended the law; and, ſir, we take him to be a thief too, ſir; for we have found upon him, ſir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thyſelf,—
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live[7].

Canſt

but the alteration, ſmall as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Uſury* may be uſed by an eaſy licence for the *profeſſors of uſury.* JOHNSON.

[6] *father:*] This word ſhould be expunged. JOHNSON.
If *father* be retained, we may read:
Duke. *And you, good brother.*
Elb. *Father*——
Duke. *What offence,* &c. STEEVENS.

I am neither for expunging the word *father*, nor for ſeparating it from its preſent connexions. In return to Elbow's blundering addreſs of *good father friar,* i. e. *good father brother,* the duke humorouſly calls him, in his own ſtyle, *good brother father.* This would appear ſtill clearer in French. *Dieu vous beniſſe,* mon pere frere.—*Et vous auſſi,* mon frere pere. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere.* TYRWHITT.

[7] *I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.*] The old editions have,
I drink, I eat away *myſelf, and live.*
This is one very excellent inſtance of the ſagacity of our editors, and it were to be wiſhed heartily, that they would have obliged us with their phyſical ſolution, how a man can *eat away* himſelf, *and live.* Mr. Biſhop gave me that moſt certain emendation, which I have ſubſtituted in the room of the former fooliſh reading;

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free[8]!

Enter

ing; by the help whereof, we have this easy sense: that the clown fed himself, and put cloaths on his back, by exercising the vile trade of a bawd. THEOBALD.

[8] *That we were all, as some would seem to be,*
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!]
i.e. as faults are destitute of all comeliness or *seeming*. The first of these lines refers to the deputy's sanctified hypocrisy; the second to the clown's beastly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expressed for the sake of the rhime. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,
Free from all faults, as from faults seeming free.
In the interpretation of Dr. Warburton, the sense is trifling, and the expression harsh. To wish *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comeliness* [instead of *void of comeliness*] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it should be read:
O that all were, as all would seem to be,
Free from all faults, or *from* false seeming *free.*
So in this play:
O place, O power—how dost thou
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming.
But now I believe that a less alteration will serve the turn:
Free from all faults, or *faults from seeming free;*
that men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, *or* faults from *hypocrisy*. So Isabella calls Angelo's hypocrisy, *seeming, seeming*. JOHNSON.
I think we should read with Hanmer:
Free from all faults, as *from faults* seeming free.

i. e.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist [9], a cord, sir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman [1], to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket

i. e. *I wish we were all as good as we appear to be*; a sentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Hanmer has only transposed a word to produce a convenient sense. STEEVENS.

[9] *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.*—] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchanan:

"*Fac gemant suis,*
"*Variata terga funibus.*" JOHNSON.

[1] *Pigmalion's images, newly made woman,*] i. e. come out cured from a salivation. WARBURTON.

Surely this expression is such as may authorise a more delicate explanation. By *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe, Shakespeare meant no more than,—Have you no women now to recommend to your customers, as fresh and untouched as *Pygmalion*'s statue was, at the moment when it became flesh and blood? The passage may, however, contain some allusion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called—*The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, and certain Satires.* I have never seen it, but it is mentioned by Ames, p. 568; and whatever its subject might be, we learn from an order signed by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London, that this book was commanded to be burnt. The order is inserted at the end of the second volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

"Is there none of *Pygmalion*'s images newly made woman, to be had now?" If *Marston's Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it must be in the *argument*.—"The *maide* (by the power of Venus) was metamorphosed into a living *woman*." FARMER.

There may, however, be an allusion to a passage in Lylly's *Woman in the Moone*, 1597. The inhabitants of *Utopia* petition Nature

pocket and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? [2] what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? ha? [3] what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way [4]? is it sad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Nature for females, that they may, like other beings, propagate their species. *Nature* grants their request, and "they draw the curtins from before *Nature*'s shop, where stands an image clad, and some unclad, and they bring forth the cloathed image, &c." STEEVENS.

2 —*what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?*] This nonsense should be thus corrected, It's *not* down *i' the last* reign, i. e. these are severities unknown to the old duke's time. And this is to the purpose. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is ingenious, but I know not whether the sense may not be restored with less change. Let us consider it. Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to prison, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which, when the poor fellow makes no answer, he adds, *What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this? tune, matter, and method,— is't not? drown'd i' th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot?* &c. It is a common phrase used in low raillery of a man crest-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy*. Lucio, therefore, asks him, whether he was *drown'd in the last rain*, and therefore cannot speak. JOHNSON.

He rather asks him whether his *answer* was not drown'd in the last rain, for Pompey returns *no answer* to any of his questions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miserable appearance to a *drown'd mouse*. So in *K. Henry* VI. p. I. sc. ii:

"Or piteous they will look, like *drowned mice*." STEEVENS.

3 *what say'st thou*, trot?] It should be read, I think, *what say'st thou* to't? the word *trot* being seldom, if ever, used to a man.

Old *trot*, or *trat*, signifies a decrepid old woman, or an old *drab*. In this sense it is used by Gawin Douglas, *Virg. Æn.* b. iv:

"Out on the old *trat*, aged dame or wyffe." GRAY.

So in *Wily Beguiled*, 1613: "Thou toothless old *trot* thou." Again, in *Mucedorus*, 1668:

"But if the old *trot*
"Should come for her pot."

Again, in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

"What can this witch, this wizard, or old *trot*." STEEVENS.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced, honest *trout*, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar. JOHNSON.

4 *Which is the way?*] *What is the* mode *now?* JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub [5].

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how [6]?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear [7]. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your

[5] *in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is grosly called the *powdering tub.* JOHNSON.

It was so called from the method of cure. See the notes on "——the *tub-fast* and the *diet*"—in *Timon,* act IV. STEEVENS.

[6] *go; say, I sent thee, thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?*] It should be pointed thus, *Go, say I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how*—i. e. to hide the ignominy of thy case, say, I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. The other humorously replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd,* i. e. the true cause is the most honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON.

I do not perceive any necessity for the alteration. Lucio first offers him the use of his name to hide the seeming ignominy of his case; and then very naturally desires to be informed of the true reason why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

[7] *——it is not the wear.*] i. e. it is not the fashion. STEEVENS.

bondage;

bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go[8]:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts trangression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice[9], and severity must cure it.

Lucio.

[8] *Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go:*] It should be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a *kennel.* JOHNSON.

[9] *It is too general a vice,*] The occasion of the observation was Lucio's saying, that it ought to be treated *with a little more lenity*; and his answer to it is,—*The vice is of great kindred.* Nothing can be more absurd than all this. From the occasion, and the answer, therefore, it appears, that Shakespeare wrote, *It is too* gentle *a vice*, which signifying both *indulgent* and *well-bred*, Lucio humourously takes it in the latter sense. WARBURTON.

It

Lucio. Yes, in good footh, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impoffible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They fay, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation; Is it true, think you?

Duke. How fhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a fea-maid fpawn'd him:——fome, that he was begot between two ftock-fifhes:——But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible [1].

Duke. You are pleafant, fir; and fpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthlefs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is abfent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baftards, he would have paid for the nurfing a thoufand: he had fome feeling of the fport; he knew the fervice, and that inftructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abfent duke much detected for women [2]; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio.

It is too general a vice. Yes, replies Lucio, *the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd:* &c. As much as to fay, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greateft men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke perfonally with it. EDWARDS.

[1] *and he is a motion* ungenerative, *that's infallible.*] In the former editions:—*and he is a motion* generative; *that's infallible.* This may be fenfe; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more ufe of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote,—*and he is a motion* ungenerative, becaufe Lucio again in this very fcene fays,—*this* ungenitured agent *will unpeople the province with continency.* THEOBALD.

A *motion generative* certainly means a *puppet of the mafculine gender*; a thing that appears to have thofe powers of which it is not in reality poffeffed. STEEVENS.

[2] *much* detected *for women*;] This appears fo like the language of *Dogberry*, that at firft I thought the paffage corrupt, and wifhed to read *fufpected.* But perhaps *detected* had anciently the fame

Lucio. Oh, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducket in her [3] clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

same meaning. So in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "—An officer whose daughter was *detected of* dishonestie, and generally so reported.—" That *detected* is there used for *suspected*, and not in the present sense of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—*and generally so reported*, which seem to relate not to a *known* but *suspected* fact. MALONE.

[3] *clack-dish:*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden-dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked to shew that their vessel was empty. This appears from a passage quoted on another occasion by Dr. Gray.

Dr. Gray's assertion may be supported by the following passage in an old comedy, called *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Can you think I get my living by a bell and a *clack-dish*?"
"By a bell and a *clack-dish*? how's that?"
"Why, by begging, sir, &c."

Again, in Henderson's Supplement to Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseid*:

"Thus shalt thou go begging from hous to hous,
"With *cuppe and clappir*, like a Lazarous."

And by a stage direction in the 2d Part of *K. Edw.* IV. 1619:
"Enter Mrs. Blague very poorly, begging with her basket and a *clap-dish*."

Again, in *Bussy D'Ambois*, 1641:

"That affects royalty, rising from a *clap-dish*."

Again, in Green's *Tu quoque*, 1599:

"Widow, hold your *clap-dish*, fasten your tongue."

Again, in the *Honest Whore*, by Decker, 2d Part, 1630:
"You'd better get a *clap-dish*, and say you are proctor to some spital-house." Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *Elinor Cobham*, to *Duke Humphrey*:

"Worse now than with a *clap-dish* in my hand."

There is likewise an old proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, which alludes to the same custom:

"He *claps his dish* at a wrong man's door." STEEVENS.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his[4]: A ſhy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No — pardon; — 'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand,—The greater file of the ſubject[5] held the duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking; the very ſtream of his life, and the [6]buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear, to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier: Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, ſir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am

[4] ——*an* inward *of his*:] *Inward* is intimate. So in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"You two were wont to be moſt *inward* friends."

Again, in *Marſton's Malecontent*, 1604:

"Come we muſt be *inward*, thou and I all one."

STEEVENS.

[5] *The greater file of the ſubject*] The larger liſt, the greater number. JOHNSON. So in *Macbeth*:——"the valued *file*." STEEVENS.

[6] *the buſineſs he hath helmed,*] *The difficulties he hath ſteer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

bound

bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canſt thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, ſir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent [7] will unpeople the province with continency; ſparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them to light: Would he were return'd! marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untruſſing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on fridays [8]. He's now paſt it; yet [9], and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe

[7] ——ungenitur'd *agent*] This word ſeems to be form'd from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals*. TOLLETT.

[8] *eat mutton on Fridays.*] A wench was called a *laced mutton.* THEOBALD.

So in *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1604, Lechery ſays:

"I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of *Friday* ſtockfiſh." STEEVENS.

[9] *He is now paſt it; yet,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, *He is not paſt it yet.* This emendation was received in the former edition, but ſeems not neceſſary. It were to be wiſhed, that we all explained more, and amended leſs. JOHNSON.

ſmelt brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes: What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, Bawd, and Officers.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwear [1], and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information againſt me: miſtreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to priſon: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] Provoſt, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd

[1] *mercy* ſwear, *and play the tyrant,*] We ſhould read *ſwerve*, i. e. deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore. WARBURTON.

There is ſurely no need of emendation. We ſay at preſent, Such a thing *is enough to make a parſon ſwear*, i. e. deviate from a proper reſpect to decency, and the ſanctity of his character.

The idea of *ſwearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient myſteries. STEEVENS.

I do not much like *mercy ſwear*, the old reading: or *mercy ſwerve*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it ſhould be, this would make mercy *ſevere*. FARMER.

with

with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this friar has been with him, and adviſ'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſca. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, lately come from the ſee *,
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it: novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurs'd: Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes, contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he given to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſs'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles

* —*from the* ſee] The folio reads: *from the* ſea. JOHNSON.

himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice [3].

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!
He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know [4],
Grace to stand, and virtue go;

[3] —— *he is indeed—justice.*] Summum jus, summa injuria. STEEVENS.

[4] *Pattern in himself to know,*
Grace to stand, and virtue go;]
These lines I cannot understand, but believe that they should be read thus:

Patterning *himself to know,*
In *grace to stand,* in *virtue go;*

To *pattern* is *to work after a pattern,* and, perhaps, in Shakespeare's licentious diction, simply to *work.* The sense is, *he that bears the sword of heaven should be holy as well as severe; one that after good examples labours to know himself, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.* JOHNSON.

This passage is very obscure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe: should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, together with such virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of seduction.* STEEVENS.

More

More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow[5]!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may that likeness, made in crimes[6],
Making practice on the times,

Draw

[5] *To weed my vice, and let his grow!*] i. e. to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himself in his own private vices. STEEVENS.

[6] *How may likeness made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
To *draw with idle spider's strings*
Most pond'rous and substantial things!]

Thus all the editions read corruptly; and so have made an obscure passage in itself, quite unintelligible. Shakespeare wrote it thus,

How may that *likeness, made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
Draw———

The sense is this, How much wickedness may a man hide *within*, though he appear an angel *without*. How may *that likeness made in crimes*, i.e. by hypocrisy; [a pretty paradoxical expression, *an angel made in crimes*] by imposing upon the world [thus emphatically expressed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its false and feeble pretences [finely called *spider's strings*] the most pondrous and substantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, &c. WARBURTON.

The *Revisal* reads thus,

How may such *likeness* trade *in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
To *draw with idle spider's strings*
Most pond'rous and substantial things;

meaning by *pond'rous and substantial things*, pleasure and wealth. STEEVENS.

How may that likeness made in crimes,
Making practice of the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things?

i.e. How may the making it a practice of letting great rogues break through the laws with impunity, and hanging up little ones

 for

Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply:
With Angelo to-night ſhall lye
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd [7],
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana, and Boy ſinging.

SONG.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away [8],
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the morn:

But

for the ſame crimes; draw away in time with idle ſpiders ſtrings, (for no better do the cords of the law become, according to the old ſaying; *Leges ſimiles aranearum telis,* to which the alluſion is) juſtice and equity, the moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial baſes, and pillars of government. When juſtice on offenders is not done, law, government, and commerce are overthrown. SMITH.

[7] *So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd,*] So *diſguiſe* ſhall by means of a perſon *diſguiſed,* return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit perſon.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Take, oh, take* &c.] This is part of a little ſong of Shakeſpeare's own writing, conſiſting of two ſtanzas, and ſo extremely ſweet, that the reader won't be diſpleaſed to have the other.

Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops, the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears.
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee. WARBURTON.

This

But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe [9].

Duke. 'Tis good: though musick oft hath such a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

This song is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*, and in Shakespeare's poems. The latter stanza is omitted by Mariana, as not suiting a female character. THEOBALD.

Though Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shakespeare's poems, they have done the same to so many other pieces, of which the real authors are since known, that their evidence is not to be depended on. It is not found in Jaggard's edition of our author's sonnets, which was printed during his life-time.

Our poet, however, has introduced one of the same thoughts in his 142d sonnet:

"———not from those lips of thine
"That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
"And *seal'd false bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

STEEVENS.

9 *My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the musick soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly [1] believe you:
The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick [2],
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate [3],
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night [4].

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

[1] ——*constantly*——] Certainly; without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

So in the *Merchant of Venice:*
"Could so much turn the constitution
"Of any *constant* man." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*circummur'd with brick,*] *Circummured*, walled round.
"*He caused the doors to be* mured *and cased up.*"
Painter's Palace of Pleasure. JOHNSON.

[3] —*a* planched *gate,*] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr. A *plancher* is a plank. So in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:
"——upon the ground doth lie
"A hollow *plancher.*"——
Again, in *Drayton's Polyolbion*, Song 3:
"——and fowls from *planchers* sprong."
i. e. barnacles breeding on the *planks* of ships.
Again, in Sir *Arthur Gorges'* translation of Lucan, 1614:
"Yet with his hoofes doth beat and rent
"The *planched* floore, the barres and chaines."
STEEVENS.

[4] *There have I*, &c.] In the old copy the lines stand thus,
There have I made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him. STEEVENS.

Isab.

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept [5], he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him [6], my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me [7]; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this;—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt. Mar. and Isab.*

5 *In action all of precept,*——] i. e. shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

I rather think we should read,

In precept all of action,——

that is, *in direction given not by words, but by mute signs.* JOHNSON.

6 *I have possess'd him,*—] I have made him clearly and strongly comprehend. JOHNSON.

7 *That* stays upon *me*;] So in *Macbeth:*

"Worthy Macbeth, we *stay upon* your leisure." STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. O place and greatneſs [8], millions of falſe [9] eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts [1]
Upon thy doings! thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How agreed?

Re-enter Mariana and Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

[8] *O place and greatneſs,*——] It plainly appears, that *this* fine ſpeech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding ſcene, between the Duke and Lucio. For they are abſolutely foreign to the ſubject of this, and are the natural reflections ariſing from that. Beſides, the very words:

Run with theſe *falſe and moſt contrarious queſts,*

evidently refer to Lucio's ſcandals juſt preceding: which the Oxford editor, in his uſual way, has emended, by altering *theſe* to *their.*——But that ſome time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I ſuppoſe, took part of the ſpeech, beginning at *No might nor greatneſs,* &c. and put it here, without troubling themſelves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places. WARBURTON.

I cannot agree that theſe lines are placed here by the players. The ſentiments are common, and ſuch as a prince, given to reflection, muſt have often preſent. There was a neceſſity to fill up the time in which the ladies converſe apart, and they muſt have quick tongues and ready apprehenſions, if they underſtood each other while this ſpeech was uttered. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*falſe eyes*] That is, Eyes inſidious and traiterous.
JOHNSON.

So in Chaucer's *Sompnoures Tale*, late Edit. v. 7633:

"Ther is ful many an eye, and many an ere,
"Awaiting on a lord, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*contrarious queſts*] Different reports, *running counter* to each other. JOHNSON.

So in *Othello:*

"The ſenate has ſent out three ſeveral *queſts.*" STEEVENS.

Iſab.

Isab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but, ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit [2]. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to ſow [3].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[2] *Doth* flouriſh *the deceit.*——] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarſe ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanſhip. WARBURTON.

Flouriſh is *ornament in general.* So in another play of Shakeſpeare:

"——empty trunks *o'er-flouriſh'd* by the devil."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*for yet our* tithe's *to ſow.*] As before, the blundering editors have made a *prince* of the *prieſtly* Angelo, ſo here they have made a *prieſt* of the *prince.* We ſhould read *tilth*, i. e. our tillage is yet to make. The grain, from which we expect our harveſt, is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty ſophiſm. We ſhould read *tilth*, i. e. our *tillage is to make.* But in the text it is *to ſow*; and who has ever ſaid that his *tillage* was to *ſow?* I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expreſſion is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an eaſy metonymy, for *harveſt.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton did not do juſtice to his own conjecture; and no wonder therefore, that Dr. Johnſon has not.—*Tilth* is provincially uſed for *land till'd*, prepared for ſowing. Shakeſpeare, however, has applied it before in its uſual acceptation.

FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be ſupported by many inſtances in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, 1635: "After the beginning of March you ſhall begin to ſowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lye fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth*, or fallow field." In p. 74 of this book, a corruption, like our author's, occurs. "As before, I ſaid beginne to fallow your *tithe* field;" which is undoubtedly miſprinted for *tilth* field. TOLLET.

Tilth

SCENE II.

Changes to the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

* *Tilth* is used for *crop* or *harvest* by Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 93. b.

"To sowe cockill with the corne,
"So that the *tilth* is nigh forlorne,
"Which Christ *sew* first his owne honde."

Shakespeare uses the word *tilth* elsewhere:

"——— her plenteous womb
"Expresseth its full *tilth* and husbandry."

Again,

"Bourn, bound of land, *tilth*, vineyard, none."

but my quotation from Gower shews that to *sow tilth* was a phrase once in use. STEEVENS.

Prov.

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him: he cannot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, ſir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our miſtery [4].

Prov. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. *Exit.*

Clown. Pray, ſir, by your good favour (for, ſurely, ſir, a good favour [5] you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, ſir, your occupation a miſtery?

Abhor. Ay, ſir; a miſtery.

Clown. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a miſtery; and your whores, ſir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a miſtery: but what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine [6].

Abhor.

4 *diſcredit our* miſtery.] I think it juſt worth while to obſerve, that the word *myſtery*, when uſed to ſignify a trade or manual profeſſion, ſhould be ſpelt with an *i*, and not a *y*, becauſe it comes not from the Greek, μυϛήρια, but from the French, *meſtier*. WARBURTON.

5 —*a good* favour] *Favour* is countenance. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

-why ſo tart a *favour*
"To publiſh ſuch good tidings." STEEVENS.

6 *what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. *Sir, it is a miſtery.*

Clown. *Proof.*——

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*] Thus it ſtood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be underſtood. The plain and humourous ſenſe of the ſpeech is this. Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? Becauſe, if it be too little for the thief,

Abhor. Sir, it is a mistery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor.

thief, the true man thinks it big enough: i. e. a purchase too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we see, that the pleasantry of the joke consists in the equivocal sense of *big enough*, and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald says, he can see no sense in all this; and therefore alters the whole thus.—

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.*

And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reason.—*I am satisfied the poet intended* a regular syllogism; *and I submit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not restored that wit and humour, which was quite lost in the depravation.*—But the place is corrupt, though Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us consider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a mistery: the clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in these words, *Every true man's apparel*, &c. but this proves the *thief*'s trade a mistery, not the *hangman*'s. Hence it appears, that the speech, in which the Hangman proved his trade a mistery, is lost. The very words it is impossible to retrieve, but one may easily understand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt, the very same the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a mistery; namely, *that all sorts of clothes fitted the hangman.* The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I suppose, to this effect: *Why, by the same kind of reasoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a mistery.* The other asks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little*, &c. The jocular conclusion from the whole, being an insinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a spirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its present mangled condition, is altogether wanting: and shews why the argument of *every true man's apparel*, &c. was in all editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewise that the present reading of that argument is the true.

WARBURTON.

Clown. *Sir, it is a mistery*, &c.] If Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the Bawd proves his own profession to be a mistery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundless supposition, "that part of the dialogue had been lost or dropped."

The

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief [7].

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs [8].

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

The argument of the Hangman is exactly ſimilar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the miſtery of painters; ſo the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the miſtery of fitters of apparel or taylors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right; except that the laſt ſpeech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by miſtake, as the reader's own ſagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

Abhor. *Sir, it is a miſtery.*

Clown. *Proof.*——

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

I muſt do Dr. Warburton the juſtice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the Hangman's argument. REVISAL.

7 ——*fits your thief.*] So in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, the Hangman ſays:

"Here is nyne and twenty ſutes of apparell for my ſhare."

True man, in the language of ancient times, is always placed in oppoſition to *thief*. STEEVENS.

8 —— *aſk forgiveneſs.*] So in *As You Like It*:

"——The common executioner,
"Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
"Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
"But firſt *begs pardon.*" STEEVENS.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare[9]: for, truly sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly[1] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Exit Claud.*] But, hark, what noise? [*Knock within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by;—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Invellop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung?

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then[2], ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

9 ——*yare*:] i. e. handy. So in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"His ships are *yare*, yours heavy." STEEVENS.

1 ——*starkly*——] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image. JOHNSON.

2 They *will then*,] Perhaps *she* will then. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Duke. There's ſome in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parellel'd
Even with the ſtroke [3] and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
[4] To qualify in others: were he meal'd [5]
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt.—Now are they come.—
[*Knock. Provoſt goes out.*
This is a gentle provoſt; Seldom, when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.—
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſs'd with haſte [6],
That wounds the unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
Pro-

[3] *Even with the ſtroke*———] *Stroke* is here put for the *ſtroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

[4] *To qualify*——] To temper, to moderate, as we ſay wine is *qualified* with water. JOHNSON. So in *Othello:*
"I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." STEEVENS.

[5] ———*were he meal'd*] Were he ſprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the ſame kind our author uſes in *Macbeth:*
"*The* blood-bolter'd *Banquo.*" JOHNSON.
So in the *Philoſopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:
"As if their perriwigs to death they gave
To *meale* them in ſome gaſtly dead man's grave."
STEEVENS.

[6] ———*That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,*
That wounds the unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.]
The line is irregular, and the *unreſiſting poſtern* ſo ſtrange an expreſſion, that want of meaſure, and want of ſenſe, might juſtly raiſe ſuſpicion of an errour; yet none of the latter editors ſeem to have ſuppoſed the place faulty, except ſir Tho. Hanmer, who reads:
——*the* unreſting *poſtern.*
The three folios have it:
unſiſting,
out of which Mr. Rowe made *unreſiſting*, and the reſt followed him. Sir Thomas Hanmer ſeems to have ſuppoſed *unreſiſting* the word in the copies, from which he plauſibly enough extracted *unreſting*,—

but

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice [7],
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger [8].

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess.

but he grounded his emendation on the very syllable that wants authority. What can be made of *unsisting* I know not; the best that occurs to me is *unfeeling*. JOHNSON.

——unresisting *postern*——]

I should think we might safely read:

——unlist'ning *postern*, *or* unshifting *postern*.

The measure requires it, and the sense remains uninjured.
STEEVENS.

[7] ——siege *of justice*,] i. e. *seat* of justice. *Siege*, Fr. So *Othello*:

"——I fetch my birth
"From men of royal *siege*." STEEVENS.

[8] Enter a Messenger.
Duke. *This is his lordship's man.*
Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*]

The Provost has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the first appearance of the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the speakers are misplaced. If we suppose the Provost to say:

This is his lordship's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to subjoin,

And

Mess. My lord hath ſent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin, [*Aſide.*
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, ſir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiſs in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt reads the letter.

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better ſatisfaction, let me have Claudio's head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at you peril.

What ſay you to this, ſir?

• *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*
The Duke might believe, upon very reaſonable grounds, that Angelo had now ſent the pardon. It appears that he did ſo, from what he ſays to himſelf, while the Provoſt is reading the letter:
This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin,— TYRWHITT.

• When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provoſt ſees the Meſſenger, he ſuppoſes the Duke to have *known ſomething*, and changes his mind. Either reading may ſerve equally well. JOHNSON.

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal[9].

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath

[9] *desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally desperate*. *Mortally* is in low conversation used in this sense, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate* state, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

sen-

ſentenc'd him: To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, ſir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my caſe as Claudio's, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer: and you may add to it. Shave the head, [1] and tie the beard; and ſay, it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd [2] be-

[1] *and tie the beard*;] The *Reviſal* recommends Mr. Simpſon's emendation, DIE *the beard*, but the preſent reading may ſtand. Perhaps it was uſual to *tie* up the beard before decollation. Sir T. More is ſaid to have been ludicrouſly careful about this ornament of his face. It ſhould, however, be remembered, that it was the cuſtom *to die beards*. In the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Bottom ſays:

"I will diſcharge it either in your ſtraw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple in grain, &c."

Again, in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611:

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?
"A black man's, I think.
"I think, a *red*; for that is moſt in faſhion."

Again, in the *Silent Woman*: "I have fitted my divine and canoniſt, *dyed their beards and all*."

Again, in the *Alchemiſt*: "——he had *dy'd his beard*, and all."

Again, "To *dye your beard*, and umber o'er your face."

STEEVENS.

A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been ſeen but with the beard looſe, long, and ſqualid.

JOHNSON.

[2] ——*to be ſo barb'd*] The old copy reads—ſo *bar'd*.

STEEVENS.

fore his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look, you, ſir, here is the hand and ſeal of the duke; You know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ [3]. Look, [4] the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd: Put not yourſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a preſent

[3] *nothing of what is writ.*] We ſhould read—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

[4] *the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd:*]
"The ſtar, that bids the ſhepherd fold,
"Now the top of heav'n doth hold." *Milton's Maſque.*
STEEVENS.

ſhrift,

ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away; it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would think, it were miſtreſs Over-done's own houſe, for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here young maſter Raſh [5]; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger [6], nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made

[5] *Firſt, here's young maſter Raſh*; &c.] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the priſon affords a very ſtriking view of the practices predominant in Shakeſpear's age. Beſides thoſe whoſe follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

[6] *a commodity of brown* paper *and old ginger,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown* pepper. The following paſſage in *Michaelmas Term*, Com. 1607, will juſtify the original reading:

"I know ſome gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and *brown paper.*"

Again, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

"——another that ran in debt, in the ſpace of four or five year, above fourteen thouſand pound in lute-ſtrings and *grey-paper.*" Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"——to have been ſo bit already
"With taking up *commodities of brown paper*,
"Buttons paſt faſhion, ſilks, and ſattins,
"Babies and children's fiddles, with like traſh
"Took up at a dear rate, and ſold for trifles."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, 1620:

"For the merchant, he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, ſugars, ſpices, oyls, *brown paper*, or whatever elſe, from ſix months to ſix months. Which when the poor gentleman came to ſell again, he could not make threeſcore and ten in the hundred beſides the uſury." Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "—ſo that if he borrow an hundred pound, he ſhall

made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one maſter Caper, at the ſuit of maſter Three-pile the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young maſter Deep-vow, and maſter Copper-ſpur, and maſter Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd luſty Pudding, and maſter Forthright [7] the tilter, [8] and brave maſter Shoe-tye the

ſhall have forty in ſilver, and threeſcore in wares, as luteſtrings, hobbyhorſes, or *brown paper*, or cloath, &c."

Again, in the *Spaniſh Curate* of B. and Fletcher:

"Commodities of pins, *brown papers*, packthread."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Steele Glaſſe*:

"To teach young men the trade to ſell *brown paper*."

STEEVENS.

A commodity of *brown paper*. Mr. Steevens ſupports this rightly. Fennor aſks, in his *Comptor's Commonwealth*, "ſuppoſe the *commodities* are delivered after Signior *Unthrift* and Maſter *Broaker* have both ſealed the bonds, how muſt thoſe hobby-horſes, *reams* of *brown paper*, Jewes trumpes and bables, babies and rattles be ſolde?" FARMER.

[7] *maſter Forthright*] The old copy reads *Forthlight*; but ſhould not *Forthlight* be *Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thruſt is made? JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare uſes this word in the *Tempeſt*:

"Through *forthrights* and meanders."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, act III. ſc. iii:

"Or hedge aſide from the direct *forthright*." STEEVENS.

[8] *and brave maſter* Shooty *the great traveller*,] Thus the old copy; but as moſt of theſe are compound names, I ſuſpect that this was originally written, maſter *Shoe-tye*. At this time *Shoe-ſtrings* were generally worn. So in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"I think your wedding *ſhoes* have not been oft *untied*."

Again, in Randolph's *Muſes Looking Glaſs*, 1638:

"Bonding his ſupple hams, kiſſing his hands,
"Honouring *ſhoe-ſtrings*."

As he was a traveller, it is not unlikely that he might be ſollicitous about the minutiæ of dreſs, and the epithet *brave* ſeems to countenance the ſuppoſition. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's ſuppoſition is ſtrengthen'd by Ben Jonſon's Epigram upon *Engliſh Monſieur*, vol. vi. p. 253:

That

the great traveller, and wild Half-can that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake [9].

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Maſter Barnardine! you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, ſir; the hangman: You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to riſe and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter Barnadine, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, ſir, he is coming; I hear his ſtraw ruſtle.

"That ſo much ſcarf of France, and hat, and feather,
"And *ſhoe*, and *tye*, and garter, ſhould come hither."
TOLLET.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right, for ſo this compounded word was anciently ſpelt. So in Craſhaw's poems, 1670:
"To gaudy tire or gliſtering *ſhoo-ty*." MALONE.

[9] *in for the Lord's ſake.*] i.e. to beg for the reſt of their lives. WARBURTON.

I rather think this expreſſion intended to ridicule the puritans, whoſe turbulence and indecency often brought them to priſon, and who conſidered themſelves as ſuffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men impriſoned for other crimes, might repreſent themſelves to caſual enquirers, as ſuffering for puritaniſm, and that this might be the common cant of the priſons. In Donne's time, every priſoner was brought to jail by ſuretiſhip. JOHNSON.

The word *in* has been ſupplied by ſome of the modern editors. The phraſe which Dr. Johnſon has juſtly explained, is uſed in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636: "—I held it wiſe a deed charity, and did it *for the Lord's ſake*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, ſir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorſon? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, ſir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, ſir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, ſir, you muſt: and therefore, I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh, gravel heart!— After him, fellows; bring him to the block [1].

[*Exeunt Abhorſon and Clown.*

Prov.

[1] *After him, fellows:——*] Here is a line given to the Duke, which

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him [2] in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour; What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation [3], you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov.

which belongs to the Provost. The Provost, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the prisoner, cries out:

After him, fellows, &c.

and when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. JOHNSON.

I do not see why this line should be taken from the Duke, and still less why it should be given to the Provost, who, by his question to the Duke in the next line, appears to be ignorant of every thing that has passed between him and Barnardine.

TYRWHITT.

[2] —*to transport him*—] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense. JOHNSON.

[3] *To the under generation,*—] So sir Thomas Hanmer, with true judgment. It was in all the former editions:

To

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form [4],
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected [5].

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

To yonder———
ye *under* and *yonder* were confounded. JOHNSON.
The old reading is not *yonder* but *yond.* STEEVENS.

4 —weal-balanced *form,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well*-balanced is the true reading; and Hanmer was of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

5 *When it is least expected.*] A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy. JOHNSON.

Isab.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other:
Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark, what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path, that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom [6] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

[6] ——*your bosom*——] Your wish; your heart's desire.
JOHNSON.

I am

I am combined [7] by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend [8] you with this letter;
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provoſt?

Duke. Not within, ſir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Iſabella, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thy eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient: I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would ſet me to't: But they ſay the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Iſabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old [9] fantaſtical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit Iſabella.*

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your report; but the beſt is, he lives not in them [1].

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the duke ſo well as I do: he's a better woodman [2], than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

[7] *I am combined by a ſacred vow,*] I once thought this ſhould be *confined*, but Shakeſpeare uſes *combine* for *to bind by a pact or agreement*, ſo he calls Angelo the *combinate* huſband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

[8] *Wend you*] To *wend* is *to go*. So in the *Comedy of Errors*:
"Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth Ægeon *wend*." STEEVENS.

[9] *If the old* &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *the* odd *fantaſtical duke*, but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was* old *revelling*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*he lives not in them.*] i.e. his character depends not on them. STEEVENS.

[2] *woodman,*] That is, *huntſman*, here taken for a *hunter of girls*. JOHNSON.
So in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff asks his miſtreſſes:
"Am I a *woodman*? ha!" STEEVENS.

Lucio.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Eſcalus.

Eſcal. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs; pray heaven, his wiſdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that, if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that: to have a diſpatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your houſe:

 Give

Give notice to such men of sort and suit [3],
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant [4],
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd,
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her? no [5]:

For

[3] —*sort and suit*,] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

[4] —*makes me* unpregnant,] In the first scene the Duke says that *Escalus* is *pregnant*, i.e. ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready*, *unprepared*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*Yet reason dares her?* no:] The old folio impressions read:

—*Yet reason dares her No.*

And this is right. The meaning is, the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me: *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads:

—*Yet reason dares her* note.

Sir Thomas Hanmer:

—*Yet reason dares her: No.*

Mr. Upton:

—*Yet reason dares her—No*,

which he explains thus: *Yet*, says Angelo, *reason will give her courage—No*, that is, *it will not*. I am afraid *dare* has no such signification. I have nothing to offer worth insertion. JOHNSON.

To *dare* has two significations; to *terrify*, as in *The Maid's Tragedy*:

"—those mad mischiefs
"Would *dare* a woman."

Again, in *The Gentleman Usher* by Chapman:

"A cast of falcons on their merry wings
"*Daring* the stooped prey that shifting flies."

Dr. Warburton says, that the meaning is, "the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me." It should, however, be remembered, that Angelo had no accusation to prefer against Isabella, so that I know not what assertion of his she could be expected to contradict. I would read:

—yet reason dares her *not*,
For my authority, &c.

In

For my authority bears a credent bulk [6],
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not [7].
[*Exit.*

In *K. Henry* IV. P. I. to *dare* is to *challenge* or *call forth:*
"Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother *dare*
"To gentle exerciſe, &c."
The meaning will then be,——
—*Yet reaſon does not challenge, call forth, or incite her to appear againſt me, for my authority is above the reach of her accuſation.*
"It *dares* me," in the North, ſignifies it *pains* or *grieves* me; but that ſenſe is not eaſily applicable to the paſſage in queſtion.
STEEVENS.

6 ——*my authority bears a* credent *bulk,*
That no particular *ſlander* &c.]
Credent is *creditable, inforcing credit, not queſtionable.* The old Engliſh writers often confound the active and paſſive adjectives. So Shakeſpeare, and Milton after him, uſe *inexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible.*
Particular is *private*, a French ſenſe. No ſcandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.
The old copy reads—bears *of*—I ſuppoſe for—bears *off*, i. e. carries along with it. STEEVENS.
7 ————*we would, and we would not.*] Here undoubtedly the act ſhould end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a ceſſation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the paſſages of this ſcene, and thoſe of the next. The next act beginning with the following ſcene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These[8] letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench[9] from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to vail full purpose[1].

Mari.

[8] *These letters,———*] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

[9] *——you do* blench *from this to that.*] To *blench* is to start off, to fly off. STEEVENS.

[1] *He says, to* vail full *purpose.*] Thus the old copies. I don't know

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. Oh, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter [2].

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous [3] and gravest citizens
Have

know what idea our editors formed to themselves of *vailing full* purpose; but, I'm persuaded, the poet meant, as I have restored, viz. to a purpose that will stand us in stead, that will profit us. THEOBALD.

He says, to vail full purpose.] Mr. Theobald alters it to,
He says, t' availful *purpose*;
because he has no idea of the common reading. A good reason! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is used for *beneficial*; and the meaning is, *He says, it is to hide a beneficial purpose, that must not yet be revealed.* WARBURTON.

To vail full purpose, may, with very little force on the words, mean, *to hide the whole extent of our design*, and therefore the reading may stand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with such laxity, as to make *full* the same with *beneficial*, is to put an end, at once, to all necessity of emendation, for any word may then stand in the place of another. JOHNSON.

[2] *Enter Friar Peter.*] This play has two Friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one. The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene. JOHNSON.

[3] *The generous, &c.*] i. e. the *most noble*, &c. *Generous* is here used in its Latin sense. "Virgo *generosa* et nobilis," Cicero. Shakespeare uses it again in *Othello*:

—the

Have hent the gates [4], and very near upon
The duke is entring; therefore hence, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

-the *generous* islanders
"By you invited———" STEEVENS.

[4] *Have* hent *the gates,*—] Have seized or taken possession of the gates. JOHNSON.

So in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the 4th B. of Lucan:
"———did prevent
"His foes, ere they the hills had *hent.*"
So in T. Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:
"Lament the Roman land
"'The king is from thee *hent.*"
Again, in the bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:
"But with the childe homewarde gan ryde
"That fro the gryffon was *hent.*"
Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, b. l. no date:
"Some by the arms *hent* good Guy, &c."
Again, "And some by the bridle him *hent.*"
Spenser often uses the word *hend* for to *seize* or *take*, and *overhend* for to *overtake*. STEEVENS.

Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Eſcalus;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;—
And good ſupporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time; ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! [5] vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have ſaid, a maid!
Oh worthy prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom? be brief:
Here is lord Angelo ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. Oh, worthy duke,

[5] —*vail your regard*] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice deſcend upon a wronged woman. To *vail*, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expreſſions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1598:
"————*vail* thou thine ears."

So in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid:*
"————*Phrygio liceat* ſervire *marito.*"
"Let Dido *vail* her heart to bed-fellow Trojan."
STEEVENS.

You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, oh, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murtherer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth [6]
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem [7] as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

[6] ———— *truth is truth*
To the end of reckoning.] That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of encrease can be so much what it is, as *truth* is *truth*. There may be a *strange* thing, and a thing *more strange*, but if a proposition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,*] *As shy*; as reserved, as abstracted: *as just*; as nice, as exact: *as absolute*; as complete in all the round of duty. JOHNSON.

As

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
[8] In all his dressings, characts [9], titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason [1]
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true [2].
Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; One Lucio
Was then the messenger;—

[8] *In all his dressings,* &c.] In all his semblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*characts,*——] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale, Orig. Jurid.* p. 81.—"That he use ne hide, no charme, ne *carecte.*" TYRWHITT.

So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis,* B. i:
"With his *carrecte* would him enchaunt."
Again, "And read his *carecte* in the wife." B. v. fol. 103.
Again, "Through his *carectes* and figures." B. vi. fol. 140.
Again "And his *carecte* as he was taught,
"He rad, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*do not banish reason*
For inequality:——]
Let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me. JOHNSON.

[2] And *hide the false, seems true.*] We should read,
Not *hide*—— WARBURTON.

Lucio.

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me [3], and how I reply'd;

(For

[3] *How he refell'd me,*——] To *refel* is to refute.

"Refellere *et coarguere mendacium.*" Cicero pro Ligario.

Ben Jonson uses the word;

"Friends, not to *refel* you,
"Or any way quell you."

The modern editors changed the word to *repel*. Again, in *The Second Part of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore go on, young Bruce, proceed, *refell*
"The allegation."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

"Her skin will every curtleaxe edge *refell.*"
"The reason's strong and not to be *refell'd.*"
J. Markham's Arcadia, 1607.

Again,

(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible [4] intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse [5] confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting [6], he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true [7]!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch [8], thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice [9]: First, his integrity

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso:*

"Thou hast so many precepts to *refell* that thou hast always followed."

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"Will strive by word or action to *refell*." STEEVENS.

[4] *To his* concupiscible, &c.] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively substitute *concupiscent.* STEEVENS.

[5] *My sisterly* remorse] i. e. pity. STEEVENS.

[6] *His purpose* surfeiting] Thus the old copy. We might read *forfeiting*, but the former word is too much in the manner of Shakespeare to be rejected. So in *Othello*:

"——my hopes not *surfeited* to death." STEEVENS.

[7] *Oh, that it were as* like, *as it is true!*] *Like* is not here used for *probable*, but for *seemly*. She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it to another sense; of which there are a great many examples in Shakespeare, and the writers of that time. WARBURTON.

I do not see why *like* may not stand here for *probable*, or why the lady should not wish, that since her tale is true, it may obtain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we should read,

O! that it were as likely, *as 'tis true!*

Like I have never found for *seemly*. JOHNSON.

[8] ——fond *wretch*,] *Fond* wretch is *foolish* wretch. So in another play of our author:

"'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes." STEEVENS.

[9] *In hateful* practice:——] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any unlawful or insidious stratagem. So again:

"*This must needs be* practice:"

and again:

"*Let me have way to find this* practice *out*." JOHNSON.

Stands

Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
[1] In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer—
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice [2].
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this' a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar

[1] *In countenance!*—] i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.

[2] ——practice.] *Practice* in Shakespeare, very often means *shameful artifice*, unjustifiable stratagem. So in *K. Lear*:

"————This is *practice*, Glofter."

Again, in *K. John*:

"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
"The *practice* and the purpose of the king." STEEVENS.

I saw

I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your royal grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar Lodowick, which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler[3],
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever: Upon his mere requeſt[4],
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord Angelo) came I hither,
To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented[5]. Firſt, for this woman;
(To

[3] *—nor a* temporary *medler,*] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its uſual ſenſe, as oppoſed to *perpetual*, it cannot be uſed here. It may ſtand for *temporal:* the ſenſe will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with* ſecular *affairs.* It may mean *temporiſing: I know him to be a holy man, one who would not* temporiſe, *or take the opportunity of your abſence to defame you.* Or we may read:

Not ſcurvy, nor a tamperer and *medler:*

not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a falſe evidence againſt your deputy. JOHNSON.

[4] *——his* mere *requeſt,*] i. e. his *abſolute* requeſt. Thus in *Hamlet:*

"——things rank and groſs in nature
"Poſſeſs it *merely.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *Whenever he's* conven'd——] The firſt folio reads, *convented,* and

(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly [6] and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo [7];

In

and this is right: for to *convene* signifies to assemble; but *convent*, to cite, or summons. Yet, because *convented* hurts the measure, the Oxford editor sticks to *conven'd*, though it be nonsense, and signifies, *Whenever he is assembled together*. But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his sense, and the editor quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the measure; which Shakespeare having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has spruced him up with all the exactness of a modern measurer of syllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, shall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been. WARBURTON.

To *convent* is no uncommon word. So in *Woman's a Weather-cock*, 1612:

"———left my looks
"Should tell the company *convented* there, &c."

To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the same Latin verb, and have exactly the same meaning. STEEVENS.

[6] *So* vulgarly—] Meaning either so *grossly*, with such *indecency* of invective, or by so *mean* and inadequate witnesses. JOHNSON.

Vulgarly, I believe, means *publickly*. The *vulgar* are *the common people*. Daniel uses *vulgarly* for *among the common people*:

"———and which pleases *vulgarly*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Come, cousin Angelo,*
In this I will be partial;]

In former editions,

———*Come, cousin Angelo,*
In this I'll be impartial; *be you judge*
Of your own cause———

Surely this Duke had odd notions of impartiality, to commit the decision of a cause to the person accused. He talks much more rationally in the character of the Friar:

——*The duke's* unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal;
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Whom here you come t' accuse.———

I think,

In this I will be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*
Enter

I think, there needs no stronger authority to convince, that the poet must have wrote, as I have corrected,

In this I will be partial; —— THEOBALD.

" ———Come, Cousin Angelo,
" In this I'll be *impartial:* be you judge
" Of your own cause."

Surely, says Mr. Theobald, this duke had odd notions of impartiality!—He reads therefore, " *I will be partial,*" and all the editors follow him: even Mr. Heath declares the observation unanswerable. But see the uncertainty of criticism! *impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial.* In the old play of *Swetnam the Woman-hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree against the women:

" You are *impartial*, and we do appeal
" From you to judges more indifferent." FARMER.

So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d Part, 1602:

" ——There's not a beauty lives
" Hath that *impartial* predominance
" O'er my affects, as your enchanting graces."

Again, in the first edit of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:

" Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies!"

Again, " ——this day, this unjust, *impartial* day."

Again, in *Montaigne's Essays*, translated by Florio, 1632:

" —I am very prodigal of cappings, especially in summer.—I wish that some princes that I know would be more sparing and *impartial* dispensers of them, for being so indiscreetly employed they have no force at all; if they be without regard, then they are without effect."

In support of the old reading, and in confirmation of Mr. Farmer's observation, it may be remarked, that the writers who were contemporary with Shakespeare, when they would express what we now call *impartial*, generally use the word *unpartial.* Thus Marston in the play above quoted:

" I tell you, Lady, had you view'd us both
" With an *unpartial* eye."——

So Speed, in his *Hist. of Great Britain*, 1614, speaking of the death of queen Elizabeth, says - " The God of peace called her to a far higher glory by his *unpartial* messenger, Death." Again, in Marston's Preface to *The Fawne*, 1606:—" And rather to be *unpartially* beloved of all, than factiously to be admired of a few." Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

——the

Enter Mariana, veil'd.

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you marry'd?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why you are nothing then:—
Neither maid, widow, nor wife [8]?
Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
Are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause.
To prattle for himself.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

"——the sun we find
"*Unpartially* to shine on all mankind."

And indeed, I believe, it will be found, that the ancient English privative *un*, was in our author's time generally used; and that *in* or *im*, which modern writers have substituted in its place, was then frequently used as an augmentative or intensive particle. Thus *impartial* was used for *very partial*, and *indifferent* for *very different*. See a note on the *Taming of a Shrew*, act IV. sc. i. MALONE.

[8] *Neither maid, widow, nor wife?*] This is a proverbial phrase to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

Lucio.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband. [*To Mariana.*

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Iſabel's.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe [9]:—Let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Iſabel,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe,
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And, five years ſince, there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her: which was broke off,

[9] *This is a ſtrange abuſe:*—] *Abuſe* ſtands in this place for *deception*, or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth:*
"——*my ſtrange and ſelf* abuſe,
means, *this ſtrange* deception *of myſelf.* JOHNSON.

 Partly

Partly, for that her promiſed proportions [1]
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſvalu'd
In levity: ſince which time, of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But tueſday night laſt gone, in his garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!
Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
[2] Theſe poor informal women are no more

But

[1] ——*her promiſed proportions*
Came ſhort of compoſition;——]
Her fortune, which was promiſed *proportionate* to mine, fell ſhort of the *compoſition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

[2] *Theſe poor* informal *women*——] i. e. women who have ill concerted their ſtory. *Formal* ſignifies frequently, in our authour, a thing put into form or method: ſo *informal*, out of method, ill concerted. How eaſy is it to ſay, that Shakeſpeare might better have wrote *informing*, i. e. *accuſing*. But he who (as the Oxford editor) thinks he did write ſo, knows nothing of the character of his ſtile. WARBURTON.

I once believed *informal* had no other or deeper ſignification than *informing*, *accuſing*. The *ſcope* of juſtice, is the full extent; but think, upon farther enquiry, that *informal* ſignifies *incompetent*, *not qualified to give teſtimony*. Of this uſe there are precedents to be found, though I cannot now recover them. JOHNSON.

Informal ſignifies *out of their ſenſes*. In the *Comedy of Errors*, we meet with theſe lines;

" ——I will

But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation [3]?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.——
There is another friar, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth [4],
Do with your injuries as seems you best,

"——I will not let him stir,
"Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
"With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
"To make of him a *formal* man again."

Formal, in this passage, evidently signifies *in his senses*. The lines are spoken of Antipholis of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
"Not like a *formal* man." STEEVENS.

3 *That's seal'd in approbation?*——] When any thing subject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or *seal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and measures. So the Duke says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *seal'd* in testimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so *sealed*, is no more to be called in question. JOHNSON.

4 ——*to hear this matter forth*,] To hear it to the end; to search it to the bottom. JOHNSON.

In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; ſtir not you, till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior Lucio, did not you ſay, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honeſt in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villainous ſpeeches of the duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them againſt him: We ſhall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame Iſabel here once again; I would ſpeak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, ſir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provoſt. Iſabella is brought in.

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight [5].

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of; here with the Provoſt.

Eſcal. In very good time:—ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

[5] —*are* light *at midnight.*] This is one of the words on which Shakeſpeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus Portia in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*." STEEVENS.

Eſcal.

Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil[6]
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal[7],
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose:—What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he

6 —*let the devil*, &c.] Shakespeare was a reader of Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny; and in the vth book and 8th chapter, might have met with this idea. "The Augylæ *do no worship* to any but to the *devils* beneath." STEEVENS.

7 —*To retort your manifest appeal*;] To *refer back* to Angelo the cause in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial [7]: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop [8],
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

[7] *Nor here provincial:*] Nor here *accountable.* The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

[8] *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,*] Barber's shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people:

"*Tonstrina erat quædam: hic solebamus ferè*
"*Plerumque eam opperiri*———"

Which Donatus calls *apta sedes otiosis.* Formerly with us, the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed; who then practised the under parts of surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preserve its authority. WARBURTON.

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very easily kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

The forfeits in a barber's shop are brought forward by Mr. Kenrick with a parade worthy of the subject. FARMER.

It was formerly part of a *barber's* occupation to *pick* the *teeth* and *ears.* So in the old play of *Herod* and *Antipater,* 1622. *Tryphon* the *barber* enters with a case of instruments, to each of which he addresses himself separately:

"Toothpick, dear toothpick; earpick, both of you
"Have been her sweet companions!—&c." STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, ſir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward [9], as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke, as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to priſon:—Where is the provoſt?—Away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more:—away with thoſe giglots too [1], and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provoſt lays hands on the Duke.*

Duke. Stay, ſir; ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir: foh, ſir; Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with

[9] —— *and a coward,*] So again afterwards:

"*You, ſirrah, that know me for a fool, a* coward,
"*One all of luxury*——"

But Lucio had not, in the former converſation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the duke.—Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *thoſe* giglots *too,*] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. So in *K. Henry* VI. P. I:

"——young Talbot was not born
"To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench." STEEVENS.

a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour [2]! Will't not off?

[*Pulls of the friar's hood, and diſcovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a duke.——
Firſt, provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three:——
Sneak not away, ſir; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and you
Muſt have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down.—— [*To Eſcalus.*
We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:
[*To Angelo.*
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes [3]: Then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;

[2] *Show your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?*] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phraſe on ſuch occaſions is ſimply; *ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged.* The words *an hour* have no particular uſe here, nor are authoriſed by cuſtom. I ſuppoſe it was written thus, *ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged—an' how? will't not off?* In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obſtruction or reſiſtance, it is common to exclaim *an' how?* JOHNSON.

Show your ſheep-biting face, and be *hang'd an hour:*] Dr. Johnſon's alteration is wrong. In the *Alchemiſt,* we meet with "a man that has been *ſtrangled an hour.*"

"What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while,*" is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

[3] *my* paſſes:] i. e. what has paſt in my adminiſtration. STEEVENS.

Imme-

Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provoſt.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provoſt.*

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertiſing, and holy [4] to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attorney'd at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Iſabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us [5].
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe [6]: But, peace be with him!

[4] *Advertiſing and holy*] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *be you as free to us.*] Be as *generous* to us, pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

[6] *That brain'd my purpoſe:* ———] We now uſe in converſation a like phraſe. *This it was that knocked my deſign on the head.* Dr. Warburton reads:

——baned *my purpoſe.* JOHNSON.

That

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So, happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him
For Mariana's sake: But as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity; and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue [7],
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure* [8].
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage [9]:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;—
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband!

[7] ——*even from his proper tongue,*] Even from Angelo's *own tongue.* So above.
"*In the witness of his* proper *ear*
"*To call him villain.*" JOHNSON.

[8] So in the Third Part of *K. Henry* VI:
"*Measure for Measure* must be answered." STEEVENS.

The following lines in an old tragedy entitled—*A Warning for faire Women*, 1599; (but apparently written some years before) might have furnished Shakespeare with the title of this play:
"The trial now remains as shall conclude,
"*Measure for Measure*, and lost blood for blood."
MALONE.

[9] ——*denies thee vantage*:] Takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

Duke.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege— [*Kneeling*

Duke. You do but lose your labour;——
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, to you. [*To Lucio.*

Mari. Oh, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her[1]:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.
Oh, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

[1] *Against all sense you do importune her:*] The meaning requir-ed is, against all reason and natural affection; Shakespeare, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both; *sense* signifying both reason and affection. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in the *Tempest.* Act II:
"You cram these words into my ears, against
"The stomach of my *sense.*" STEEVENS.

Isab.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me[2]; since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent[3];
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

[2] *Till he did look on me;*] The duke has justly observed that Isabel is *importuned against all sense* to solicit for Angelo, yet here *against all sense* she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die.

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour? *Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

"How oft the sight of power to do ill deeds,
"Makes ill deeds done?" *K. John.* STEEVENS.

[3] *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;*] So in *Macbeth:*
"The flighty purpose never is *o'ertook,*
"Unless the *deed* go with it." STEEVENS.

Prov.

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice[4]:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'ſt done ſo by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Exit Provoſt.

Eſcal. I am ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord Angelo, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure:
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deſerving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for thoſe earthly faults[5], I quit them all;

[4] —*after more advice:*] i. e. after more mature conſideration. STEEVENS.

[5] —*for thoſe earthly faults,*] Thy faults, ſo far as they are puniſhable on earth, ſo far as they are cogniſable by temporal power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

I pray

I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:——Friar, advife him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
 that?

Prov. This is another prifoner, that I fav'd,
Who fhould have dy'd when Claudio loft his head;
As like almoft to Claudio, as himfelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his fake [To *Ifab.*
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely fake,
Give me your hand, and fay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's fafe [6];
Methinks, I fee a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well [7]:
Look, that you love you wife [8]; her worth, worth
 yours [9].——
I find an apt remiffion in myfelf;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon [1];—
You,

6 ——*perceives he's fafe*;] It is fomewhat ftrange, that Ifabel is not made to exprefs either gratitude, wonder, or joy at the fight of her brother. JOHNSON.

7 ——*your evil quits you well*:] *Quits you*, recompenfes, requites you. JOHNSON.

8 *Look that you love your wife*;] So in *Promos*, &c.
 "Be loving to good Caffandra, thy wife." STEEVENS.

9 ——*her worth, worth yours.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads,
 Her worth works *yours*.
This reading is adopted by Dr. Warburton, but for what reafon? How does her *worth work Angelo's worth*? it has only contributed to *work* his pardon. The words are, as they are too frequently, an affected gingle, but the fenfe is plain. *Her worth, worth yours*; that is, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

1 ——*here's one in place I cannot pardon*;] After the pardon of two murderers, Lucio might be treated by the good duke with lefs harfhnefs; but perhaps the poet intended to fhow, what is too often feen, *that men eafily forgive wrongs which are not committed againft themfelves.* JOHNSON.

If this note had not been written before the conclufion of the play was read, it would have been found that the Duke only meant

You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To Lucio.*
One all of luxury, an ass, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick[2]: if you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits[3]:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—

meant to frighten *Lucio*, whose final sentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other punishments are remitted. STEEVENS.

2 ——*according to the trick:*] To my custom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

3 *thy other forfeits:*] Thy other punishments. JOHNSON.

To *forfeit* anciently signified *to commit a carnal offence*. So in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date. "—to affirme by an untrue knight, that the noble queen Beatrice had *forfayted* with a dogge." Again, in the 12th Pageant of the Coventry Collection of Mysteries, the Virgin Mary tells Joseph:

"I dede nevyr *forfete* with man I wys."

MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii. STEEVENS.

Joy

Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness [4]:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate [5].—
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secresy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt* [6].

4 *Thanks good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:*] I have always thought that there is great confusion in this concluding speech. If my criticism would not be censured as too licentious, I should regulate it thus:

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
Ang. *Th' offence pardons itself.*
Duke. *There's more behind*
That is more gratulate. *Dear Isabel,*
I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

5 ——*that is more* gratulate.] i. e. *to be more rejoiced in*;——meaning, I suppose, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reason to rejoice in consequence of his upright ministry. *Escalus* is represented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with *Angelo*, had reached the highest office of the state. He therefore could not be sufficiently rewarded here; but is necessarily referred to a future and more exalted recompence. STEEVENS.

6 I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakespeare has given turns to this story from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the first place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governour sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage. A circumstance of too much horror and villainy for the stage. And,

in the next place, the ſiſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her diſgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperour, though he had unjuſtly been the death of her brother. Both which abſurdities the poet has avoided by the epiſode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The duke's remaining incognito at home to ſuperviſe the conduct of his deputy, is alſo entirely our authour's fiction.

This ſtory was attempted for the ſcene before our authour was fourteen years old, by one George Whetſtone, in *Two Comical Diſcourſes*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous hiſtory of Promos and Caſſandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publiſh.

THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakeſpeare is ſuppoſed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakeſpeare illuſtrated*, elegantly tranſlated, with remarks which will aſſiſt the enquirer to diſcover how much abſurdity Shakeſpeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a ſtory which in ſome particulars reſembled it, and that Cynthio was not the authour whom Shakeſpeare immediately followed. The emperour in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke, in Shakeſpeare's enumeration of the perſons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very ſlight remark; but ſince the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why ſhould he be called Vincentio among the *perſons*, but becauſe the name was copied from the ſtory, and placed ſuperfluouſly at the head of the liſt by the mere habit of tranſcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a ſtory of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperour of the Romans.

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleaſing, but the grave ſcenes, if a few paſſages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; ſome time, we know not how much, muſt have elapſed between the receſs of the duke and the impriſonment of Claudio; for he muſt have learned the ſtory of Mariana in his diſguiſe, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are ſufficiently preſerved. JOHNSON.

The Fable of Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578.

"The Argument of the whole *Hiſtorye*."

"In the cyttie of *Julio* (ſometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* kynge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man ſo ever committed adultery, ſhould loſe his head, and the woman offender, ſhould weare ſome diſguiſed apparel, during her life, to make her infamouſly noted. This ſevere lawe, by

 the

the favour of ſome mercifull magiſtrate, became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos* auctority: who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him and his minion, to the execution of this ſtatute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his ſiſter, named *Caſſandra*: *Caſſandra* to enlarge her brother's life, ſubmitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantaſying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the ſweete order of her talke: and doyng good, that evill might come thereof: for a time he repryv'd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking into unlawfull luſt, he ſet downe the ſpoile of her honour, raunſome for her brothers life: chaſte *Caſſandra*, abhorring both him and his ſute, by no perſuaſion would yeald to this raunſome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life:) upon theſe conditions, ſhe agreed to *Promos*. Firſt, that he ſhould pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as fearcles in promiſſe, as careleſſe in performance, with ſollemne vowe ſygned her conditions: but worſe then any infydell, his will ſatiſfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his aucthoritye, unſpotted with favour, and to prevent *Caſſandrae*'s clamors, he commaunded the gayler ſecretly, to preſent *Caſſandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes) by the providence of God, provided thus for his ſafety. He preſented *Caſſandra* with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the gayler, who was ſet at libertie) was ſo agreeved at this trecherye, that at the point to kyl her ſelf, ſhe ſpared that ſtroke, to be avenged of *Promos*. And devyſing a way, ſhe concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executing this reſolution) was ſo highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he haſted to do juſtice on *Promos*: whoſe judgement was, to marrye *Caſſandra*, to repaire her craſed honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he ſhould loſe his head. This maryage ſolempniſed, *Caſſandra* tyed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earneſt ſuter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cōmon weale, before her ſpecial caſe, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her ſute. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) ſorrowing the griefe of his ſiſter, bewrayde his ſafety, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Caſſandra*, pardoned both him, and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare hiſtorye, in action livelye foloweth."

Whetſtone, however, has not afforded a very correct analyſis of his play, which contains a mixture of comic ſcenes, between a Bawd, a Pimp, Felons, &c. together with ſome ſerious ſituations which are not deſcribed. STEEVENS.

COMEDY

OF

ERRORS.

Persons Represented.

Solinus, *Duke of* Ephesus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.

Antipholis *of* Ephesus [1], } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Antipholis *of* Syracuse, }

Dromio *of* Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the two* Antipholis'*s.*
Dromio *of* Syracuse, }

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuse.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-master, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Ephesus.
Luciana, *Sister to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

[1] In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins *wandered* in search of his brother who had been *forced* from Æmilia, by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer.
Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem.

The *translator*, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Sosicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *traveller*. Whencesoever *Shakespeare* adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropt, and throughout the rest of the entries the *twins* are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY

COMEDY of ERRORS[2].

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:

[2] Shakespeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument already quoted, is as follows:

"Two twinne-borne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
"Menechmus one, and Soficles the other;
"The first his father lost a little lad,
"The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
"This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
"His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
"Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
"That citizens there take him for the same:
"Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
"Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakespeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross.

At Stationers-Hall, Nov. 15, 1613: "A booke called *Two Twinnes*" was entered by Geo. Norton. Such a play indeed, by W. Rider, was published in 4to. 1695. And Langbaine suspects it to be much older than the date annex'd: otherwise the *Twins* might have been regarded as Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, under another title. STEEVENS.

The enmity and difcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have feal'd his rigorous ftatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, fince the mortal and inteftine jars
'Twixt thy feditious countrymen and us,
It hath in folemn fynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracufans and ourfelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverfe towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephefus,
Be feen at Syracufan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracufan born,
Come to the bay of Ephefus, he dies,
His goods confifcate to the duke's difpofe;
Unlefs a thoufand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranfom him.
Thy fubftance, valu'd at the higheft rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewife with the evening fun.

Duke. Well, Syracufan, fay, in brief, the caufe
Why thou departedft from thy native home;
And for what caufe thou cam'ft to Ephefus.

Ægeon. A heavier tafk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to fpeak my griefs unfpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witnefs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, [3] not by vile offence,
I'll

[3] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers underftood that the punifhment he was about to undergo was in confequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two ftates, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general fuperftition amongft the ancients, that every great and fudden misfortune was the vengeance of Heaven purfuing men for their fecret offences. Hence the fentiment put into the mouth of

I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe:
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds

of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life, (ſays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand, that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

 A doubt-

A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means were none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—Oh, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike

What

What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſher of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia [4],
And, coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus;
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.

[4] *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Aſia,*] In the northern parts of England this word is ſtill uſed inſtead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely.* So in *Coriolanus:*
"———This is *clean* kam."
Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*
"*Clean* from the purpoſe of the things themſelves."
The reader will likewiſe find it in the 77th Pſalm. STEEVENS.

But

But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Jailor, take him to thy cuſtody. [*Ex. Duke and train.*

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend[5],
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs end.
[*Exeunt Ægeon and Jailor.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.

5 —*wend,*] i. e. go. An obſolete word. So in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:
"Led by the load-ſtar of her heav'nly looks
"*Wends* poor oppreſſed Balthaſar."
Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599:
"To let his daughter *wend* with us to France."
Again, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:
"But *wend* we merrily to the foreſt." STEEVENS.

This

This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and ſleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.

[*Exit Dromio.*

Ant. A truſty villain, ſir ; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards conſort you till bed-time ;
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then : I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf :

So

So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt:
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, ſir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—ſix-pence, that I had o' wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſadler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed[6],

6 —— *I ſhall be* poſt *indeed,*
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.]

Perhaps before writing was a general accompliſhment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares iſſued out of a ſhop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *poſt*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities uſed to his wife, *Cob* anſwers:——

"—— if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they would have kiſs'd the *poſt* in the middle of the warehouſe; &c." STEEVENS.

For

For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, ſir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have diſpos'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce [7] of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where are the thouſand marks thou had'ſt of me?

E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;
She, that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.

[7] —*that merry* ſconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is *head.* So in *Hamlet,* act V: "—why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *ſconce?*" STEEVENS.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. What mean you, ſir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not ſir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit Dromio.*

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is [8] o'er-raught of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of cozenage [9];
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye [1],
Dark-

[8] ——*o'er-raught*—] That is, *over-reached.* JOHNSON.
So in *Hamlet:*
" ———certain players
" We *o'er-raught* on the way." STEEVENS.

[9] *They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφέσια ἀλεξιφάρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus Menander uſes it, and Ἐφέσια γράμματα, in the ſame ſenſe. WARBURTON.

[1] *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,*
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;]
Thoſe, who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a juſt characteriſtic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand:* and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are informed, the miſchief they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: but then, by *dark-working* ſorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not deſign this in their characteriſtick. We ſhould read:

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*

and we know by the hiſtory of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by theſe applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneſtneſs to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehenſions by my own, without great ſucceſs. This interpretation of *ſoul-killing* is forced and harſh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ſoul-ſelling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without ſuch improvement as may juſtify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus:

Soul-

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin [2]:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,

Soul-killing *sorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body;*

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Witches or sorcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnson has done as much as was necessary to remove all difficulty from the passage.

• The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakespeare received from the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595. "For this, assure yourselfe this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] —*liberties of sin*:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

And

And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty;
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go or come: If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo [3].

Luc. Why head-ſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.
There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controuls:

[3] Adr. *There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.*
Luc. *Why head-ſtrong liberty is* laſh'd *with woe.*]
Should it not rather be *leaſh'd*, i. e. coupled like a head-ſtrong hound?

The high opinion I muſt neceſſarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furniſhed this obſervation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this paſſage may be, that thoſe who refuſe the *bridle* muſt bear the *laſh*, and that woe is the puniſhment of head-ſtrong liberty. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſeamen ſtill uſe *laſh* in the ſame ſenſe with *leaſh*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didſt counſel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *laſh*." *Lace* was the old Engliſh word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"To thee Caſſandra which doſt hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *laſhes* his guns, the ſportſman *leaſhes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of faſtening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the ſame original is the word *windlaſs*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewiſe ſignified to beſtow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So in the 2nd Part of *Decker's Honeſt Whore*, 1630:

"———the lazy lowne
"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:
"So, now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a raſcal." STEEVENS.

Men,

Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where [4]?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe [5];
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe.
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:

[4] ——— *ſtart ſome other* where?] I cannot but think, that our authour wrote:

——— *ſtart ſome other* hare?

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is ſaid to be *a good hare-finder*. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So in *Lear*:

"Thou loſeſt *here*, a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's tranſlation of Horace's Satires, 1567:

"——— they ranged in eatche *where*,
"No ſpouſailes knowne, &c."

The ſenſe is, *How, if your huſband fly off in purſuit of ſome other woman?* The expreſſion is uſed again, ſcene 3.

"——— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i:

"This is not Romeo, he's ſome *other where*."

Other-where ſignifies—*in other places*. So in *K. Henry* VIII. act II. ſc. 2:

"The king hath ſent me *otherwhere*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *though ſhe pauſe*;] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left [6].
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them [7].
Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.
E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'*Tis dinner-time*, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

[6] —*fool-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

[7] *that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could scarce *stand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakespeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——my staff *understands* me." STEEVENS.

Where

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd; My gold,* quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;*—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me[8],
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather[9].
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

[8] *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech* or *action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

[9] —*case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures [1]: [2] My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:
But, too unruly [3] deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale [4].

Luc.

[1] *Of my* defeatures.] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the ſame word is uſed with a ſomewhat different ſignification. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*My decayed fair*] Shakeſpeare uſes the adjective *gilt*, as a ſubſtantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this inſtance *fair* for *fairneſs*. Τὸ μυ καλὸν, is a ſimilar expreſſion. In the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

" Demetrius loves your *fair*."

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" Thou murd'rer, tyger, glutted with my *fair*,
" Leav'ſt me forſaken."

Again, in *Shakeſpeare's 68th Sonnet*:

" Before theſe baſtard ſigns of *fair* were born."

Again, in the *83d Sonnet*:

" And therefore to your *fair* no painting ſet."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" But when Adonis liv'd, ſun and ſharp air
" Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his *fair*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602:

" Who loſt a daughter, ſave thyſelf, for *faire*, a matchleſs wench."

Pure is likewiſe uſed as a ſubſtantive in the *Shepherd to the Flowers*, a ſong in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land."

STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently uſed *ſubſtantively* by the writers of Shakeſpeare's time. So Marſton in one of his ſatires:

" As the greene meads, whoſe native outward *faire*
" Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neigbour air."

Hence in the *Midſummer-Nights Dream*:

" Demetrius loves *your fair*," may be the *right*, as well as the *old* reading. FARMER.

[3] —— *too unruly deer*, ——] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on the *Ladies Girdle*:

" This

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

" This was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale that held my lovely *deer.*" JOHNSON.

Shakespeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
" Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
" I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my *deer*,
" Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these. MALONE.

4 ——*poor I am but his stale.*] The word *stale*, in our authour, used as a substantive, means not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiated* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. " *Stale* to catch these thieves;" in the *Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait.* Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse, pretence.* I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his amours. So in *K. John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen says to Matilda:

" ——I am made your *stale*,
The king, the king your strumpet, &c."

Again, —I knew I was made
A *stale* for her obtaining."

Again, the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:
Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,
To looke and gape for his retireless sayles
Puft back and flittering spread to every winde?"

Again, in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence Shakespeare borrowed the expression:

" He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock."

STEEVENS.

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *stale* is the confederate of a thief; " he that faceth the man," or holds him in discourse. Again, in another place, " wishing all, of what estate soever, to beware of filthy lust, and such damnable *stales*, &c." A *stale* in this last instance means the pretended wife of a *cross-biter.*

Perhaps, however, *stale* may here have the same meaning as the French word *chaperon. Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled [5],
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falshood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

[5] *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*
Will lose his beauty, yet *the gold 'bides still,*
That others touch, and *often touching will:*
Where *gold and no man, that hath a name,*
By *falshood and corruption doth it shame.*]

In this miserable condition is this passage given us. It should be read thus:

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falshood, and corruption, doth it shame.

The sense is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption. WARBURTON.

The *Revisal* reads thus:

———*yet the gold 'bides still,*
That others touch, though *often touching will*
Wear gold, and so *a man that hath a name,*
By falshood and corruption doth it shame.

I would read:

———*and* though *gold 'bides still,* &c.

and the rest, with Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him fom the mart: See, here he comes,

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the Phœnix? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

S. Dro. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beats Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sawcinefs will jeft upon my love,
[6] And make a common of my ferious hours.
When the fun fhines, let foolifh gnats make fport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeft with me, know my afpect,
And fafhion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your fconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? fo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you ufe thefe blows long, I muft get a fconce for my head, and infconce it too [7], or elfe I fhall feek my wit in my fhoulders. But, I pray, fir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doft thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, fir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, fir, and wherefore; for, they fay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firft, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the fecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of feafon?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reafon?—.
Well, fir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, fir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, for this fomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for fomething. But fay, fir, is it dinner-time?

[6] *And make a common of my ferious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you pleafe. The allufion is to thofe tracts of ground deftined to *common* ufe, which are thence called *commons*.
STEEVENS.

[7] *and* infconce *it too,*] A *fconce* was a petty fortification. So in *Orlando Furiofo*, 1599:
"Let us to our *fconce*, and you my lord of Mexico."
Again: "Ay, firs, *enfconce* you how you can."
Again: "And here *enfconce* myfelf defpite of thee." STEEVENS.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick [8], and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

[9] *Ant.* Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on

[8] *Lest it make you cholerick,* &c.] So in the *Taming the Shrew:*
"I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
"And I expresly am forbid to touch it,
"For it engenders choler, planteth anger, &c."
STEEVENS.

[9] Ant. *Why is* time, *&c.*] In former editions:
Ant. *Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?*
S. Dro. *Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in wit.*
Surely, this is mock-reasoning, and a contradiction in sense. Can hair be supposed a blessing, which Time bestows on beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *scanted* them of it too? *Men* and *Them,* I observe, are very frequently mistaken vice versa for each other, in the old impressions of our author. THEOBALD.

beasts:

beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair[1].

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing[2].

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,

[1] *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit*, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.
So in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:
"——Your women are so hot, I must *lose my hair* in their company, I see."
"His *hair sheds off*, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*falsing.*] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. The author of the *Revisal* would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

and

and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd, wouldst vow
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall[3]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,

[3] ——*may'st thou* fall] To *fall* is here a verb active. So in *Othello:*

"Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.

STEEVENS.

And

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust[4]:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted[5] by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured[6].

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

[4] *I am possess'd with an adulterate* blot;
My blood is mingled with the CRIME *of lust*:]
Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, shew that we should read:
——— *with the* GRIME *of lust*:
i. e. the *stain*, smut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over shoes in the* GRIME *of it*. WARBURTON.

[5] *Being* strumpeted] Shakespeare is not singular in his use of this verb. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"By this adultress basely *strumpetted*."
Again: "I have *strumpetted* no Agamemnon's queen."
STEEVENS.

[6] *I live* dis-stain'd, *thou undishonoured*.] To *distaine* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition *a privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read:
I live distained, thou dishonoured.
That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained. REVISAL.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grosly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt[7],
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine[8];
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss[9];
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

[7] —*you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;*—]

"Lenta qui velut assitas
"Vitis implicat arbores,
"Implicabitur in tuum
"Complexum." *Catull.*

So Milton, Par. Lost. B. V:

"——They led the vine
"To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines
"Her marriageable arms." MALONE.

[9] —idle *moss.*] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless. So in *Othello*:

—antres vast and desarts *idle*. STEEVENS.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy [1].

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—oh, spight of spights!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights [2];

If

[1] —— *the* favour'd *fallacy.*]
Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:
—— *the* free'd *fallacy.*
Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for
—— *the* offer'd *fallacy.*
This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent. STEEVENS.

[2] *We talk with goblins,* owls, *and elvish sprights;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonsense,* the first time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphs, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation.* But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the scrietch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega* from *strix,* the *scrietch-owl.* This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of Ovid,

Sunt avidæ volucres, non quæ Phineïa mensis
Guttura fraudabant; sed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput; stantes oculi; rostra apta rapinæ;
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.
Nocte volant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT *nutricis egentes,*
Et vitiant CUNIS *corpora rapta suis.*
Carpere dicuntur luctantia viscera rostris,
Et plenum poto sanguine *guttur habent.*
Est illis strigibus *nomen:* ———— Lib. vi. Fast.

WARBURTON.

Ghastly owls accompany *elvish ghosts* in *Spenser*'s Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June.* So in *Sherringham*'s Discerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, *Stryges,* Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gastæ dicti) et similes monstrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not [3]?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
Ant. Thou hast thine own form.
S. Dro. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you [4] of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

rea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, *p.* 112, 113. TOLLET.

The epithet *elvish* is not in the *first* folio, but is found in the *second*. STEEVENS.

3 *Why prat'st thou to thyself?*
Dromio, thou Dromio, *snail, thou slug, thou sot!*] In the first of these lines, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have both, for what reason I cannot tell, curtailed the measure, and dismounted the doggrel rhyme, which I have replaced from the first folio. The second verse is there likewise read:
Dromio, thou Dromio, *thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.*
The verse is thus half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: besides *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.

4 *And shrive you*——] That is, I will *call you to confession*, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So in *Hamlet*: "——not *shriving* time allow'd." STEEVENS.

Say,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, ſiſter: Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd!
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go,
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſtreet before Antipholis's houſe.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, Dromio of Epheſus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Ant. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet[5],
And

[5] *carkanet,*] ſeems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem:

"*The empreſs ſpreads her* carcanets." JOHNSON.

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiſelles."
Le grand Dict. de Nicot.

A *Carkanet* ſeems to have been a necklace ſet with ſtones, or ſtrung with pearls. Thus in *Partheneia Sacra*, &c. 1633: "Seeke not vermilion or ceruſe in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wriſt, rubie *carknets* on the neck, and a moſt exquiſite fan of feathers in the hand."
Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:
"Nay, I'll be matchleſs for a *carcanet*,
"Whoſe pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks
"Shall circle this fair neck to ſet it forth."

Again,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1637:
" ————she sat on a rich Persian quilt
" Threading a *carcanet* of pure round pearl
" Bigger than pigeons eggs."
Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:
" ————the drops
" Shew like a *carcanet* of pearl upon it."
In the play of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, the word *carcanet* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

To see the making of her carkanet.] A necklace, from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. It is falsely written *caskinet*, in Cartwright's *Love's Convert*, act II. sc. vi. edit. 1651:
" The silkworm shall spin only to thy wardrobe;
" The sea yield pearls unto thy *caskinet*."
Read *carcanet*. WARTON.

Mr. Warton has been guilty of a small mistake. The *caskinet* and *carcanet* were distinct things. The *caskinet*, I believe, was a small *casket* for the reception of jewels. So in *Lingua*, or *the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, 1607: where the enumeration of articles relative to female ornament is so curious, that I cannot resist the temptation to quote it as an entire system of dress: "—such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning; setting, unsetting; formings, and conformings; painting blue veins and cheeks; such stir with sticks and combs, *cascanets*, dressings, purles, falls, squares, buskes, bodies, scarfs, necklaces, *carcanets*, rebatos, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fustles, partlets, frillets, bandlets, fillets, crosslets, pendulets, amulets, anulets, bracelets —fardingals, kirtlets, buske-points, shoe-ties, &c." STEEVENS.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear[6]
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common, that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

[6] *Marry, so it* doth *appear*
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.]
Thus all the printed copies; but certainly, this is cross-purposes in reasoning. It appears, Dromio is an ass by his making no resistance; because an ass, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. [*within*] Mome[7], malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch[8]!
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

E Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

[7] *Mome,*] a dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. HAWKINS.
So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
"Hence with that *Mome!*"
"—*Brutus*, forbear the preſence."
Again, in the old Interlude of the *Diſobedient Child*, b. l. no date, by *Tho. Ingeland*, late ſtudent in Cambridge:
"My bones alas ſhee wyll make to crackell,
"And me her huſband as a ſtark *Mome.*"
Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594, by Robt. Wilſon, gent.
"I'll not be made ſuch a *Mome.*"
Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:
"And when I come home, ſhe makes me a *Mome.*"
Again,—"Farewell, good honeſt *Mome.*"
Again, in *Albions England*, 1602. B. iv. chap. 20:
"A youth will play the wanton, and an old man prove a *Mome.*" STEEVENS.

[8] —*patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the particolour'd coats worn by the licens'd fools or jeſters of the age. So in *Macbeth:*
"——what ſoldiers, *patch?*" STEEVENS.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe [9]?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I trow [1]?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

9 ——*I* owe?] i. e. I *own*. So in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

"Who *owes* that shield?
"I:—and who *owes* that?" STEEVENS.

1 ——*I* trow.] The old copy reads, *I hope*. STEEVENS.

Luce.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither[2].

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

[2] ——*we ſhall part with neither.*] Thus the old copy:

——*we ſhall part with neither.*

Common ſenſe requires us to read:

——*we ſhall* HAVE *part with neither.* WARBURTON.

In our old language, *to part* ſignified *to have part.* See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504:

"That no wight with his bliſſe *parten* ſhall."

The French uſe *partir* in the ſame ſenſe. TYRWHITT.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold [3].

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together [4].

3 ——*bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be *bought and sold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

4 ——*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had

——— *tantum upupam.*

Upupa signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse,
Why at this time the doors are made against you [5].
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout [6]
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession [7];
For ever hous'd, where't gets possession.

E. Ant.

[5] ——*the doors are* made *against you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

——*the doors are* barr'd *against you.*

To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Supposed by the common rout*] For *supposed* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported*; but there is no need of change: *supposed* is *founded on supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

[7] *For slander lives upon succession*;] The line apparently wants two syllables: what they were, cannot now be known. The line may be filled up according to the reader's fancy, as thus:

For lasting *slander lives upon succession.* JOHNSON.

On consulting the first folio, I found the second line had been lengthened out by the modern editors, who read:

For ever hous'd where it once *gets possession.*

I have therefore restored it to its former measure. STEEVENS.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth [8], mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow,
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot [9]
A husband's office? shall, Antipholis, hate,
Even

The second folio has *once*; which rather improves the sense, and is not inconsistent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

[8] *And, in despight of* mirth,—] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and, therefore, has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despight of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. REVISAL.

[9] —*that you have quite forgot*] In former copies:

And may it be, that you have quite forgot
An husband's office? Shall Antipholis,

Ev'n

Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
  Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
  Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
  Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
  Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;

Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*

This paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-ſprings rot, even in the ſpring of love? and ſhall thy love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at preſs, as I take it; this ſcene for fifty-two lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate rhimes; and this meaſure is never broken, but in the *ſecond* and *fourth* lines of theſe two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monoſyllable dropt from the tail of the ſecond verſe: and I have ventured to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Love-ſprings are young plants of love. Thus in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* of B. and Fletcher:

"The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *ſprings*
"That ſits alone in ſorrow."

See a note on the ſecond ſcene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, where the meaning of this expreſſion is more fully dilated.

The rhime which Mr. Theobald would reſtore, ſtands thus in the old edition:

——————ſhall Antipho*lus*.

If therefore inſtead of *ruinate* we ſhould read *ruinous*, the paſſage may remain as it was originally written; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we ſhould read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakeſpeare might have found in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* was a famous painter, and rival to Apelles.

Ruinous is juſtified by a paſſage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act V. ſc. iv:

"Leſt growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the firſt folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhime is not concerned; and were the rhime defective here, ſuch tranſgreſſions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS.

Look

Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret falſe; What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe [1],
[2] Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little [3] vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?

[1] *Alas, poor women! make us* not *believe*, &c.] From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*,) got place in the firſt copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two monoſyllables have by miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſs'd one another in many other paſſages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

[2] *Being compact of credit*, means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1633:

" ——ſhe's *compact*
" Merely of blood——— " STEEVENS.

[3] ——*vain*,] is *light of tongue, not veracious*. JOHNSON.

Are

Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid [4], with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, ſyren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee [5], and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if he ſink [6]!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated [7]; how, I do not know.

4 ——*ſweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *ſyren*. So in the Index to P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their ſongs enchauntements." STEEVENS.

5 —*as a* bed *I'll take thee*,] The old copy reads,—*as a* bud. Mr. Edwards ſuſpects a miſtake of one letter in the paſſage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lye.

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i. e. I, like an inſect, will take thy boſom for a roſe, or ſome other flower, and,

"——phœnix like beneath thine eye
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakeſpeare to ſhift haſtily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive ſupport from the following paſſage in the *Two Gent. of Verona*, act I. ſc. ii:

"———— my boſom as a *bed*
"Shall lodge thee." STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

6 —*if* ſhe *ſink!*] I know not to whom the pronoun *ſhe* can be referred. I have made no ſcruple to remove a letter from it. The author of the *Reviſal* has the ſame obſervation. STEEVENS.

7 *Not mad, but* mated,] i. e. confounded. So in Macbeth:

"*My mind ſhe has* mated, *and amaz'd my ſight.*" STEEVENS.

Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where[8] you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.

S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim[9].

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I mean thee[1]:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good-will. [*Ex. Luc.*

[8] *Gaze* where] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

[9] *My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps he means that which he aſks of heaven. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*for I* mean *thee:*] Thus the modern editors. The folio reads,

——*for I* am *thee.*

Perhaps we ſhould read:

——*for I* aim *thee.*

He has juſt told her, that ſhe was his *ſweet hope's* aim. So in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:

"——like Caſſius,
"Sits ſadly dumping, *aiming* Cæſar's death."

Again, in Drayton's Legend of *Robert Duke of Normandy:*

"I make my changes *aim* one certain end." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. [2] What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters,) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

S. Ant. [3] Where France?

S. Dro.

[2] S. Ant. *What's her name?*

S. Dro. *Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.*] This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy, and truly humourous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger in *The Old Law*, 1653:

"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

"*Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

"*Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an ell, &c." MALONE.

[3] S. Ant. *Where France?*

S. Dro. *In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her* hair.] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only the kitchen-wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the first folio reads—*making war against her* heir.———And I am very apt to think, this last

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

last is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabb'd, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* against her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre; it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that *heir*, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir*? The sense which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending out conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare had not written any thing in 1591. In 1593, "the first heir of his invention" (if we may believe his own account of it) was produced. See the Extracts from the Stationers' Books, at the end of the Prefaces, &c. Vol. I. of this edition. STEEVENS.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballaſted [4] at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, ſwore, I was aſſur'd to her [5]; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch: [6] And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently, poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul

4 —*to be* ballaſted] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads only *ballaſt*, which may be right. Thus in *Hamlet*:
" ——— to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar." i. e. *hoiſted*. STEEVENS.

5 —*aſſured* to her;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus in *K. John*:
" For ſo I did when I was firſt *aſſur'd*. STEEVENS.

6 *And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of* faith, &c.] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith*: however the Oxford editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint*, better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

Doth

Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis?
S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine[7]:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.
S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*
S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

[7] ——*at the Porcupine;*] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakespeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time.

I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66 of Ascham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

 I see,

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders [8] for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me [9] by Antipholis:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, as from the Courtezan's.

Offi. That labour you may save; see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

[8] ——*want* gilders] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six pence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

[9] *Is* growing *to me*——] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

Among

Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit Dromio.*

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:

I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, diſpatch.
Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—
E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.
E. Ant. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath!
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I anſwer you! why ſhould I anſwer you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Offi. I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear

As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.

Ang. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe, from the bay.

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard,
Then, ſir, ſhe bears away: our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

E. Ant. How now! a madman! why thou peeviſh ſheep [9],
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?

S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ſtrait;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel [1] did claim me for her huſband:
She

9 ——*thou* peeviſh *ſheep,*] *Peeviſh* is *ſilly.* So in *Cymbeline:*
"Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him;
"He's ſtrange and *peeviſh.*" See a note on act I. ſc. vii. STEEVENS.

1 *Where* Dowſabel—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Paſtorals:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſter's minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The houſe of Antipholis of Epheſus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face[2]?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

" He had, as antique ſtories tell,
" A daughter cleaped *Dowſabel*, &c." STEEVENS.

2 —*meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place:

" *Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,*
" *All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,*
" *Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock*
" *And furious cloſe of civil butchery.*" WARBURTON.

The alluſion is more clearly explained by the following compariſon in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:

" As when to warn proud cities, war appears
" Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
" To battle in the clouds, before each van
" Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
" Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
" From either end of heaven the welkin burns."
STEEVENS.

Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and [3] sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
[4] Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:
[5] Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter

[3] *sere,*] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

[4] *Stigmatical in making,* ——] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

So in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:
"It is a most dangerous and *stigmatical* humour."
Again, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1636:
"If you spy any man that hath a look,
"*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] *Far from her nest the* lapwing *&c.*] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-catching*, 1592, says:——"But again to our priggers, who, as before I said, *cry with the lapwing farthest from the nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode is."

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says——"he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his nest, as much as might be."

Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:
"I'll talk of other matters, and fly from the mark I shoot at, *lapwing-like*, flying from the place where I nestle."

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How, hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting [6] garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough [7];
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
[8] A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound [9] that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One

Again, in Sir *Giles Goosecap*, 1606:
"——and will lye like a *lapwing*."

See this passage yet more amply explained in a note on *Measure for Measure*, act i. STEEVENS.

6 ——*an* everlasting *garment*] *Everlasting* was in the time of Shakespeare, as well as at present, the name of a kind of durable stuff. The quibble intended here, is likewise met with in B. and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*:
"——I'll quit this transitory
"Trade, and get me an *everlasting* robe,
"Sear up my conscience, and turn *serjeant*." STEEVENS.

7 *A fiend*, a fairy, *pitiless and rough*;] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature; such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? we should read, *a fiend*, *a fury*, *&c.* THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

8 *A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper*, &c. *of allies, creeks, and* narrow lands;] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the same expression, Rich. II. act V. sc. vi:
"*Even such they say as stand in* narrow lanes." GRAY.

The preceding rhime forbids us to read—*lanes*. A *Shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff:
"——fear none but these same *shoulder-clappers*."
Decker's Satiromastix. STEEVENS.

9 *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well*;] To run

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell [1].

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case [2].

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell;

run counter is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our authour answer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression; *Every Man in his Humour*, act II. sc. iv.

"Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning, &c."

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GRAY.

So in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*:

"A hunting, Sir Oliver, and *dry-foot* too!"

Again, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"I care not for *dry-foot* hunting." STEEVENS.

[1] —*poor souls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

"In Wood-street's hole, or Poultry's *hell.*"

The dark place into which a taylor throws his shreds, is still in possession of this title. So in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"——Taylors—'tis known
"They scorn thy *hell*, having better of their own."

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermost farthing. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*on the case.*] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GRAY.

Will

Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in his deſk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at, [*Exit Luciana.*

That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt !

Tell me, was he arreſted on a band [1] ?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing ;

A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

S. Dro. No, no ; the bell : 'tis time, that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, If any hour meet a ſerjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt ! how fondly doſt thou reaſon ?

[1] —*was he arreſted on a* band ?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly ; though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band*. A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth*. On this circumſtance I believe the humour of the paſſage turns.

B. Jonſon, perſonifying the inſtruments of the law, ſays :

" —Statute, and *band*, and wax, ſhall go with me."

Again, without perſonification :

" See here your mortgage, ſtatute, *band*, and wax."

So in the *Spaniſh Tragedy* :

" 1 *Citizen.*—Sir, here's my declaration.
" 2 *Citizen.* And here's my *band*.
" 3 *Citizen.* And here's my leaſe."

Again, in *The Miſeries of inforced Marriage*, 1609 :

" Firſt draw him into *bands* for money."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610 :

" —tye faſt our lands
" In ſtatute ſtaple, or theſe Merchants' *bands*."

Again, in *The Walks of Iſlington and Hogſden* :

" From turning over goods in other's hands,
" And from the ſettings of our marks to *bands*."

STEEVENS.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If time be in debt[4], and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtrait;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter: I am preſs'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

[4] *If time be in debt,*] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
[5]What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance; [6] he that sets up

[5] *What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*] A short word or two must have slipt out here, by some accident in copying, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholis, whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprize;

What, have you got rid of *the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?* For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The allusion is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the serjeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calves-skin, as the author humourously a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers. So in *King Edward* III. 1599:

"The register of all varieties
"Since *leathern Adam* to this younger hour."

STEEVENS.

[6] *he that sets up his* rest *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* MORRIS-

up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike.

S. Ant.

MORRIS-*pike.*] *Sets up his reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortned their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which Froiſſart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketteers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion; no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakeſpeare wrote,

——————*a* MAURICE-*pike.*

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greateſt general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars againſt Spain, under whom all the Engliſh gentry and nobility were bred to the ſervice. Being frequently overborne with numbers, he became famous for his fine retreats, in which a ſtand of pikes is of great ſervice. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unneceſſarily of the *reſt of a muſket*, by which he makes the hero of the ſpeech ſet up the *reſt* of a *muſket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity, were ſhewn. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in firſt principles. "*Moreſpikes* (ſays Langley in his tranſlation of *Polydore Virgil*) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverence of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high. TOLLET.

So

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, ſir, the ſerjeant of the band: he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, *God give you good reſt!*

S. Ant. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there
Any ſhips puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholis.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench: and therefore comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn;

So in Heywood's *K. Edward* IV. 1626:
"Of the French were beaten down
"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen, &c."
Again, in Hollinſhed, p. 816:
"——they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought, &c." STEEVENS.

Morris pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous, merry, ſir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon [7].

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils
Aſk but the paring of one's nail, a ruſh,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt. Ant. and Dro.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

[7] ——if you do expect ſpoon-meat, *or* beſpeak a long ſpoon.] *Or*, which modern editors have thrown out of the text, ſignifies, *before*. Of this uſe of the word, many inſtances occur in ancient writers. So in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1599:

"He ſhall be murdered *or* the gueſts come in."

See a note on *K. John*, act IV. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

And

And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, with a Jailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Epheſus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats Dromio.*

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtezan, with a schoolmaster called Pinch[8], *and others.*

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. [9] Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or

[8] —*a* schoolmaster *called Pinch*,] Thus the old copy: in many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. STEEVENS.

[9] *Mistress*, respice finem, *respect your end*; *or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem.* But to what purpose, unless our author

or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats Dromio.*

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait;
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

thor would ſhew that he could quibble as well in Engliſh, as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *propheſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

"*Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,*
"*That ſpeak and think contrary clean;*
"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

"But come, *reſpice funem.*" STEEVENS.

Adr.

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes [1], she did; [2] the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

[1] *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.* Obsolete. So in the *Tempest:*
"For *certes,* these are people of the island." STEEVENS.

[2] *Kitchen-vestal*] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou are falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold me in this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

Offi. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer[3]?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

3 *—thou* peeviſh *officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh.* STEEVENS.

Offi.

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet[4]!

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, Dromio, &c.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

[4] ——unhappy *strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous.* STEEVENS.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound abroad.
S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang.

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.
S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?
Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

Exeunt to the priory.

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. But not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy [5] of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;

[5] *the* copy] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

Alone

Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
[6] Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:

[6] *Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;*] Shakeſpeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as ſpurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the ſecond line, is a plain proof that ſome diſſyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moodie [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at their *heels a huge infectious troop.* REVISAL.

It has been obſerved to me that *Mr. Capell* reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kinſ—
woman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;

but I hardly think he could be ſerious; as, though the Roman language may allow of ſuch transfers from the end of one verſe to the beginning of the next, the cuſtom is unknown to Engliſh poetry, unleſs it be of the burleſque kind: It is too like Homer Traveſty:

" ———On this, Agam—
" memnon began to curſe and damn." STEEVENS.

The

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again [7]:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
[*Exit Abbess.*

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

[7] —*a* formal *man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So in *Measure for Measure:* ——"*informal* women" for just the contrary. STEEVENS.

Mer.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution[8],
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the headsman and other officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters[9],—this ill day
A most

[8] ——sorry *execution*,] So in *Macbeth:*
"Of *sorriest* fancies your companions making."
Sorry, had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to The Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283. late edit:
"This Frere, whan he loked had his fill
"Upon the turments of this *sory* place."
Again, in the *Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is described:
"All full of chirking was that *sory* place." STEEVENS.

[9] *Whom I made lord of me and all I had*,
At your *important* letters,——]
Important seems to be for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

Shake-

A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take [1] order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant [2] and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help,

So in one of Shakespeare's Historical plays:
" ———great France
" My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied.
Shakespeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.
The *court of wards* was always considered as a grievous oppression. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner*:
" ———these ryche men ben unkinde:
" Wydowes do curse lordes and gentyllmen,
" For *they contrayne them to marry with theyr men*,
" Ye, wheder they wyll or no." STEEVENS.

[1] —*to* take order] i. e. to *take measures*. So in *Othello*. act V.
" Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." STEEVENS.

[2] *And, with his mad attendant* AND *himself*,] We should read:
——MAD *himself*. WARBURTON.
We might read:
" *And* here *his mad attendant and himself*. STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row [3], and bound the doctor,
[4] Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool [5]:

[3] *Beaten the maids* a-row,] i. e. successively, one after another. So in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6836. late edit:
"A thousand time *a-row* he gan hire kisse."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:
"*Obvius ambustum torrem Corinæus ab ara*
"*Corripit, et venienti Ebuso, plagamque ferenti,*
"*Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*
"*Nidoremque ambusta dedit.*" Virg. Æneis, lib. xii.
STEEVENS.

[5] *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of ideots or jesters close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been applied to either of these characters. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of king Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
[6] To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

[6] *To* SCORCH *your face,*——] We should read SCOTCH, i.e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To *scorch* I believe is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
Whilst she with harlots [7] feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

7 ——*with harlots*] Antipholis did not suspect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says to her act IV. sc. iv:

————are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to day?

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbacchio says to Volpone:

"————Out *harlot!*"

Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"————for the *harlot* king
"Is quite beyond mine arm.——"

Again, in the ancient mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512. *Herod* says to *Watkin:*

"Nay, *harlott*, abyde stylle with my knyghts I warne the."—

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 4 vols, 8vo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's Translation of *Roy des ribaulx*. Chaucer uses the word more than once:

"A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
"That was hir hostes man &c."

Sompnoures Tale, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyers' Play*, among the Chester Collection in the Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the stage:

"Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye?" STEEVENS.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advised[8] what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
Along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

[8] —*I am advised*—] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflexion and consideration.
STEEVENS.

There

There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I befeech
To give me ample fatisfaction
For thefe deep fhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witnefs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he fuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
Thefe people faw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Befides, I will be fworn, thefe ears of mine
Heard you confefs, you had the chain of him,
After you firft forfwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my fword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within thefe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didft thou draw thy fword on me:
I never faw the chain, fo help me heaven!
And this is falfe, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead fo coldly:—
You fay, he din'd at home; the goldfmith here
Denies that faying:—Sirrah, what fay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger fnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ft thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As fure, my liege, as I do fee your grace.

Duke. Why, this is ftrange:—Go call the abbefs hither;
I think you are all mated [9], or ftark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbefs.*

[9] *mated,*] i. e. wild, foolifh, from the Italian *matto*. I think you are all *fools* or madmen. MALONE.

Ægeon. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.
Ægeon. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.
E. Dro. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?
Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.
Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours, with time's deformed [1] hand
Have written [2] ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.
Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.
Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.
E. Dro. Ay, ſir?
But I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

[1] ———*deformed*] for *deforming*. STEEVENS.

[2] *ſtrange defeatures*] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeatures are *undoings*, *miſcarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *defaire*, Fr. So in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:

"The day before the night of my *defeature*, (i. e. undoing.)
"He greets me with a caſket richly wrought."

The ſenſe is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by miſery. STEEVENS.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face [3] of mine be hid
In sapconsuming winter's drizled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
[4] All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

[3] ——*this* grained *face*] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood.* So in *Coriolanus:*

"————my *grained* ash." STEEVENS.

[4] *All those* OLD *witnesses (I cannot err)*] I believe should be read:

All these HOLD *witnesses I cannot err.*

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses* I believe he means *experienced*, *accustom'd ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So in the *Tempest:*

"If these be *true spies* that I wear in my head, &c." STEEVENS.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That hadſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two Antipholis's, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea [5],—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,

[5] *Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,*] This is one of Shakeſpeare's overſights. The abbeſs has not ſo much as hinted at the ſhipwreck. Perhaps, indeed, this and the next ſpeech ſhould change places. STEEVENS.

And

And me they left with thofe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you fee me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'ft from Corinth firft.

S. Ant. No, fir, not I; I came from Syracufe.

Duke. Stay, ftand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my moft gracious lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moft famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your moft renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle miftrefs.

Adr. And are you not my hufband?

E. Ant. No, I fay, nay to that.

S. Ant. And fo do I, yet fhe did call me fo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her fifter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I fhall have leifure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I fee, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, fir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, fir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, fir, for this chain arrefted me.

Ang. I think, I did, fir; I deny it not.

Adr. I fent you money, fir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

S. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purfe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I fee, we ftill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon thefe Errors are arofe.

E. Ant. Thefe ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It fhall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I muft have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.—
[6] Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden not delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and [7] go with me;
After

[6] *Twenty-five years* ———] In former editions:
Thirty-three *years.*
'Tis impossible the poet could be so forgetful, as to design this number here: and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, &c.

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act:

Æge. *But* seven *years since, in Syracusa-bay,*
Thou knowest we parted;

so that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

[7] ——— *and go with me*;] We should read:
——— *and* GAUDE *with me*;
i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.
The sense is clear enough without the alteration. The Revisal offers to read, more plausibly, I think:
——— joy *with me.*

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by the following passage in *Acolastus* a comedy, 1529:—"I have good cause to set the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudye* chere."
Again,

After so long grief such nativity [8].

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. [*Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:
How shall we try it?

S. Dro. We will draw
Cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III:
"Let's have one other *gaudy* night."

In the novel of M. Alberto of Bologna, the author adviseth gentlewomen "to beware how they contrive their holyday talke, by waste wordes issuing forth their delicate mouths in carping, *gauding*, and jesting at young gentlemen, and speciallye olde men, &c." Palace of Pleasure, 1582. T. 1. fol. 60. STEEVENS.

[8] *After so long grief, such nativity!*] We should surely read:
After so long grief, such festivity.
Nativity lying so near, and the termination being the same of both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her, her sons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another[9]. [*Exeunt.*

[9] In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of character; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet the poet ſeems unwilling to part with his ſubject, even in this laſt and unneceſſary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their power of affording entertaiment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.

MUCH

MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

Perſons Repreſented.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favoured likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthazar, *ſervant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, } *two fooliſh Officers.*
Verges, }

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, } *two Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.
Urſula. }

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE *Meſſina* in *Sicily*.

The ſtory is from Arioſto, Orl. Fur. b. 5. Pope.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, that ſomewhat reſembling the ſtory of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioſo. In Spenſer's Faery Queen, b. ii. c. 4. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforeſt, copied from another of Bandello, ſeems to have furniſhed Shakeſpeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have ſeen ſo many verſions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that the great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance in an Engliſh dreſs. Of that particular ſtory which I have juſt mentioned, viz. the 18th hiſtory in the third volume, no tranſlation has hitherto been met with. Steevens.

MUCH

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort[2], and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

[1] *Much Ado about Nothing.*] *Innogen*, (the mother of Hero) in the oldest quarto that I have seen of this play, printed in 1600, is mentioned to enter in two several scenes. The succeeding editions have all continued her name in the Dramatis Personæ. But I have ventured to expunge it; there being no mention of her through the play, no one speech address'd to her, nor one syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one passage, from which we have any reason to determine that Hero's mother was living. It seems, as if the poet had in his first plan design'd such a character; which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out. THEOBALD.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *of any* sort,] *Sort* is rank. So in Chapman's version of the 16th book of *Homer's Odyssey*:

"A ship, and in her many a man of *sort*." STEEVENS.

Mess.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that [3] joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure,

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer [4] than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, [5] is signior Montanto return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess.

[3] —*joy could not shew itself* modest *enough, without a* badge *of bitterness.*] This is judiciously exprefs'd. Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a *modest* joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

Such another expression occurs in Chapman's version of the tenth book of the Odyssey:

"——— our eyes wore
"The same wet *badge* of weak humanity."

This is an idea which Shakespeare seems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth*:

"——— *my plenteous joys*
"*Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves*
"*In drops of sorrow.*" STEEVENS.

[4] — *no faces truer*] That is, none *honester*, none *more sincere*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*is signior Montanto return'd*—] *Montante*, in Spanish, is a *huge two-handed sword*, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado. WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school.

So

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; [6] there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. [7] He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid [8] at the flight: and my uncle's fool, read-

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "—your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbrocata, your passada, your *montanto*, &c." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"——thy reverse, thy distance, thy *montant*."

STEEVENS.

6 —*there was none such in the army of any* sort.] Not meaning there was none such of *any order or degree whatever*, but that there was none such of *any quality above the common*. WARBURTON.

7 *He set up his bills* &c.] In B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Shift says:

"This is rare, I have set up my *bills* without discovery."

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

"I have bought foils already, *set up bills*,
"Hung up my two-hand sword, &c."

Again, in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596: "—*setting up bills* like a bearward or fencer, what fights we shall have, and what weapons she will meet me at."

Beatrice means, that Benedick published a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS.

8 ——*challenged Cupid at the flight*:] The disuse of the bow makes this passage obscure. Benedick is represented as challenging Cupid at archery. To challenge *at the flight* is, I believe, to wager who shall shoot the arrow farthest without any particular mark. To *challenge at the bird-bolt*, seems to mean the same as to challenge at children's archery, with small arrows, such as are discharged at birds. In *Twelfth-Night* Lady Olivia opposes a *bird-bolt* to a *cannon-bullet*, the lightest to the heaviest of missive weapons. JOHNSON.

To challenge at the *flight*, was a challenge to shoot with an *arrow*. *Flight* means an arrow, as may be proved from the following lines in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"——*not the quick rack swifter*;
"*The virgin from the hated ravisher*
"*Not half so fearful*: *not a* flight *drawn home*,
"*A round stone from a sling*.——"

So

reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath

So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:
"We have tied our geldings to a tree, two *flight-shot* off."
Again, in Middleton's *Game of Chess*, 1625:
"Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a *flight*."
Again, in the *Entertainment at Causome House*, &c. 1613:
"—it being from the park about two *flight-shots* in length."

But it is apparent from the following passage in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, b. viii. st. 15. that a *flight* was not used to signify an *arrow in general*, but some *particular* kind of arrow; I believe one of an unusual length:

"——— and assign'd
"The archers their *flight*-shafts to shoot away;
"Which th' adverse side (with fleet and dimness blind,
"Mistaken in the distance of the way)
"Answer with their *sheaf-arrows*, that came short
"Of their intended aim, and did no hurt."

Holinshed makes the same distinction in his account of the same occurrence, and adds, that these *flights* were provided on purpose. Again, in Holinshed, p. 649.—"He caused the soldiers to shoot their *flights* towards the lord Audlies company."

Mr. Tollet observes, that the length of a *flight-shot* seems ascertained by a passage in Leland's Itinerary, 1769, vol. iv. p. 44. "The passage into it at ful se is a *flite-shot* over, as much as the Tamise is above the bridge."—It were easy to know the length of London-Bridge, and Stowe's Survey may inform the curious reader whether the river has been narrowed by embanking since the days of Leland.

The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. So, in Marston's *What You Will*, 1607:

"——— ignorance should shoot
"His gross-knobb'd *bird-bolt*.——"

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"——— Cupid,
"Pox of his *bird-bolt!* Venus,
"Speak to thy boy to fetch his arrow back,
"Or strike her with a *sharp one!*" STEEVENS.

He challenged Cupid at the flight, *and my uncle's fool challenged him at the* bird-bolt.] The flight was an arrow of a particular kind:—In the Harleian Catalogue of MSS. vol. i. n. 69. is "a challenge of the lady *Maiee's* servants to all comers, to be performed at *Greenwiche*—to shoot standart arrow, or *flight*." I find

hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you [9], I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues [1].

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man [2]: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon.

find the title-page of an old pamphlet still more explicit. "A new *post*—a marke exceeding necessary for all mens arrows: whether the great man's *flight*, the gallant's *rover*, the wiseman's *pricke-shaft*, the poor man's *but-shaft*, or the fool's *bird-bolt*." FARMER.

The *flight*, which in the Latin of the middle ages was called *flecta*, was a fleet arrow with narrow feathers, usually employed against rovers. See *Blount's Ancient Tenures*, 1679. MALONE.

9 ——— *he'll be meet with you,*] This is a very common expression in the midland counties, and signifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you.*

So in TEXNOTAMIA, by B. Holiday, 1618:

"Go meet her, or else she'll *be meet* with me." STEEVENS.

1 stuff'd *with all honourable virtues.*] *Stuff'd*, in this first instance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards observes that *Mede*, in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, "—he whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Edwards's MS.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"——— whom you know
"Of *stuff'd sufficiency.*" STEEVENS.

2 —*he is no less than a* stuff'd *man: but for the* stuffing *well,—we are all mortal.*] Mr. Theobald plumed himself much on the pointing of this passage; which, by the way, he might learn from Dave-

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his [3] five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have [4] wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear

Davenant: but he says not a word, nor any one else that I know of, about the reason of this abruption. The truth is, Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuff'd man*; and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A *stuff'd man* was one of the many cant phrases for a *cuckold*. In *Lilly's Midas*, we have an inventory of *Motto's moveables*.—"Item, says Petulus, one paire of hornes in the bride-chamber on the *bed's head*.—The *beast's* head, observes Licio; for *Motto* is *stuff'd in the head*, and these are among *unmoveable goods*." FARMER.

3 ——*four of his five wits*——] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. So, *Davies on the Soul*:

"Wit, *seeking truth from cause to cause ascends*,
"*And never rests till it the first attain*;
"Will, *seeking good, finds many middle ends*,
"*But never stays till it the last do gain.*"

And, in another part:

"*But if a phrenzy do possess the brain*,
"*It so disturbs and blots the form of things*,
"*As fantasy proves altogether vain*,
"*And to the* wit *no true relation brings*.
"*Then doth the* wit, *admitting all for true*,
"*Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds*;"——

The *wits* seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

4 *wit enough to keep himself* WARM,] But how would that make a *difference between him and his horse?* We should read, *Wit enough to keep himself* FROM HARM. This suits the satirical turn of her speech, in the character she would give of Benedick; and this would make the difference spoken of. For 'tis the nature of horses, when wounded, to run upon the point of the weapon. WARBURTON.

Such a one has wit enough to keep himself warm, is a proverbial expression, and there is surely no need of change.

So in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

"You are the wise woman, are you? and have *wit to keep yourself*

bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: [5] he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block [6].

Mess. I see, lady, [7] the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat.

yourself warm enough, I warrant you." Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise; for your hands have *wit enough to keep themselves warm.*" An attempt to refute the reasoning of Dr. Warburton, would be loss of time and labour. To bear any thing for a *difference*, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia says:

"——you may wear yours with a *difference.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*he wears his* faith——] Not religious profession, but *profession of friendship*; for the speaker gives it as the reason of her asking, *who was now his companion?* that *he had every month a new sworn brother.* WARBURTON.

[6] ——*with the next* block.] A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"Of what fashion is this knight's wit? of wh

See a note on *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. vi.

The old writers sometimes use the word *block*, for the hat itself. STEEVENS.

[7] ————*the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. *To be in one's books is to be in one's* codicils *or* will, *to be among friends set down for legacies.* JOHNSON.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the visiting-books of the present age: so, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 2nd Part, 1630:

"I am sure her name was in my *Table-Book* once."

Or, perhaps, the allusion is to matriculation at the university. So in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630:

"You must be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiæ.*"

Again,—"What have you enrolled him in *Albo*? Have you fully admitted him into the Society?—to be a member of the body academic?"

Again, "And if I be not entred, and have my name admitted into some of their *books*, let, &c."

 And

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess.

And yet I think the following passage in the *Maid's Revenge*, by Shirley, 1639, will sufficiently support my first supposition:

"Pox of your compliment, you were best not write in her *Table-Books*."

It appears to have been anciently the custom to *chronicle the small beer* of every occurrence, whether literary or domestic, in these *Table-books*.

So, in the play last quoted:

"Devolve itself!—that word is not in my *Table-Books*."

Hamlet, likewise, has—"my *tables*, &c."

Again, in the *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"——Campeius!—Babylon
"His name hath *in her Tables*."

Again, in *Acolastus*, a Comedy, 1529:

"—We weyl haunse thee, or set thy name into our *felowship boke*, with clappynge of handes, &c."

I know not exactly to what custom this last quoted passage refers, unless to the *album*; for just after, the same expression occurs again: that "—from henceforthe thou may'st have a place worthy for thee in our *whyte*: from hence thou may'st have thy name written in our *boke*."

It should seem from the following passage in the *Taming of a Shrew*, that this phrase might have originated from the *Herald's Office*:

"A herald, Kate! oh, put me *in thy books*!"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. N° 847, may be the best illustration:

"W. C. to Henry Fradsham, Gent. the owener of this book:
"Some write their fantasies in verse
"*In theire bookes* where they friendshippe shewe,
"Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearse
"The great good will that they do owe, &c." STEEVENS.

The gentleman is not in your books.] This phrase has not been exactly interpreted. *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the list of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandevile tells us, "alle the mynstrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houshold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

young squarer——] A *squarer* I take to be a cholerick, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense Shakespeare uses the word to *square*. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* it is said of Oberon and

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! He will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your [9] charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would

and Titania, that *they never meet but they* square. So the sense may be, *Is there no* hot-blooded *youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?* JOHNSON.

[9] *You embrace your charge*——] That is, your *burthen*, your *incumbrance*. JOHNSON.

not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick[1]? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o'God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato

[1] —— *such food to feed it, as signior Benedick?*] A kindred th[illegible] occurs in *Coriolanus*, act II. sc. i: [illegible] very priests must become *mockers*, if they encounter [illegible] ridiculous subjects as you are." STEEVENS.

nato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you[*]: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flout-

[*] *I thank you:*] The poet has judiciously marked the gloominess of Don John's character, by making him averse to the common forms of civility. Sir J. Hawkins.

ing Jack; to tell us Cupid is [3] a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song [4]?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

[3] ——*to tell us, Cupid is a good hare-finder,* &c.] I know not whether I conceive the jest here intended. Claudio hints his love of Hero. Benedick asks whether he is serious, or whether he only means to jest, and tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.* A man praising a pretty lady in jest, may shew the quick sight of Cupid, but what has it to do with the *carpentry* of Vulcan? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?* JOHNSON.

I believe no more is meant by those ludicrous expressions than this.——Do you mean, says Benedick, to amuse us with improbable stories?

An ingenious correspondent, whose signature is R. W. explains the passage in the same sense, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not consume what is combustible?"——for both these propositions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the God of fire) *a good carpenter*. In other words, *would you convince me, whose opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being scorched.* STEEVENS.

I explain the passage thus: *Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eyesight; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a rare carpenter?* TOLLET.

——After such attempts at decent illustration, I am afraid that he who wishes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, must discover it by the assistance of many quibbling allusions of the same sort, about *hair* and *hear*, in Mercutio's song in the second act of *Romeo and Juliet.* COLLINS.

[4] ——*to go in the song.*] i. e. to join with you in your song.—to strike in with you in the song. STEEVENS.

Claud.

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would by my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear [5] his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and [6] sigh away sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered [7].

Bene.

[5] —*wear his cap with suspicion?*] That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy. JOHNSON.

[6] ——————*sigh away sundays.*] A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was passed so uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

I cannot find this *proverbial* expression in any ancient book whatever. I am apt to believe that the learned commentator has mistaken the drift of it, and that it most probably alludes to the strict manner in which the sabbath was observed by the *puritans*, who usually spent that day in *sighs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

[7] Claud. *If this were so, so were it uttered.*] This and the three next speeches I do not well understand; there seems something omitted relating to Hero's consent, or to Claudio's marriage, else I know not what Claudio can wish *not to be otherwise*. The copies all read alike. Perhaps it may be better thus,

Claud. *If this were so, so were it.*

Bene. *Uttered like the old tale*, &c.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, [2] but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead [3], or hang my bugle in an invi-

Claudio gives a sullen answer, *if it is so, so it is.* Still there seems something omitted which Claudio and Pedro concur in wishing. JOHNSON.

Claudio, evading at first a confession of his passion, says; if I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next speech, he thinks proper to avow his love; and when Benedick says, *God forbid it should be so*, i. e. God forbid he should even wish to marry her; Claudio replies—God forbid I should not wish it. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *But in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the schools. WARBURTON.

[3] ——— *but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow.* A *recheate* is the sound by which dogs are called back.

Shake-

invisible baldrick [4], all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument [5].

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat [6], and shoot

Shakespeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Return from Parnassus:*

"—— When you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then you must sound three notes, with three winds; and *recheat*, mark you, sir, upon the same three winds."

"Now, sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the *recheat* before, so now you must sound the relief three times."

Again, in the *Booke of Huntynge*, &c. bl. l. no date. "Blow the whole *recbate* with three wyndes, the first wynde one longe and six shorte. The seconde wynde two shorte and one longe. The thred wynde one longe and two shorte." STEEVENS.

A *recheate* is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent: from the old French word *recet*, which was used in the same sense as *retraite*. HANMER.

4 —— *hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,*] *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn—hunting-horn. The meaning seems to be—or that I should be compell'd to carry any horn that I must wish to remain invisible, and that I should be ashamed to hang openly in my belt or baldrick.

It is still said of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pockets.* STEEVENS.

5 *notable argument.*] An eminent subject for satire. JOHNSON.

6 *in a bottle like a cat,*] As to *the cat and bottle*, I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly suit with the text.

In

ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd [7] Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try:
In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke [8].

Bene. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign,— *Here you may ſee Benedick the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, [9] if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene.

In ſome counties of England, a cat was formerly cloſed up with a quantity of ſoot in a wooden bottle, (ſuch as that in which ſhepherds carry their liquor) and was ſuſpended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to eſcape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diverſion. STEEVENS.

[7] *and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd* Adam.] But why ſhould he therefore be call'd *Adam?* Perhaps, by a quotation or two we may be able to trace the poet's alluſion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have Thought it*, (a comedy written by John Day, and printed in 1608) I find this ſpeech: *Adam Bell, a ſubſtantial outlaw, and a paſſing good* archer, *yet no tobacconiſt.*—By this it appears, that Adam Bell at that time of day was of reputation for his ſkill at the bow. I find him again mentioned in a burleſque poem of ſir William Davenant's, called, *The long Vacation in London.* THEOBALD.

Adam Bell was a companion of Robin Hood, as may be ſeen in Robin Hood's *Garland*; in which, if I do not miſtake, are theſe lines:

"*For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,*
"*And William of Cloudeſlee,*
"*To ſhoot with our foreſter for forty mark,*
"*And our foreſter beat them all three.*" JOHNSON.

The curious reader will find an account of theſe noted outlaws in the firſt volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.* STEEVENS.

[8] *In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is taken from the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo*, &c. 1605. STEEVENS.

[9] *if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in Venice,*] All modern writers

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good ſignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage; and ſo I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my houſe, (if I had it,)—

Pedro. The ſixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments [1], and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere [2] you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,

writers agree in repreſenting Venice in the ſame light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

[1] —guarded *with fragments,*] *Guards* were ornamental laces or borders. So in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"—give him a livery
"More *guarded* than his fellows."

Again, in *Henry* IV. Part I.

"—velvet *guards* and ſunday citizens." STEEVENS.

[2] *ere you flout old ends &c.*] *Before you endeavour to diſtinguiſh yourſelf any more by antiquated alluſions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This, I think is the meaning; or it may be underſtood in another ſenſe, *examine, if your ſarcaſms do not touch yourſelf.* JOHNSON.

When

When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
[3] The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *The fairest grant is the necessity:*] i. e. no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley * in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this evening in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several Servants cross the stage here.*] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt*

* ——*a thick-pleached alley*] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven. In *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——with *pleached* arms, bending down

"His corrigible neck." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good-jer, my lord[5]! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being, (as thou ſay'ſt thou art) born under Saturn, goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what I am[6]: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and [7]claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather

[5] *What the* good-jer, *my lord!*] We ſhould read, *goujere.* STEEVENS.

[6] *I cannot hide what I am:*] This is one of our authour's natural touches. An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure, and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

[7] claw *no man in his humour.*] To *claw* is to flatter. So *the pope's claw-backs*, in biſhop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The ſenſe is the ſame in the proverb, *Mulus mulum ſcabit.* JOHNSON.

that

that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a [8] canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and infranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief

[8] *I had rather be a* canker *in a hedge, than a* rose *in his grace*;] A *canker* is the *canker* rose, *dog-rose*, *cynosbatus*, or *hip*. The sense is, I would rather live in obscurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or estimation to my brother. He still continues his wish of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expression, *a rose in his grace?* if he was a *rose* of himself, his brother's *grace* or *favour* could not degrade him. I once read thus, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his* garden; that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindness or cultivation. But a less change will be sufficient: I think it should be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose* by *his grace.* JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

"A rose, a lily, a blew-bottle, and a *canker-flower.*"

Again, in Shakespeare's 54th *Sonnet:*

"The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die
"As the perfumed tincture of the rose."

I think no change is necessary. STEEVENS.

on?

on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he!

John. A proper ſquire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in ſad conference[9]: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure[1], and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdu'd: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *in* ſad *conference:*] *Sad* in this, as in a former inſtance, ſignifies *ſerious.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*both* ſure,] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Leo. Was not count John here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after[2].

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half ſignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in ſignior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be'ſt ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns*; but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morn-

[2] *heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the ſtomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in woollen [3].

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell [4]?

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To Hero.*

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please you:*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

[3] *in* woollen.] Thus the modern editors. The old copies read ——in *the* woollen. STEEVENS.

[4] *Well then*, &c.] Of the two next speeches Dr. Warburton says, *All this impious nonsense thrown to the bottom, is the players', and foisted in without rhyme or reason.* He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deserve indeed so honourable a place, yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our authour, who is sometimes trying to purchase merriment at too dear a rate. JOHNSON.

I have restored the lines omitted. STEEVENS.

Beat.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's ſons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too [6] important, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer. For hear me, Hero, Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, mannerly modeſt, as a meaſure full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſink into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar [7]*; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Urſula, and others maſk'd.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, eſpecially, when I walk away.

[6] *if the prince be too* important,] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate.* JOHNSON.
So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
"At your *important* letters——". STEEVENS.

[7] *Balthazar,*] The quarto and folio add—*or dumb John.*

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. [8] My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love[9].

Bene. Well, I would you did like me[1].

Marg.

[8] *My viſor is Philemon's roof, within the houſe is* love.] Thus the whole ſtream of the copies, from the firſt downwards. Hero ſays to Don Pedro, God forbid the lute ſhould be like the caſe! i. e. that your face ſhould be as homely and as coarſe as your maſk. Upon this, Don Pedro compares his viſor to Philemon's roof. 'Tis plain, the poet alludes to the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid: and this old couple, as the Roman poet deſcribes it, liv'd in a *thatch'd* cottage:

"———— *Stipulis & canna tecta paluſtri.*"

But why, *within this houſe is* love? Though this old pair lived in a cottage, this cottage received two ſtraggling Gods, (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. So, Don Pedro is a prince; and though his viſor is but ordinary, he would inſinuate to Hero, that he has ſomething *godlike* within: alluding either to his dignity or the qualities of his perſon and mind. By theſe circumſtances, I am ſure, the thought is mended: as, I think verily, the text is too by the addition of a ſingle letter—*within the houſe is* Jove. Nor is this emendation a little confirmed by another paſſage in our author, in which he plainly alludes to the ſame ſtory. *As you Like it.*

"Clown. *I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was amongſt the Goths.*

"Jaq. *O knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than* Jove *in a* thatch'd *houſe!*" THEOBALD.

This emendation, thus impreſſed with all the power of his eloquence and reaſon, Theobald found in the quarto edition of 1600, which he profeſſes to have ſeen; and in the firſt folio, the *l* and the *I* are ſo much alike, that the printers, perhaps, uſed the ſame type for either letter. JOHNSON.

[9] Pedro. *Speak low,* &c.] This ſpeech, which is given to Pedro, ſhould be given to Margaret. REVISAL.

[1] Balth. *Well, I would you did like me.*] This and the two following little ſpeeches, which I have placed to Balthazar, are in all the printed copies given to Benedick. But, 'tis clear, the dialogue

Marg. So would not I, for your own ſake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen [2].

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done!—Anſwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are ſignior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: Here's his dry hand [3] up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

logue here ought to be betwixt Balthazar and Margaret: Benedick, a little lower, converſes with Beatrice: and ſo every man talks with his woman once round. THEOBALD

[2] *amen.*] I do not concur with Theobald in his arbitrary diſpoſition of theſe ſpeeches. Balthazar is called in the old copies *dumb John*, as I have already obſerved; and therefore it ſhould ſeem, that he was meant to ſpeak but little. When Benedick ſays, *the hearers may cry, amen*, we muſt ſuppoſe that he leaves Margaret and goes in ſearch of ſome other ſport. Margaret utters a wiſh for a good partner. Balthazar, who is repreſented as a man of the feweſt words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, deſiring, as he ſays in the following ſhort ſpeech, to put himſelf to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *his* dry *hand.*] A *dry* hand was anciently regarded as the ſign of a cold conſtitution. To this Maria, in *Twelfth-Night*, alludes: Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*[4];—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders[5]: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy[6]; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they

4 *Hundred merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakespeare alludes, was an old translation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. The original was published at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is said to have been written by some of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a translation of it prior to the time of Shakespeare.

In the *London Chaunticleres*, 1659, this work, among others, is cry'd for sale by a ballad-man. "The Seven Wise Men of Gotham; a *Hundred Merry Tales*; Scoggin's Jests, &c."

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by B. and Fletcher:

"———the Almanacs,
"The *Hundred Novels*, and the Books of Cookery."

Of this collection there are frequent entries in the register of the Stationers' Company. The first I met with was in Jan. 1581.

STEEVENS.

5 *his gift is in devising* impossible *slanders*:] We should read *impassible*, i. e. slanders so ill invented, that they will pass upon no body.

WARBURTON.

Impossible slanders are, I suppose, such slanders as, from their absurdity and impossibility, bring their own confutation with them.

JOHNSON.

6 *his villainy*;] By which she means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, she insinuates, he *pleased* libertines; and by his *devising slanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

laugh

laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

[*Musick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know, him by his bearing [7].

John. Are you not signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—

[7] ——*his* bearing.] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. So in *Measure for Measure*:
"How I may formally in person *bear* me." STEEVENS.

'Tis certain ſo:—the prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch [8],
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an uſurer's chain [9]? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have ſerv'd you thus?

8 *——beauty is a witch,*
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.] i.e. as wax when oppoſed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preſerves the figure of the perſon whom it was deſigned to repreſent, but flows into a ſhapeleſs lump; ſo fidelity, when confronted with beauty, diſſolves into our ruling paſſion, and is loſt there like a drop of water in the ſea. STEEVENS.

9 *uſurer's chain?*] I know not whether the *chain* was, in our authour's time, the common ornament of wealthy citizens, or whether he ſatirically uſes *uſurer* and *alderman* as ſynonymous terms. JOHNSON.

Uſury ſeems about this time to have been a common topic of invective. I have three or four dialogues, paſquils, and diſcourſes on the ſubject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of theſe it appears, that the merchants were the chief uſurers of the age. STEEVENS.

Claud.

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.—— But, that my lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, becauſe I am merry.—Yea; but ſo; I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed: [1] it is the baſe, though bitter diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, ſignior, where's the count? Did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren [2]; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady [3]; and I offered him my company to a willow

[1] *it is the baſe,* though *bitter, diſpoſition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her perſon,*] That is, *It is the diſpoſition of Beatrice, who takes upon her to perſonate the world, and therefore repreſents the world as ſaying what ſhe only ſays herſelf.*

Baſe, though bitter. I do not underſtand how *baſe* and *bitter* are inconſiſtent, or why what is *bitter* ſhould not be *baſe*. I believe, we may ſafely read, *It is the baſe,* the *bitter* diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

The *baſe* though *bitter,* may mean the *ill-natur'd* though *witty.* STEEVENS.

[2] *as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;*] A parallel thought occurs in the firſt chapter of Iſaiah, where the prophet, deſcribing the deſolation of Judah, ſays: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers, &c." I am informed, that near Aleppo, theſe lonely buildings are ſtill made uſe of, it being neceſſary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raiſed, ſhould be regularly watched. STEEVENS.

[3] *of this young lady;*] Benedick ſpeaks of Hero as if ſhe were on the

willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf; and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who, as I take it, have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life and ſcold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the prince's jeſter; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with [4] ſuch impoſſible conveyance, upon me, that

the ſtage. Perhaps, both ſhe and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, ſhe is ſpoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

[4] *ſuch* impoſſible *conveyance,*] We ſhould read *impaſſable.* A term taken from fencing, when the ſtrokes are ſo ſwift and repeated, as not to be parried or paſſed off. WARBURTON.

I know not what to propoſe. *Impoſſible* ſeems to have no meaning here, and for *impaſſable* I have not found any authority. Spenſer uſes the word *importable* in a ſenſe very congruous to this paſſage, for *inſupportable*, or *not to be ſuſtained:*

" *Both*

that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me: She ſpeaks poniards, and every word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar. I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he tranſgreſs'd: ſhe would have made Hercules have turn'd ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the [5] infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither: ſo,

"*Both him charge on either ſide,*
"*With hideous ſtrokes and* importable *power,*
"*Which forced him his ground to traverſe wide.*"

It may be eaſily imagined, that the tranſcribers would change a word ſo unuſual, into that word moſt like it, which they could readily find. It muſt be however confeſſed, that *importable* appears harſh to our ears, and I wiſh a happier critick may find a better word.

Sir Tho. Hanmer reads *impetuous*, which will ſerve the purpoſe well enough, but it is not likely to have been changed to *impoſſible*.

Importable was a word not peculiar to Spenſer, but uſed by the laſt tranſlators of the Apocrypha, and therefore ſuch a word as Shakeſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have written. JOHNSON.

Importable is very often uſed by Lidgate in his Prologue to the tranſlation of *The Tragedies gathered by Ihon Bochas*, &c. as well as by Holinſhed.

Impoſſible may be licentiouſly uſed for *unaccountable*. Beatrice has already ſaid, that Benedick invents *impoſſible* ſlanders. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, by B. and Fletcher:

"You would look for ſome moſt *impoſſible* antick."

Again, in *The Roman Actor*, by Maſſinger:

"——— to loſe
"Ourſelves, by building on *impoſſible* hopes."

STEEVENS.

[5] *the infernal Até in good apparel.*] This is a pleaſant alluſion to the cuſtom of ancient poets and painters, who repreſent the furies in rags. WARBURTON.

Até is not one of the *furies*, but the *goddeſs of revenge*.

STEEVENS.

indeed

indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard [6]; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue [7].

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

[6] *bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard:*] i. e. I will undertake the hardest task, rather than have any conversation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of access to either of those monarchs, but more particularly to the former.

So Cartwright, in his comedy call'd *The Siege, or Love's Convert*, 1641:

"——bid me take the Parthian king by the beard: or draw an eye-tooth from the jaw royal of the Persian monarch."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——my *lady Tongue.*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio reads——*this* lady tongue. STEEVENS.

Pedro.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and ſomething of that jealous complexion [8].

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, couſin; or, if you cannot, ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care:—My couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—[9] Thus goes every one

[8] *of* that *jealous complexion.*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio reads, *of* a *jealous complexion.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd*;] What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a ſettled ſtate; but why is the unmarry'd lady *ſun-burnt?* I believe we ſhould read, *Thus goes every one to the* wood *but I, and I am ſun-burnt.* Thus does every one but I find a ſhelter, and I am left expoſed to wind and *ſun.* *The neareſt way to the* wood, is a phraſe

one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working days; your grace is too coſtly to wear every day:—But, I beſeech your grace, pardon me; I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born.—Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit Beatrice.*

Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, [9] ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

Pedro.

phraſe for the readieſt means to any end. It is ſaid of a woman, who accepts a worſe match than thoſe which ſhe had refuſed, that ſhe has paſſed through the *wood*, and at laſt taken a crooked ſtick. But conjectural criticiſm has always ſomething to abate its confidence. Shakeſpeare, in *All's well that Ends well*, uſes the phraſe, *to go to the world*, for *marriage*. So that my emendation depends only on the oppoſition of *wood* to *ſun-burnt*. JOHNSON.

I am *ſun-burnt* may mean, I have loſt my beauty, and am conſequently no longer such an object as can tempt a man to marry. STEEVENS.

[9] *She hath often dream'd of unhappineſs,*] So all the editions; but

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, [1] to bring signior

but Mr. Theobald alters it to, *an happiness*, having no conception that *unhappiness* meant any thing but misfortune, and that, he thinks, she could not laugh at. He had never heard that it signified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill*:

" ——*My* dreams *are like my thoughts, honest and innocent:*
" *Yours are* unhappy." WARBURTON.

[1] *to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other.*] *A mountain of affection with one another* is a strange expression, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, *to bring Benedick and Beatrice into a* mooting *of affection*; to bring them not to any more *mootings* of contention, but to a *mooting* or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the preposition *with*; *a mountain with each other*, or *affection with each other*, cannot be used, but *a mooting with each other* is proper and regular. JOHNSON.

Uncommon as the word proposed by Dr. Johnson may appear, it is used in several of the old plays. So in *Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

" ———one who never
" Had *mooted* in the hall, or seen the revels
" Kept in the house at Christmas."

Again, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

" It is a plain case whereon I *mooted* in our temple."

Again,

fignior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minifter fuch affiftance as I fhall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it coft me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modeft office, my lord, to help my coufin to a good hufband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleft hufband that I know: thus far I can praife him; he is of a noble ftrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honefty. I will teach you how to humour your coufin, that fhe fhall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will fo practife on Benedick, that, in defpight of his quick wit and his queafy ftomach, he fhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory

Again, "—at a *mooting* in our temple." Ibid.
And yet all that I believe is meant by a *mountain of affection* is, *a great deal of affection.*

In one of *Stanyhurft*'s poems, is the following phrafe to denote a large quantity of love:

"*Lumps* of love promift, nothing performed, &c."

Again, in the *Renegado*, by Maffinger:

"———'tis but parting with
"A *mountain* of vexation."

Thus in *K. Hen.* VIII. "a *fea* of glory." In *Hamlet*, "a *fea* of troubles." Again, in Howel's *Hift. of Venice:* "though they fee *mountains* of miferies heaped on one's back." Again, in Bacon's *Hift of K. Hen.* VII. "Perkin fought to corrupt the fervants to the lieutenant of the tower by *mountains* of promifes." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*: "—the *mountain* of mad flefh that claims marriage of me." Little can be inferr'd from Shakefpeare's offence againft grammar.

Mr. Malone obferves, that "Shakefpeare has many phrafes equally harfh. He who would hazard fuch expreffions as *a ftorm of fortunes*, a *vale of years*, and *a tempeft of provocation*, would not fcruple to write *a mountain of affection.*" STEEVENS.

fhall

shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio, (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

[3] *Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw

[3] Bora. *Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone; tell them that you know Hero loves me;— Offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see* me *at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me* Claudio; *and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding.*] Thus the whole stream of the editions from the first quarto downwards. I am obliged here to give a short account of the plot depending, that the emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unquestionable. The business stands thus: Claudio, a favourite of the Arragon prince, is, by his intercessions with her father, to be married to fair Hero; Don John, natural brother of the prince, and a hater of Claudio, is in his spleen zealous to disappoint the match. Borachio, a rascally dependant on Don John, offers his assistance, and engages to break off the marriage by this stratagem. "Tell the prince and Claudio (says he) that Hero is in love with *me*; they won't believe it; offer them proofs, as, that they shall see me converse with her in her chamber-window. I am in the good graces of her waiting-woman Margaret; and I'll prevail with Margaret, at a dead hour of night to personate her mistress Hero: do you then bring the prince and Claudio to overhear our discourse; and they shall have the torment to hear *me* address Margaret by the name of Hero; and her say sweet things to me by the name of Claudio."—— This is the substance of Borachio's device to make Hero suspected of disloyalty, and to break off her match with Claudio. But, in the name of common sense, could it displease Claudio, to hear his mistress making use of *his* name tenderly? If he saw another man with her, and heard her call him Claudio, he might reasonably think her betrayed, but not have the same reason to accuse her of disloyalty. Besides, how could her naming Claudio, make the prince and Claudio believe that she lov'd Borachio, as he desires Don John to insinuate to them that she did? The circumstances weighed, there is no doubt but the passage ought to be reformed, as I have settled it in the text—*hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me* Borachio. THEOBALD.

I am not convinced that this exchange is necessary. *Claudio* would naturally resent the circumstance of hearing another called by his own name; because, in that case, baseness of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonness of insult: and, at the same time he would imagine the person so distinguish'd to be *Borachio*, because *Don John* was previously to have informed both him and *Don Pedro*, that *Borachio* was the favoured lover. STEEVENS.

Don

Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know, Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,—that you have diſcover'd thus. They will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances; which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that Hero ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of Hero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after

he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet[4]. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer[5]; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God[6]. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter

4 ——*carving the fashion of a new doublet.*] This folly, so conspicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comic writers. So in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—We are almost as fantastic as the English gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of sheers in his hand, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut." STEEVENS.

5 ——*orthographer.*] The old copies read—*orthography.* STEEVENS.

6 —*and her hair shall be of what colour it please &c.*] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a fashion, very common in the time of Shakespeare, that of *dying the hair.*

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, speaking of the attires

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?
Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!
Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
Claud. O very well, my lord: the musick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox [7] with a penny-worth.
Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.
Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.
Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

tires of women's heads, says: "*If any have haire of her owne, naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they* die *it in divers collours.* STEEVENS.

[7] Pedro. *See where Benedick hath hid himself?*
Claudio. *Very well, my lord: the musick ended, we'll fit the* kid-fox *with a penny-worth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox now discovered. So the word *kid*, or *kidde*, signifies in Chaucer:

"The sothfastness that now is hid,
"Without coverture shall be *kid*
"When I undoen have this dreming."
Romaunt of the Rose, 2171, &c.

"Perceiv'd or shew'd.
"He *kidde* anon his bone was not broken."
Troilus and Cresseide, lib. i. 208.

"With that anon sterte out daungere,
"Out of the place where he was hidde;
"His malice in his cheere was *kidde*."
Romaunt of the Rose, 2130.
GRAY.

It is not impossible but that Shakespeare chose on this occasion to employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor should chuse to read—*hid* fox, he may observe that Hamlet has said—"*Hide* fox and all after." STEEVENS.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravish'd!— Is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro.

Pedro. Yea, marry;—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits [8]. [*Aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, [9] but that she loves him with an enraged affection:—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro.

[8] ——*Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits.*] This is an allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently shelter'd himself from the sight of the game. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

"Lye there thou happy warranted case
"Of any villain. Thou hast been my *stalking-horse*
"Now these ten months."

Again, in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"One underneath his *horse* to get a shoot doth *stalk.*"

Again, in his *Muses Elysium:*

"Then underneath my horse, I *stalk* my game to strike." STEEVENS.

Stalk on, stalk on,] A metaphor taking from the practice of shooting with a stalking-horse. The meaning is, Let us steal nearer, that we may take the surer aim. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[9] *but, that she loves him, with an enraged affection, it is past the* infinite *of thought.*] It is impossible to make sense and grammar of this speech. And the reason is, that the two beginnings of two different sentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that she loves him with an inraged affection* - is only part of a sentence which should conclude thus,—*is most certain.* But a new

 idea

Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will ſit you,— You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had my lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

idea ſtriking the ſpeaker, he leaves this ſentence unfiniſhed, and turns to another,—*It is paſt the infinite of thought*—which is likewiſe left unfiniſhed; for it ſhould conclude thus—*to ſay how great that affection is.* Theſe broken disjointed ſentences are uſual in converſation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the ſenſe, and that is *infinite.*" Human thought cannot ſurely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I ſuppoſe the true reading was *definite.* This makes the paſſage intelligible. *It is paſt the* definite *of thought*—i e. it *cannot be defined* or conceived how great that affection is. Shakeſpeare uſes the word again in the ſame ſenſe in *Cymbeline:*

"*For ideots, in this caſe of favour, would*
"*Be wiſely* definite.———"

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the caſe. WARBURTON.

Here are difficulties raiſed only to ſhew how eaſily they can be removed. The plain ſenſe is, *I know not what to think* otherwiſe, *but that ſhe loves him with* an enraged *affection: It* (this affection) is paſt the infinite of thought. Here are no abrupt ſtops, or imperfect ſentences. *Infinite* may well enough ſtand; it is uſed by more careful writers for *indefinite:* and the ſpeaker only means, that *thought*, though in itſelf *unbounded*, cannot reach or eſtimate the degree of her paſſion. JOHNSON.

Claud.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I,* says she, *that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there she will sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. [1] O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him,* says she, *by my own spirit; for, I*

[1] *O, she tore the letter into a thousand* half-pence;] i. e. into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explained by a passage in *As You Like It:*

——"*There were none principal; they were all like one another as* half-pence *are.*"

In both places the poet alludes to the old silver penny, which had a crease running *cross-wise* over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

THEOBALD.

How the quotation explains the passage, to which it is applied, I cannot discover. JOHNSON.

A *farthing,* and perhaps a *halfpenny,* was used to signify any small particle or division. So, in the character of the *Prioress* in *Chaucer:*

"That in hire cuppe was no *ferthing* sene
"Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught."

Prol. to the Cant. Tales, late edit. v. 135. STEEVENS.

should

should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;— *O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd [2] all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man,

[2] —*have* daff'd—] To *daff* is the same as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aside. So, in *Macbeth:*
" ——— to *doff* their dire distresses." STEEVENS.

man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit [3].

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick

[3] *contemptible spirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uses his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with sir T. Hanmer to *contemptuous.*
JOHNSON.

In the *argument* to *Darius*, a tragedy, by lord Sterline, 1603, it is said, that Darius wrote to *Alexander* "in a proud and *contemptible* manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous.*

Again, Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion*, speaking in praise of a hermit, says, that he,

"The mad tumultuous world *contemptibly* forsook,
"And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook."
STEEVENS.

well;

well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be meerly a dumb ſhow. Let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide*] [*Exeunt.*

Benedick advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was ſadly borne [4].—They have the truth of this from Hero. They ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited. I hear how I am cenſur'd; they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I muſt not ſeem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous;—'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have ſome odd quirks

[4] *was ſadly borne.*] i. e. was ſeriouſly carried on. So in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
"The king feigneth to talk *ſadly* with ſome of his counſel."
So, in the *Wiſe Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638:
"Marry, ſir knight, I ſaw them in *ſad* talk, but to ſay they were directly whiſpering, &c."

STEEVENS.

and

and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age:—Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio [5]:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose [6]: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin.

[5] *Proposing with the prince and Claudio.*] *Proposing* is conversing, from the French word—*propos*, discourse, talk. STEEVENS.

[6] —*our* propose.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our *purpose*. *Propose* is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock [7].
Urſ. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?
Hero. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord?
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman

[7] —*as haggards of the rock.*] *Turberville*, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, tells us, that "the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a ſtranger and a paſſenger;" and *Latham*, who wrote after him, ſays, that "ſhe keeps in ſubjection the moſt part of all the fowl that fly, inſomuch, that the taſſel gentle, her natural and chiefeſt companion, dares not come near that coaſt where ſhe uſeth, nor ſit by the place where ſhe ſtandeth. Such is the greatneſs of her ſpirit, *ſhe will not admit of any ſociety*, until ſuch a time as nature worketh, &c." So, in *The tragical Hiſtory of Didaco and Violenta*, 1570:

"Perchaunce ſhe's not of *haggard*'s kind
"Nor heart ſo hard to bend, &c." Steevens.

Deſerve

Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed [8],
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
[9] Miſpriſing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

Urſ. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward [1]: if fair-fac'd,
She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
[2] If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
[3] If low, an aglet very vilely cut:

If

[8] —*as* full, &c.] A *full* bed means a *rich* wife. So in *Othello*:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe? &c."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Miſpriſing*——] Deſpiſing, contemning. JOHNSON.
To *miſprize* is to *undervalue*, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

[1] —*ſpell him backward.*] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. STEEVENS.

[2] *If* black, *why, Nature, drawing of an* antick,
Made a foul blot:——]
The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old English farces, with a *blacked face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, ſhews that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by Apuleius, "*Mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.*"
WARBURTON.

[3] *If low, an* agat *very vilely cut:*] But why an *agat*, if low?
For

If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No; not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Thereſore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

For what likeneſs between a *little man* and an *agat*? The ancients, indeed, uſed this ſtone to cut upon; but very exquiſitely. I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

——————*an* aglet *very vilely cut:*

An *aglet* was the tag of thoſe points, formerly ſo much in faſhion. Theſe tags were either of gold, ſilver, or braſs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images; or at leaſt had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them, *aiguillettes.* Mezeray, ſpeaking of Henry IIId's ſorrow for the death of the princeſs of Conti, ſays, "—*portant meme ſur les* aiguillettes *des petites tetes de mort.*" And as a *tall* man is before compared to a *lance ill-headed*; ſo, by the ſame figure, a *little man* is very aptly liken'd to an *aglet ill-cut.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is, I believe, the true one. *Vilely cut* does not mean aukwardly worked by a tool into ſhape, but groteſquely veined by nature as it grew. To this circumſtance, I ſuppoſe, *Drayton* alludes in his *Muſes Elizium:*

"With th' *agate*, very oft that is
"*Cut ſtrangely* in the quarry;
"As nature meant to ſhew in this
"How ſhe herſelf can vary."

Pliny mentions that the ſhapes of various beings are to be diſcovered in *agates*; and Mr. Addiſon has very elegantly compared Shakeſpeare, who was born with all the ſeeds of poetry, to the *agate* in the ring of Pyrrhus, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muſes in the veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.
STEEVENS.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with; One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, [4] argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?
Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
Urs. [5] She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] ——*argument*——] This word seems here to signify *discourse*, or, the *powers* of reasoning. JOHNSON.

[5] *She's lim'd,*——] She is ensnared and entangled as a sparrow with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:
"Which sweet conceits are *lim'd* with sly deceits."
The folio reads——She's *ta'en*. STEEVENS.

Beatrice advancing.

Beat. [6] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand [7];
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage [8], as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all

[6] *What fire is in mine ears?*——] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

[7] *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand*;] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; ſhe therefore ſays, that *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it *to the hand.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as* to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"As is the night before ſome feſtival,
"To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
"And may not wear them." STEEVENS.

mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him[9]: he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks[1].

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can maſter a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Pedro. [2] There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes; as to be a Dutch man to-day; a French man to-mor-

[9] *the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of ſir Philip Sidney:

"Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid lives:
"While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:
"Till now at length that Jove him office gives,
"(At Juno's ſuite who much did Argus love)
"In this our world a *hangman* for to be
"Of all thoſe fooles that will have all they ſee."

B. ii. ch. 14. FARMER.

[1] *—as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper;* &c.] A covert alluſion to the old proverb:

"As the fool thinketh
"So the bell clinketh." STEEVENS.

[2] *There is no appearance of* fancy &c.] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakeſpeare uſes for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*. JOHNSON.

row;

row; or in the ſhape of two countries at once; as a German from the waiſt downward, all ſlops[3]; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o' mornings: What ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet: Can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, The ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it, is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in deſpight of all, dies for him.

3 —*all* ſlops.] *Slops* are *looſe breeches*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"There's a French ſalutation for your French *ſlop*."
Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:
"St. Anthony's fire light in your Spaniſh *ſlops*."
STEEVENS.

Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards [4].

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior

[4] *She ſhall be buried with her* face *upwards.*] Thus the whole ſet of editions: but what is there any way particular in this? Are not all men and women buried ſo? Sure, the poet means, in oppoſition to the general rule, and by way of diſtinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have choſen the firſt reading, becauſe I find it the expreſſion in vogue in our author's time. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which appears to me very ſpecious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning ſeems to be, that ſhe who acted upon principles contrary to others, ſhould be buried with the ſame contrariety. JOHNSON.

Theobald's conjecture may, however, be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Wild Gooſe Chace* of B. and Fletcher:

" ———love cannot ſtarve me;
" For if I die o' th' firſt fit, I am unhappy,
" And worthy to be *buried with my heels upwards.*"

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may likewiſe be countenanced by a paſſage in an old black letter book, without date, intitled, *A merye Jeſt of a Man that was called* HOWLEGLAS, &c. "How *Howleglas* was buried." "Thus as *Howleglas* was deade, than they brought him to be buryed. And as they would have put the coffyn into the pytte wyth II cordes, the corde at the fete brake, ſo that the fote of the coffyn fell into the botome of the pyt, and the coffyn ſtood bolt upryght in the middes of the grave. Then deſired y^e^ people that ſtode about the grave that tyme, to let the coffyn to ſtande bolt upryght. For in his lyfe tyme he was a very marvelous man &c. and ſhall be buryed as marvailouſly; and in this maner they left *Howleglas*, &c."

That this book was once popular, may be inferr'd from *Ben Jonſon*'s frequent alluſions to it. So, in his *Poetaſter*:

" What do you laugh, *Owleglas*?"

Again, in the *Fortunate Iſles*, a Maſque:

" ——What do you think of *Owlglas*
" Inſtead of him?"—And again, in the *Sad Shepherd*.

This hiſtory was originally written in Dutch. The hero is there call'd *Uyle-ſpegel*. Under this title he is likewiſe introduced by *Ben Jonſon* in his *Alchymiſt*, and the *Maſque* and Paſtoral already quoted. *Menage* ſpeaks of *Uleſpiegle* as a man famous for *tromperies ingenieuſes*; adds that his Life was tranſlated into French, and quotes the title-page of it. I have another copy publiſhed *A Troyes*, in 1714, the title of which differs from that ſet down by *Menage*.

I think Shakeſpeare could hardly allude to a circumſtance mentioned by Pliny the Naturaliſt, "—that the dead corps of a man

signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To Claudio.*

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that

man floteth upon the water with the face *upward*, but contrarywise women swimme *groveling*, &c." Holland's Translation, p. 165.

The passage, indeed, may mean only—*She shall be buried in her lover's arms.* So in *The Winter's Tale.*

"*Flo.* What? like a corse?
"*Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
"Not like a corse:——or if,——not to be *buried*,
"*But quick and in my arms.*" STEEVENS.

appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill-bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero [5].

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are

[5] *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*] Dryden has transplanted this sarcasm into his *All for Love:*

"Your Cleopatra; Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra." STEEVENS.

my

my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So you will say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge [6], neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer.

[6] *Well, give them their charge,*] To *charge* his fellows, seems to have been the regular part of the duty of the constable of the Watch. So, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639: "My watch is set—*charge given*—and all at peace." Again, in *The Insatiate Countess*, by Marston, 1603: "Come on, my hearts; we are the city's security—I'll give you your *charge*." MALONE.

ſwer. Well, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is [7] no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch,

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only, have a care that your bills be not ſtolen [8]:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.*

[7] *no need of ſuch vanity.*] Dogberry is only abſurd, not abſolutely out of his ſenſes. We ſhould read therefore, more *need*. WARBURTON.

I believe the blunder was intended, and therefore am not willing to admit the propoſed emendation.

Both the 4to 1600, and the firſt folio, concur in this reading. STEEVENS.

[8] *bills be not ſtolen:*] A *bill* is ſtill carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of the Engliſh infantry, which ſays Temple, *gave the moſt ghaſtly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *ſecuris falcata.* JOHNSON.

These

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. [9] If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake

These weapons are mentioned in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" ———Well ſaid, neighbours;
" You're chatting wiſely o'er your *bills* and lanthorns,
" As becomes watchmen of diſcretion."

Again, the ſame play:

" ——— ſit ſtill, and keep
" Your ruſty *bills* from bloodſhed.

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

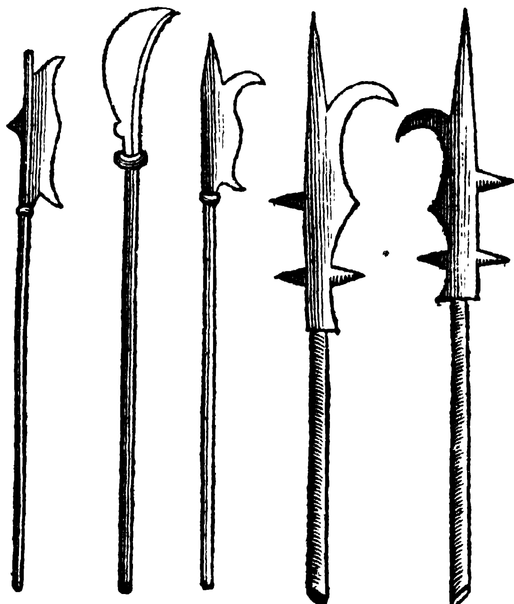
" ——— the watch
" Are coming tow'rd our houſe with glaives and *bills*."

The

wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg.

The following are examples of ancient *bills.*



STEEVENS.

⁹ *If you hear a child cry*, &c.] It is not impoſſible but that part of this ſcene was intended as a burleſque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among theſe I find the following:

22. "No man ſhall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whiſtle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of impriſonment.

23. "No man ſhall uſe to goe with viſoures, or diſguiſed by night, under like pain of impriſonment.

24. "Made that night-walkers, and eviſdroppers, like puniſhment.

25. "No hammar-man, as a ſmith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great ſound, ſhall not worke after the houre of nyne at the night, &c."

"30. No

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'rlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'rlady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

30. "No man shall, after the houre of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any such suddaine out-cry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or servant, or singing, or revyling in his house, to the disturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iii s. iiii d. &c. &c."

Ben Jonson, however, appears to have ridiculed this scene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*:

"And then a substantial *watch* to have stole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *mistaking words*, as the fashion is in the stage practice." STEEVENS.

Bora.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a fcab follow?

Conr. I will owe thee an anfwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee clofe then under this pent-houfe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Afide.*] Some treafon, mafters; yet ftand clofe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thoufand ducats.

Conr. Is it poffible that any villainy fhould be fo dear?

Bora. Thou fhould'ft rather afk, if it were poffible [1] any villainy fhould be fo rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That fhews, [2] thou art unconfirm'd: Thou knoweft, that the fafhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fafhion.

Conr. Yes, the fafhion is the fafhion.

Bora. Tufh! I may as well fay, the fool's the fool. But fee'ft thou not, what a deformed thief this fafhion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief thefe feven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didft thou not hear fome body?

Conr. No; 'twas the vane on the houfe.

Bora. Seeft thou not, I fay, what a deformed thief this fafhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty?

[1] *any* villainy *fhould be fo rich*:] The fenfe abfolutely requires us to read, *villain*. WARBURTON.

The old reading may ftand. STEEVENS.

[2] *thou art unconfirm'd.*] i. e. unpractifed in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

fome-

ſometime, faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy [3] painting; ſometime, like god Bel's prieſts in the old church window; [4] ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules in the [5] ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Conr. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not

[3] —reechy *painting*;] is painting ſtain'd by ſmoke. So, in *Hans Beer Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618:

"———he look'd ſo *reechily*
"Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof."

from Recan, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek*, *fumare*. STEEVENS.

[4] *ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules* &c.] By the *ſhaven Hercules* is meant *Sampſon*, the uſual ſubject of old tapeſtry. In this ridicule on the faſhion, the poet has not unartfully given a ſtroke at the barbarous workmanſhip of the common tapeſtry hangings, then ſo much in uſe. The ſame kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occaſion, when he brings his knight and 'ſquire to an inn, where they found the ſtory of Dido and Æneas repreſented in bad tapeſtry. On Sancho's ſeeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forſaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their atchievements became the general ſubject for theſe ſorts of works, that fortune will ſend them a better artiſt.—What authoriſed the poet to give this name to Samſon was the folly of certain Chriſtian mythologiſts, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewiſh Samſon. The retenue of our author is to be commended: The ſober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on ſo light an occaſion. Shakeſpeare is indeed ſometimes licentious in theſe matters: But to do him juſtice, he generally ſeems to have a ſenſe of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro ſays of Benedick, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him, *The man doth fear God, however it ſeems not to be in him by ſome large jeſts he will make*. WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakeſpeare knew nothing of theſe Chriſtian mythologiſts, and by *the ſhaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when ſhaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the ſervice of Omphale, his Lydian miſtreſs. Had *the ſhaven Hercules* been meant to repreſent Samſon, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* inſtead of a *club*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*ſmirch'd*] *Smirch'd* is ſoiled, obſcured. So, in *As you Like It*, act I. ſc. iii:

"And with a kind of umber *ſmirch* my face." STEEVENS.

thou

thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſs'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock[6].

Conr. Maſters, maſters[7].—

2 *Watch.*

6 ——*wears a lock.*] So in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1600:
"He whoſe thin ſire dwells in a ſmoky roofe,
"Muſt take tobacco, and muſt *wear a lock.*"
See Dr. Warburton's Note, act V. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

7 Conr. *Maſters, maſters*, &c.] In former copies:

Conr.

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit Ursula.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other [8] rabato were better.

Hero.

Conr. *Masters,*-
2 Watch. *You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.*
Conr. *Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*

The regulation which I have made in this last speech, though against the authority of all the printed copies, I flatter myself, carries its proof with it. Conrade and Borachio are not designed to talk absurd nonsense. It is evident therefore, that Conrade is attempting his own justification; but is interrupted in it by the impertinence of the men in office. THEOBALD.

[8] *rabato*] A neckband; a ruff. *Rabat*, French. HANMER.

Rabato, an ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage saith it comes from *rabattre* to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders. HAWKINS.

This article of dress is frequently mentioned by our ancient comic writers.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:—— "The tyre, the *rabato*, the loose-bodied gown, &c."

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the dutchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I

Again, in the comedy of *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"Broke broad jests upon her narrow heel,
"Pok'd her *rabatos*, and survay'd her *steel*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:—"He would persuade me that love was a *rabato*, and his reason was, that a *rabato* was worn out with pinning, &c."

Again, in Decker's *Untrussing the Humourous Poet*: "What a miserable thing it is to be a noble bride! There's such delays in rising, in fitting gowns, in pinning *rebatoes*, in *poaking*, &c." Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609:

"—your stiff-necked *rebatoes* (that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London-bridges) durst not then, &c."

The second and last of these passages will likewise serve for an additional explanation of the *poking-sticks of steel*, mentioned by Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

think

think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband*: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into [9] *Light o' love*; that goes

[9] *Light o' love*;] A tune so called, which has been already mentioned by our authour. JOHNSON.

This tune is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*. The gaoler's daughter, speaking of a horse, says:

"He gallops to the tune of *Light o' love*."
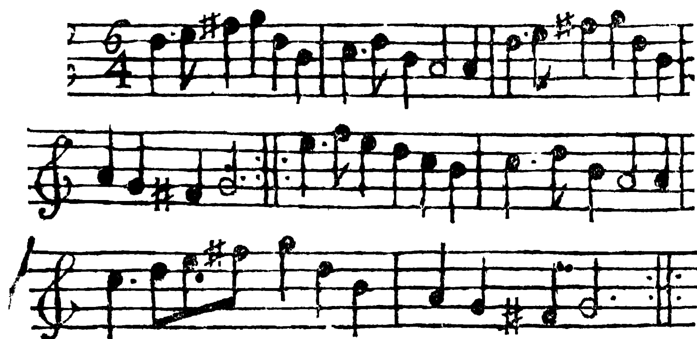
It is mentioned again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*."

And in the *Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

STEEVENS.

Light o' love.] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occur'd already in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS, and it is as follows.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

without a burden ; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no [1] barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. [2] For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not [3] turn'd Turk, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

[1] *no barns.*] A quibble between *barns*, repoſitories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "Mercy on us, a *barn*! a very pretty *barn*!" STEEVENS.

[2] *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jeſt, ſomewhat obſcured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Margaret aſks Beatrice for what ſhe cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice anſwers, for an *H*, that is, for an *ache* or *pain*. JOHNSON.

Heywood, among his Epigrams, publiſhed in 1652, has one on the letter H.

> H is worſt among letters in the croſs-row;
> For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
> In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;
> In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
> Into what place ſoever H may pike him,
> Wherever thou find *ache* thou ſhalt not like him."

STEEVENS.

[3] *turn'd Turk,*] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegado to his religion. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is ſomewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right. JOHNSON.

Hamlet uſes the ſame expreſſion, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. *To turn Turk* was a common phraſe for a change of condition or opinion. So, in *The Honeſt Whore*, by Decker, 1616:

"If you *turn Turk* again, &c." STEEVENS.

Hero.

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuff'd, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have [4] ſome moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r-lady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o' thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was ſuch another, and now is he become a man: he ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of

[4] *ſome moral*] That is, ſome ſecret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

A *moral* is the ſame as a *morality*, one of the earlieſt kinds of our dramatic performances. So, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621: "—It was I that penned the *Moral of Man's Wit*, the *Dialogue of Dives*, &c."

"The people make no eſtimation
"Of *morals*, teaching education."

A player, on this occaſion, is the ſpeaker, and theſe performances were full of double meanings and conceits. Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—bee it paſtoral or comedy, *moral* or tragedy.—" STEEVENS.

his heart, [5] he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Re-enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, ſir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, ſir, ſpeaks a little of the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows [6].

[5] *he eats his meat without grudging:*] I do not ſee how this is a proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorouſneſs to ſay, *he eats* not *his meat without grudging*; but it is impoſſible to fix the meaning of proverbial expreſſions: perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the ſame as, *to do as others do*, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithſtanding his boaſts, like other mortal, to have a wife.* JOHNSON.

[6] —*honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, [7] I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous: *palabras* [8], neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, ſir, our watch to-night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meſſina.

Dogb. A good old man, ſir; he will be talking; as they ſay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to ſee! *—Well ſaid, i'faith,

[7] *I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good ſenſe under the covering of this blundering expreſſion. It is a ſly inſinuation that length of years, and the being much *hackni'd in the ways of men*, as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it, take off the gloſs of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For, as a great wit ſays, *Youth is the ſeaſon of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt.* WARBURTON.

Much of this is true, but I believe Shakeſpeare did not intend to beſtow all this reflection on the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

[8] —*palabras*— So, in the *Taming the Shrew*, the Tinker ſays, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words. A ſcrap of Spaniſh, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

* *It is a world to ſee!*] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. So, in *All for Money*, an old morality, 1594: "*It is a world to ſee* how greedy they be of money." The ſame phraſe often occurs, with the ſame meaning, in Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

neighbour Verges :—well, God's a good man [9]; an two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind [1] :— An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, ſir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worſhipp'd; All men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, ſir: our watch have, indeed, comprehended two aſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

[9] —*well*, God's a good man;] So, in the old Morality or Interlude of *Luſty Juventus*, 1561:

"He wyl ſay, that *God is a good Man*,
"He can make him no better, and ſay the beſt he can."

Again, in *A mery Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"For God is hold *a right wiſe man*,
"And ſo is his dame, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *an two men ride* &c.] This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of ſuperiour parts, apologizing for his neighbour, obſerves, that *of two men on an horſe, one muſt ride behind*. The *firſt* place of rank or underſtanding can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to deſpiſe his inferiour. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare might have caught this idea from the common ſeal of the Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one horſe*. An engraving of the ſeal is preſerved at the end of Matt. Paris Hiſt. Ang. 1640. STEEVENS.

Leon.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exit Leonato.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination theſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a *non-com*: only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoined, I charge you, on your ſouls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Leon.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then [2] some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed [3]:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd, not knit my soul
To an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord,
If you in your own proof [4],

Have

[2] *some be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *luxurious bed:*] That is, *lascivious.* *Luxury* is the confessor's term for unlawful pleasures of the sex. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear:*

"To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers." STEEVENS.

[4] *Dear my lord, if you in your own proof,*] I am surpriz'd the poetical

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large [5];
But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it [6]:

poetical editors did not observe the lameness of this verse. It evidently wants a syllable in the last foot, which I have restored by a word, which, I presume, the first editors might hesitate at; though it is a very proper one, and a word elsewhere used by our author. Besides, in the passage under examination, this word comes in almost necessarily, as Claudio had said in the line immediately preceeding:

Not knit my soul to an approved *wanton.* THEOBALD.

I wonder Mr. Theobald's change of *proof* into *approof*, has been so easily adopted by the later editors. His argument for the change, drawn from *the lameness of the verse*, has no foundation. The lines, according to the reading of the old copies, may be thus distributed:

Claud. Not to be married, not *to* knit my soul
To an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord,
If you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, &c.

In your own proof may signify *in your own trial* of her.
TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly right. STEEVENS.

5 ———*word too large*;] So he uses *large jests* in this play, for *licentious, not restrained within due bounds.* JOHNSON.

6 ———*I will* write *against it*:] What? a libel; nonsense. We should read:

———*I will* rate *against it*:

i. e. rail or revile. WARBURTON.

As to *subscribe to* any thing is to *allow* it, so to *write against* is to *disallow* or *deny*. JOHNSON.

You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaſte as is the bud [7] ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why ſpeak not you?

Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power [8]
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how I am beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?

Claud Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

7 ——*chaſte as the bud*——] Before the air has taſted its ſweetneſs. JOHNSON.

8 ——*kindly power*] That is, *natural power*. *Kind* is *nature*. JOHNSON.

Hero.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry, you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain [9],
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been [1]
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

[9] ——*liberal villain,*] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means, *frank beyond honesty* or *decency*. *Free of tongue*. Dr. Warburton unnecessarily reads, *illiberal*. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605:
"But Vallinger, most like a *liberal* villain
"Did give her scandalous ignoble terms."
Again, in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher:
"And give allowance to your *liberal* jests
"Upon his person."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
"That *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name."
STEEVENS.
This sense of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to Shakespeare. John Taylor, in his *Suite concerning Players*, complains of the "many aspersions very *liberally*, unmannerly, and ingratefully bestowed upon him." FARMER.

[1] ——*What a Hero hadst thou been*] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. JOHNSON.

Leon.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me[2]?

Beat. Why, how now, coufin, wherefore fink you down? [*Hero fwoons.*

John. Come, let us go: thefe things, come thus to light,
Smother her fpirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—fignior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireft cover for her fhame,
That may be wifh'd for.

Beat. How now, coufin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Doft thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore fhould fhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry fhame upon her? Could fhe here deny
The ftory that is printed in her blood[3]?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou would'ft not quickly die,
Thought I, thy fpirits were ftronger than thy fhames,
Myfelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame[4]?
O, one

[2] *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*]
"A thoufand daggers, all in honeft hands!
"And have not I a friend to ftick one here?"
Venice Preferv'd. STEEVENS.

[3] *The ftory that is printed in her blood?*] That is, *the ftory which her blufhes difcover to be true.* JOHNSON.

[4] ———*Griev'd I, I had* but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much *by thee!*——]
The meaning of the fecond line, according to the prefent reading is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that fhe fent me a girl and not a boy?* But

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on [4]; mine so much,
That

But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himself may be believed, it was because she had given him *but one*: and in that he owns he did foolishly, for he now finds he had one *too much*. He called her *frugal*, therefore, in giving him but one child. (For to call her so, because she chose to send a girl rather than a boy, would be ridiculous.) So that we must certainly read:

Chid I for this at frugal nature's fraine?

i. e. *refraine*, or *keeping back her further favours, stopping her hand, as we say, when she had given him one.* But the Oxford editor has, in his usual way, improved this amendment by substituting *hand* for *'fraine*. WARBURTON.

Though *frame* be not the word which appears to a reader of the present time most proper to exhibit the poet's sentiment, yet it may as well be used to shew that he had *one child*, and *no more*, as that he had a *girl*, not a *boy*, and as it may easily signify *the system of things*, or *universal scheme*, the whole order of beings is comprehended, there arises no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by so violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offensively mutilated. JOHNSON.

Frame is contrivance, order, disposition of things. So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1603:

"And therefore seek to set each thing in *frame*."

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 555: "—there was no man that studied to bring the unrulie to *frame*."

Again, in Daniel's *Verses on Montaigne*:

"——— extracts of men,
"Though in a troubled *frame* confusedly set."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

Whose spirits toil in *frame* of villanies. STEEVENS.

[4] *But mine*, and *mine I lov'd*, and *mine I prais'd*,
And *mine that I was proud on*; ———]

The sense requires that we should read, *as* in these three places. The reasoning of the speaker stands thus,—*Had this been my adopted child, her shame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine*, as *mine I loved her, praised her, was proud of her: consequently,*

That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe—O, ſhe, is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!
Bene. Sir, ſir, be patient:
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd!
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Beat. No, truly, not; although, until laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.
Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervation,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,

ſequently, as I claimed the glory, I muſt needs be ſubjected to the ſhame, &c. WARBURTON.

Even of this ſmall alteration there is no need. The ſpeaker utters his emotion abruptly, But *mine, and mine* that *I loved,* &c. by an ellipſis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verſe and proſe. JOHNSON.

My

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That, which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of[5]?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour[6];

And

[5] Friar. *What man is he you are accus'd of?*] The friar had juſt before boaſted his great ſkill in fiſhing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this queſtion to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accuſation, and heard no names mentioned. Why then ſhould he aſk her what man ſhe was accuſed of? But in this lay the ſubtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it was very probable that in that hurry and confuſion of ſpirits, into which the terrible inſult of her lover had thrown her, ſhe would never have obſerved that the man's name was not mentioned; and ſo, on this queſtion, have betrayed herſelf by naming the perſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that, were ſhe guilty, ſhe would probably fall into the trap he laid for her.———I only take notice of this to ſhew how admirably well Shakeſpeare knew how to ſuſtain his characters. WARBURTON.

[6] ———bent *of honour*;] *Bent* is uſed by our authour for the utmoſt degree of any paſſion, or mental quality. In this play be-

 fore

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead [7];
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning [8] ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

fore, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expression is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

7 *Your daughter here the princes left for dead;*] In former copies:
Your daughter here the princess (*left for dead*;
But how comes Hero to start up a princess here? We have no intimation of her father being a prince; and this is the first and only time she is complimented with this dignity. The remotion of a single letter, and of the parenthesis, will bring her to her own rank, and the place to its true meaning:
Your daughter here the princes *left for dead*;
i. e. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon; and his bastard brother, who is likewise called a prince. THEOBALD.

8 ——*ostentation*:] Show; appearance. JOHNSON.

Fria

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value [9]; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death

9 ——— *we rack the value;* ———] i. e. We exaggerate the value. The allusion is to *rack-rents.* The same kind of thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"What our contempts do often hurl from us,
"We wish it ours again." STEEVENS.

The following passage in the *Widow's Tears* by Chapman, 1612, strengthens Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"One joint of him I lost, was much more worth
"Than the *rackt* value of thy entire body." MALONE.

Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
(As beſt befits her wounded reputation)
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me [1].

Friar. 'Tis well conſented; preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Benedick and Beatrice [2].

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene.

[1] *The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.*] This is one of our authour's obſervations upon life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

[2] *Manent Benedick and Beatrice.*] The poet, in my opinion, has ſhewn a great deal of addreſs in this ſcene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her couſin Hero: and without this very natural incident, conſidering the character of Beatrice, and that the ſtory of her paſſion for Benedick was all a fable, ſhe could never have been eaſily or naturally brought to confeſs ſhe loved him, notwithſtanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confeſſion, in this very place, depended the whole ſucceſs of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had ſhe not owned her love here, they muſt have ſoon found out the trick, and then the deſign of bringing them together had been defeated; and

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it: I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

and she would never have owned a passion she had been only tricked into, had not her desire of revenging her cousin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here [3];—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain [4], that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties [5]! Surely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect [6]; a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and

[3] *I am gone, though I am here:*] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in perſon before you. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *in the* height *a villain,*] So in *Hen.* VIII:
"He's traitor to the *height.*"
"*In præcipiti* vitium ſtetit." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *and* counties!] *County* was the ancient general term for a *nobleman.* See a note on the *County* Paris in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *a goodly* count-comfect;] i. e. a ſpecious nobleman made out of ſugar. STEEVENS.

trim

trim ones too [7]: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and ſwears it :—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice : By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him ; I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you : By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account : As you hear of me, ſo think of me. Go comfort your couſin : I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead ; and ſo farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II [8].

A Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

Dogb. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton.

[7] —— *and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too* ;] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he miſtakes the conſtruction of the ſentence, which is—not only men, but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. e. not only *common* but *clever* men, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Scene II.* The perſons, throughout this ſcene, have been ſtrangely confounded in the modern editions. The firſt error has been the introduction of a *Town-Clerk*, who is, indeed, mentioned in the ſtage-direction, prefixed to this ſcene in the old editions, (*Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne-clerke in gownes*,) but no where elſe ; nor is there a ſingle ſpeech aſcribed to him in thoſe editions. The part, which he might reaſonably have been expected to take upon this occaſion, is performed by *the Sexton* ; who aſſiſts at, or rather directs, the examinations ;

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down — Borachio. — Yours, sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, sir, we hope [9].

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved

sets them down in writing, and reports them to Leonato. It is probable, therefore, I think, that *the Sexton* has been stiled *the Town-clerk*, in the stage-direction abovementioned, from his doing the duty of such an officer. But the editors, having brought *both Sexton and Town-clerk* upon the stage, were unwilling, as it seems, that the latter should be a mute personage; and therefore they have put into his mouth *almost all the absurdities* which the poet certainly intended for his ignorant *constable*. To rectify this confusion, little more is necessary than to go back to the old editions, remembering that the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put in this scene, for the names of the persons represented; viz. *Kempe* for *Dogberry*, and *Cowley* for *Verges*. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly just; but have left Mr. Theobald's notes as I found them.

STEEVENS.

9 Both. *Yea, sir, we hope.*

To Cl. *Write down—that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!*——] This short passage, which is truly humourous and in character, I have added from the old quarto. Besides, it supplies a defect: for, without it, the Town Clerk asks a question of the prisoners, and goes on without staying for any answer to it. THEOBALD.

already

already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Conr. Marry, ſir, we ſay, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale[9]:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

[1] *Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the efteſt way:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you in the prince's name accuſe theſe men.

[9] *'Fore God, they are both in a tale:*] This is an admirable ſtroke of humour: *Dogberry* ſays of the priſoners that they are falſe knaves, and from that denial of the charge, which one in his wits could not but be ſuppoſed to make, he infers a communion of counſels, and records it in the examination as an evidence of their guilt. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[1] To. Cl. *Yea, marry, that's the* eaſieſt *way: Let the watch come forth:*] This *eaſieſt*, is a ſophiſtication of our modern editors, who were at a loſs to make out the corrupted reading of the old copies. The quarto in 1600, and the firſt and ſecond editions in folio, all concur in reading; *Yea, marry, that's the* efteſt *way*, &c. A letter happened to ſlip out at preſs in the firſt edition; and 'twas too hard a taſk for the ſubſequent editors to put it in, or gueſs at the word under this accidental depravation. There is no doubt but the author wrote, as I have reſtor'd the text; *Yea, marry, that's the* defteſt *way*, &c. i. e. the *readieſt*, moſt *commodious* way. The word is pure Saxon. Deaflice, *debite*, *congrue*, duely, fitly, Ᵹeðæfte, *opportune*, *commode*, fitly, conveniently, ſeaſonably, in good time, commodiouſly. Vid. Spelman's Saxon Gloſſ. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have recollected the word *deftly* in *Macbeth*:

"Thyſelf and office *deftly* ſhow."

Shakeſpeare, I ſuppoſe, deſign'd Dogberry to corrupt this word as well as many others. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Maſter conſtable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly dy'd.—Maſter conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand [2].

Conr.

[2] Sexton. *Let them be in the bands of coxcomb.*] So the editions. Mr. Theobald gives the words to Conrade, and ſays, *But why the Sexton ſhould be ſo pert upon his brother officers, there ſeems no reaſon from any ſuperior qualifications in him; or any ſuſpicion he ſhews of knowing their ignorance.* This is ſtrange. The Sexton throughout ſhews as good ſenſe in their examination as any judge upon the

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

the bench could do. And as to *his ſuſpicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanneſs of his name hindered our editor from ſeeing the goodneſs of his ſenſe. But this Sexton was an eccleſiaſtic of one of the inferior orders called the *ſacriſtan*, and not a *brother officer*, as the editor calls him. I ſuppoſe the book from whence the poet took his ſubject, was ſome old Engliſh novel tranſlated from the Italian, where the word *ſagriſtano* was rendered *ſexton*. As in Fairfax's *Godfrey of Boulogne*:

"*When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,*
"*Up roſe the* Sexton *of that place prophane.*"

The paſſage then in queſtion is to be read thus;

Sexton. *Let them be in band.* [Exit.
Conr. *Off, coxcomb!*

Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The Sexton ſays, it was ſufficient if they were kept in ſafe cuſtody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, Conrade ſays, *Off, coxcomb!* as he ſays afterwards to the conſtable, *Away! you are an aſs.*—But the editor adds, *The old quarto gave me the firſt umbrage for placing it to Conrade.* What theſe words mean I don't know: but I ſuſpect the old quarto divides the paſſage as I have done. WARBURTON.

Theobald has fairly given the reading of the quarto.

Dr. Warburton's aſſertion, as to the dignity of a *ſexton* or *ſacriſtan*, may be ſupported by the following paſſage in Stanyhurſt's *Verſion of the fourth Book of the Æneid*, where he calls the Maſſylian prieſteſs:

"—— in ſoil Maſſyla begotten,
"*Sexten* of Heſperides ſinagog." STEEVENS.

Let them be in band.] I had conjectured that theſe words ſhould be given to *Verges*, and read thus: "Let them bind their *hands*." I am ſtill of opinion that the paſſage belongs to *Verges*; but, for the true reading of it, I ſhould wiſh to adopt a much neater emendation, which has ſince been ſuggeſted to me in converſation by Mr. Steevens. *Let them be in band.* Shakeſpeare, as he obſerved to me, commonly uſes *band* for *bond*. TYRWHITT.

It is plain that they were *bound* from a ſubſequent ſpeech of Pedro: "Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus *bound* to your anſwer?" STEEVENS.

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this ſcene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, *Kempe* and *Cowley*, are placed at the beginning of the ſpeeches, inſtead of the proper words. JOHNSON.

Conr.

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs: I am a wiſe fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an aſs!— *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom, thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.
Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;

As

As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard[3];
And, ſorrow wag! cry; hem, when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With

[3] *If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard;*
And hallow, wag, *cry hem, when he ſhould groan:*] Mr. Rowe is the firſt authority that I can find for this reading. But what is the intention, or how can we expound it? "If a man will *halloo*, and *whoop*, and *fidget*, and *wriggle about*, to ſhew a pleaſure when he ſhould groan," &c. This does not give much *decorum* to the ſentiment. The old quarto, and the firſt and ſecond folio editions, all read:

And ſorrow, wagge, *cry hem*, &c.

We don't, indeed, get much by this reading; though, I flatter myſelf, by a ſlight alteration it has led me to the true one,

And ſorrow wage; *cry, hem! when he ſhould groan*;

i. e. If ſuch a one will *combat with, ſtrive againſt* ſorrow, &c. Nor is this word infrequent with our author in theſe ſignifications.
THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, for *wag* read *waive*, which is, I ſuppoſe, the ſame as, *put aſide*, or *ſhift off*. None of theſe conjectures ſatisfy me, nor perhaps any other reader. I cannot but think the true meaning nearer than it is imagined. I point thus:

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And, ſorrow wag! cry; hem, when he ſhould groan;

That is, *If he will ſmile, and cry* ſorrow be gone, *and hem inſtead of groaning*. The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed, is harſh, and this harſhneſs made the ſenſe miſtaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty:

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
Cry, ſorrow, wag! and hem when he ſhould groan.
JOHNSON.

I think we might read:

"And ſorrow *gagge*; cry hem, when he ſhould groan;"—

But leaving this conjecture to ſhift for itſelf, I will ſay a few words upon the phraſe, *cry hem*. It is uſed again by our author, in the *Firſt Part of Henry* IV. act II. ſcene vii.—"They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they *cry hem*, and bid you play it off."—In both places, *to cry hem*, ſeems to ſignify the ſame as *to cry courage*; in which ſenſe the interjection *hem* was ſometimes alſo uſed by the Latins.

As Shakeſpeare uſes a ſimilar phraſe, *to cry aim*, in nearly the ſame ſenſe, I was once led to imagine that this might have been only

With candle-wasters[4]; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

only a corruption of *to cry hem*; but having since considered the numerous instances, which Mr. Steevens has produced in illustration of the phrase *cry aim*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act. II. sc. iii. I am clearly of opinion, that the two phrases, though often of the same import, are of quite distinct and independent originals. TYRWHITT.

Here is a manifest corruption. The tenour of the context is undoubtedly this: "If a man in such melancholy circumstances will smile, stroke his beard with great complacency, and in the very depth of affliction cheerfully cry *hem* when he should groan, &c." I therefore, with the least departure from the old copies, and in entire conformity to the acknowledged and obvious sense of the passage, venture to correct thus:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And *sorrowing* cry hem, when he should groan.

Sorrowing, to say no more, was a participle extremely common in our author's age. Rowe's emendation of this place is equally without meaning and without authority. *Sorrowing* was here, perhaps, originally written *Sorrowinge*, according to the old manner of spelling; which brings the correction I have proposed still nearer to the letters of the text in early editions. WARTON.

To cry, *care away!* was once an expression of triumph. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "I may nowe say, *Care awaye!*" *Sorrow wagge!* may be such another phrase of exultation.

Again, ibid. "Nowe grievous *sorrowe and care away!*"

What will be said of the conceit I shall now offer, I know not; let it, however, take its chance. We might read:

If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, *sorry wag!* cry hem! when he should groan.—

i. e. *unfeeling humourist! to employ a note of festivity, when his sighs ought to express concern.* Both the words I would introduce, are used by Shakespeare. Falstaff calls the prince, *sweet wag!* and the epithet *sorry* is applied, even at this time, to denote any moderate deviation from propriety or morality; as, for instance, a *sorry fellow*. *Othello*, speaks of a salt and *sorry* rheum. The prince, in the *First Part of K. Henry* IV. act II. sc. iv. says: "—they *cry, hem!* and bid you play it off." This sufficiently proves the exclamation to have been of a comic turn. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*make misfortune drunk*
With candle-wasters.]

This may mean, either wash away his sorrow among those who sit up all night to drink, and in that sense may be styled *wasters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by swallowing flap-dragons in his glass, which are described by Falstaff as made of *candles' ends*. STEEVENS.

But there is no ſuch man: For, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement [5].

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of gods [6],
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance [7].

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon: nay, I will do ſo:

[5] —— *than advertiſement.*] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral inſtruction*. JOHNSON.

[6] *However they have writ* the ſtyle of gods,] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wiſe men. Sapiens *ille cum* Diis *ex pari vivit.* Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus eſt.* Sapiens *nihilo ſe minoris æſtimat.*—Deus *non vincit* ſapientem *felicitate.* Ep. 73. WARBURTON.

Shakeſpeare might have uſed this expreſſion, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of ſtoiciſm. By the *ſtyle of gods*, he meant an exalted language; ſuch as we may ſuppoſe would be written by beings ſuperior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldneſs.

B. and Fletcher have the ſame expreſſion in the firſt of their *Four Plays in One:*

"Athens doth make women philoſophers,
"And ſure their children chat *the talk of gods.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] *And made a piſh at* chance and ſufferance.] Alludes to their famous *apathy*. WARBURTON.

My.

My ſoul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, haſtily.
Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
Pedro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.
Leon. Some haſte, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes bury'd with her anceſtors:

O, in a tomb where scandal never slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy?

Leon Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. [8] Canst thou so daffe me? Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed [9]:
But

[8] *Canst thou so* daffe *me?*———] This is a country word, Mr. Pope tells us, signifying, *daunt*. It may be so; but that is not the exposition here: To *daffe* and *doffe* are synonimous terms, that mean, to *put off*: which is the very sense required here, and what Leonato would reply upon Claudio's saying, he would have nothing to do with him. THEOBALD.

Theobald has well interpreted the word. Shakespeare uses it more than once:

"The nimble footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
"And his comrades that *daff'd* the world aside."

Again, "—I would have *daff'd* other respects, &c."

Again, in the *Lover's Complaint*:

"There my white stole of chastity I *daff'd*."

It is perhaps of Scottish origin, as I find it in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. Edinburgh, 1603:

"Their *daffing* does us so undo." STEEVENS.

[9] Ant. *He shall kill two of us*, &c.] This *brother Anthony* is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the character of a sage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour; and had severely reproved him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his *age* and *valour* are slighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself: and all he can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of judgment peculiar to Shakespeare.

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling[1], out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not[2] wake your patience.

My

As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

[1] *Scambling*]—i. e. *scrambling*. The word is more than once used by Shakespeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the first speech of the play of *K. Henry* V. and likewise the Scots proverb "'Tis well ken'd your father's son was never a *scambler*." A *scambler* in its literal sense, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner; by the Irish call'd a *cosherer*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*we will not* wake *your patience*.] This conveys a sentiment that the speaker would by no means have implied, That the patience of the two old men was not exercised, but asleep, which

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it,

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see,
Here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior!
What news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome signior:
You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee;

which upbraids them for insensibility under their wrong. Shakespeare must have wrote:

——— *we will not* wrack ———

i. e. destroy your patience by tantalizing you. WARBURTON.

This emendation is very specious; and perhaps is right; yet the present reading may admit a congruous meaning with less difficulty than many other of Shakespeare's expressions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not* wake *their patience*; will not any longer force them to *endure* the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist. JOHNSON.

for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—Art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me:—I pray you, chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs [3].

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle [4].

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jeſt not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardice. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you:—Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

[3] *Nay, then give him another ſtaff*, &c.] An alluſion to *tilting*. See note, *As You Like It*, act III. ſc. iv. WARBURTON.

[4] *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle*. But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A correſponding expreſſion is uſed to this day in Ireland.—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues*. Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himſelf till he is in a better. STEEVENS.

Pedro.

Pedro. What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; *True*, ſays ſhe, *a fine little one*; *No*, ſaid I, *a great wit*; *Right*, ſaid ſhe, *a great groſs one*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *a good wit*; *Juſt*, ſays ſhe, *it hurts no body*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *the gentleman is wiſe*; *Certain*, ſaid ſhe, *a* [5] *wiſe gentleman*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *for he ſwore a thing to me on monday night, which he forſwore on tueſday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues.* Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God

[5] *a wiſe gentleman*;] This jeſt depending on the colloquial uſe of words is now obſcure; perhaps we ſhould read, *a wiſe gentle man*, or *a man wiſe enough to be a coward.* Perhaps *wiſe gentleman* was in that age uſed ironically, and always ſtood for *ſilly fellow.*

JOHNSON.

be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him!

[*Exit Benedick.*

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely,

Pedro. [6] What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up my heart, and be sad: Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

[6] *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!*] It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak*, to which this well-turned *expression* alludes. The *thought* is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak.

WARBURTON.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited [7].

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this

[7] *one meaning well ſuited.*] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dreſſes*; the prince having aſked the ſame queſtion in four modes of ſpeech. JOHNSON.

time,

time our Sexton hath reform'd ſignior Leonato of the matter; And maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter ſignior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato, and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath haſt kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chuſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin: yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe dy'd: and, if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And

And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us [8];
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me;
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment: And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they ſay, he wears a [9] key in his ear,

[8] *And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;*] Shakeſpeare ſeems to have forgot what he had made Leonato ſay, in the fifth ſcene of the firſt act to Antonio, *How now, brother; where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided the muſick?* ANONYMOUS.

[9] *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name;*] There could not be a pleaſanter ridicule on the faſhion, than the conſtable's deſcant on his own blunder. They heard the conſpirators ſatyrize the *faſhion*; whom they took to be a man ſirnamed, *Deformed*. This the conſtable applies with exquiſite humour to the courtiers, in a deſcription of one of the moſt fantaſtical faſhions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which

ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt severally.*

which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock.* Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unlovelyness of Love-Locks.* To this fantastic mode Fletcher alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge*:—"*This morning I brought him a new perriwig with* a lock at it——*And yonder's a fellow come has* bored a hole in his ear." And again, in his *Woman-Hater*: "—*If I could endure an ear with a* hole *in it, or a platted* lock, &c." WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick, and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. [1] To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers [2].

Marg.

[1] *To have no man come* over *me? why, ſhall I always keep* below *ſtairs?*] Thus all the printed copies, but, ſure, erroneouſly: for all the jeſt. that can lie in the paſſage, is deſtroyed by it. Any man might come over her, literally ſpeaking, if ſhe always kept *below* ſtairs. By the correction I have ventured to make, Margaret, as I preſume, muſt mean, What! ſhall I always keep *above* ſtairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a *chambermaid?*
THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe every reader will find the meaning of the old copies.
JOHNSON.

Leſt he ſhould not, the following inſtance from Sir Aſton Cockayne's *Poems*, is at his ſervice:

" But to prove rather he was not beguil'd,
" Her he *o'er-came*, for he got her with child."

And another, more appoſite, from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

" Alas! when we are once o' th' falling hand,
" A man may eaſily *come over* us." COLLINS.

[2] *I give thee the bucklers.*] I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, ſo *clypeum abjicere.* The reſt deſerves no comment. JOHNSON.

Greene,

Marg. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think hath legs. [*Exit Margaret.*

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*]

> *The god of love,*
> *That ſits above,*
> *And knows me, and knows me,*
> *How pitiful I deſerve,—*

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—Leander the good

Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, uſes the ſame expreſſion:—"At this his maſter laughed, and was glad, for further advantage, to *yeeld the bucklers* to his prentiſe."

So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607:

"———not a word to ſay?
"*Bow.* No, by my troth, if you ſtay here all day.
"*Mall.* Why then I'll bear *the bucklers* quite away."

So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, 1609:

"—play an honeſt part, and *bear away the bucklers.*"

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:
——"into whoſe hands ſhe thruſts the weapons firſt, let him *take up the bucklers.*"

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix:*

"Charge one of them to *take up the bucklers*
"Againſt that hair-monger Horace."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"And now I lay *the bucklers* at your feet."

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

"—if you lay down *the bucklers*, you loſe the victory."

Again, in the Preface to Greene's *Defence of Cony-catching*, 1592:

"—*gave me the bucklers* as the ſubtleſt that ever he ſaw."

Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. x. ch. [illegible]. "—it goeth againſt his ſtomach (the cock's) to [illegible] the [illegible] and *give the bucklers.*" STEEVENS.

So in *May-Day*, a Comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"Well, ſir, I ever thought you'd the beſt wit
"Of any man in Venice next mine own;
"B[illegible] I'll [illegible] the [illegible] at your feet." MALONE.

good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.—

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then!

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But, I muſt tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that liv'd [3] in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. [4] Queſtion?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, (if Don Worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf, (who, I myſelf will bear witneſs is praiſe-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falſely accus'd, the prince and Claudio

[3] *in the time of good neighbours:*] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humourous. WARBURTON.

[4] Queſtion? *why, an hour,* &c.] i. e. What a queſtion's there, or what a fooliſh queſtion do you aſk? But the Oxford editor, not underſtanding this phraſe, contracted into a ſingle word, (of which we have many inſtances in Engliſh) has fairly ſtruck it out. WARBURTON.

mightily

mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with musick and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is my lord.

Claudio reads.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero, that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight [7];

For

[7] *Those that slew thy virgin knight;*] *Knight*, in its original signification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this sense may be feminine. Helena, in *All's Well that Ends well*, uses *knight* in the same signification. JOHNSON.

In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. Hero had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his shield, having no right to any till he had deserved it.

So,

For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good morrow, maſters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's[6],
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

So, in the *Hiſt. of Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:
"Then as thou ſeem'ſt in thy attire *a virgin knight* to be,
"Take thou this *ſhield* likewiſe *of white* &c."
It appears, however, from ſeveral paſſages in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 7. that an *ideal order* of this name was ſuppoſed, as a compliment to queen Elizabeth's virginity:
"Of doughtie knights whom faery land did raiſe
"That noble order hight of *maidenhed*."
Again, B. ii. c. 2.
"Order of *maidenhed* the moſt renown'd."
Again, B. ii. c. 9.
"And numbred be mongſt knights of *maidenhed*."
On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, "——Pheander the *mayden knight*." STEEVENS.

6 *And Hymen now with luckier iſſue* ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render up this woe!]

Claudio

SCENE IV.

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you ſhe was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.

Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves;
And, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To viſit me:—You know your office, brother;
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, ſignior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good ſignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis moſt true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new propoſed match ſhould have any luckier event than that deſigned with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this ſhould be a wiſh in Claudio; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *ſpeed's*; i.e. *ſpeed us:* and ſo it becomes a prayer to Hymen. THIRLBY.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince; But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula, mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reck'nings.

Which

Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?

Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine; Sweet, let me ſee your face.

Leon. No, that you ſhall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your huſband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I anſwer to that name; What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they ſwore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my couſin, Margaret, and Urſula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.

Bene. They ſwore, that you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore, that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. [7] I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

[8] *Bene.* Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[*Kissing her.*

Pedro.

7 *I would* not *deny you*; &c.] Mr. Theobald says, *is not this mock-reasoning? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion. In changing the negative, I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour:* and so changes *not* into *yet*. But is not this a *mock-critic?* who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, *I take thee for pity*, she replies, *I would not deny* thee, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald, by altering *not* to *yet*, makes it supposed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *she* had often denied, which was not the case. WARBURTON.

8 Bene. *Peace, I will stop your mouth*—[Kissing her.] In former copies:

Leon. *Peace, I will stop your mouth.*

What can Leonato mean by this? "Nay, pray, peace, niece! "don't keep up this obstinacy of professions, for I have proofs to "stop your mouth." The ingenious Dr. Thirlby agreed with me, that this ought to be given to Benedick, who, upon saying it, kisses

Beatrice;

Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion.— For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſick.—
Prince, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Meſſina.

Beatrice; and this being done before the whole company, how natural is the reply which the prince makes upon it?

How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Beſides, this mode of ſpeech, preparatory to a ſalute, is familiar to our poet in common with other ſtage-writers. THEOBALD.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

This play may be justly said to contain two of the most sprightly characters that Shakespeare ever drew. The wit, the humourist, the gentleman, and the soldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the first and most splendid of these distinctions, is disgraced by unnecessary profaneness; for the goodness of his heart is hardly sufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too sarcastic levity, which flashes out in the conversation of Beatrice, may be excused on account of the steadiness and friendship so apparent in her behaviour, when she urges her lover to risque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection similar to that which Dr. Johnson has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—the second contrivance is less ingenious than the first:—or, to speak more plainly, the same incident is become stale by repetition. I wish some other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been successfully practised on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly passed under the title of Benedict and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy. STEEVENS.

LOVE's

* LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

A

C O M E D Y.

Perſons Repreſented.

Ferdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *three Lords, attending upon the King in his retirement.*
Boyet, Mercade, *Lords, attending upon the Princeſs of* France.
Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to Don* Adriano de Armado.
A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.
Roſaline, Maria, Katharine, *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

This enumeration of the perſons was made by Mr. Rowe.
JOHNSON.

LOVE's

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. The Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:

[1] I have not hitherto diſcovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the ſtory of it has moſt of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

If

If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am reſolv'd: 'tis but a three years faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy[2].

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, nor ſleep[3].

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore, to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.

[2] *With all theſe, living in philoſophy.*] The ſtyle of the rhyming ſcenes in this play is often entangled and obſcure. I know not certainly to what *all theſe* is to be referred; I ſuppoſe he means, that he finds *love*, *pomp*, and *wealth* in *philoſophy*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*nor* ſleep.] The folio—*not* ſleep. STEEVENS.

Biron.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expresly am forbid[4];
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while[5]
Doth falsly blind the eye-sight of his look:

[4] *When I to* feast *expresly am forbid*;] The copies all have:
When I to fast *expresly am forbid*;
But if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context require us to read, *feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse:
When I to fast *expresly am* fore-bid;
i.e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

[5] ——— *while truth the while*
Doth falsly blind———]
Falsly is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too close study may read himself blind*, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

Light,

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed [6],
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with sawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
[7] Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King.

[6] *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,*
And give him light that was it blinded by.]
This is another passage unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that* fairer *eye shall be his heed*, his *direction* or *lode-star*, (See Midsummer-Night's Dream) *and give him light that was blinded by it.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Too much to know, is to know nought but* fame;
And every godfather can give a name.]
The first line in this reading is absurd and impertinent. There are two ways of setting it right. The first is to read it thus:
Too much to know, is to know nought but shame;
This makes a fine sense, and alludes to Adam's fall, which came from the inordinate passion of knowing too much. The other way is to read, and point it thus:
Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign,
i. e. *to feign.* As much as to say, the affecting to know too much is the way to know nothing. The sense, in both these readings, is equally good: but with this difference; If we read the first way, the following line is impertinent; and to save the correction, we must judge it spurious. If we read it the second way, then the following line completes the sense. Consequently the correction of *feign* is to be preferred. *To know too much* (says the speaker) *is to know nothing: it is only* feigning *to know what we do not: giving* names *for things without knowing their* natures; *which is* false *knowledge:* And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripatetic philosophy then in vogue. These philosophers, the poet, with the

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding[8]!
Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhime.
Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost[9],
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am? why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth[1]?
At

the highest humour and good sense, calls the *godfathers of nature*, who could only give things a *name*, but had no manner of acquaintance with their essences. WARBURTON.

That there are *two ways of setting a passage right*, gives reason to suspect that there may be a third way better than either. The first of these emendations *makes a fine sense*, but will not unite with the next line; the other makes a sense less fine, and yet will not rhyme to the correspondent word. I cannot see why the passage may not stand without disturbance. *The consequence*, says Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere empty *reputation*. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewise.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.*] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*, as *he* proceeded *bachelor in physick*. The sense is, *he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——sneaping *frost*,] So *sneaping winds* in the *Winter's Tale*: To *sneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Why should I joy in an abortive birth?*
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows:
But like of each thing, that in season grows.]

As the greatest part of this scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in rhimes, either *successive, alternate*, or *triple*; I am persuaded, that the copyists have made a slip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three last lines quoted, *birth* in the close of

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
That were to climb o'er the house t'unlock the gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.* [Reading.] Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—[Reading.] Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

of the first line is quite destitute of any rhime to it. Besides, what a displeasing identity of sound recurs in the middle and close of this verse?

Than wish a snow *in May's new-fangled* shows:

Again; *new fangled shows* seems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profusion and variety of the flowers, that spring on its bosom in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute *earth*, in the close of the third line, which restores the *alternate* measure. It was very easy for a negligent transcriber to be deceived by the rhime immediately preceding; so mistake the concluding word in the sequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility [3]!
Item, [Reading.] *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and compleat majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years space:

[3] *A dangerous law against* gentility!] I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reasons, that it, by some accident or other, slipt out of the printed books. In the first place, Longaville confesses, he had devis'd the penalty: and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French express by, *gentilesse*, i. e. *elegantia*, *urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this: Such a law for banishing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness*, *urbanity*, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and savage, in their natures and behaviour.

THEOBALD.

For

For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace[4]:
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name:
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions[5] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation[6] granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like inchanting harmony;
[7] A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:

This

[4] *Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:*] Biron, amidſt his extravagancies, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows. They are made without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of human power. JOHNSON

[5] *Suggeſtions*———] Temptations. JOHNSON.

[6] ———*quick recreation*———] Lively ſport, ſpritely diverſion. JOHNSON.

[7] *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:]
As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakeſpeare's, as appears by many fine maſter-ſtrokes ſcattered up and down. An exceſſive complaiſance is here admirably painted, in the perſon of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to perſuade the one to recede from the accuſtomed ſtubbornneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonſon his cotemporary, are confeſſedly the two greateſt writers in the drama that our nation could ever boaſt of, this may be no improper occaſion to take notice

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In

tice of one material difference between Shakespeare's worst plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonson most to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we speak of. Which is this, that, in Jonson's bad pieces, we do not discover the least traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemist*; but in the wildest and most extravagant notes of Shakespeare, you every now and then encounter strains that recognize their divine composer. And the reason is this, that Jonson owing his chief excellence to art, by which he sometimes strained himself to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himself, had nothing to support him; but fell below all likeness of himself: while Shakespeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his most negligent hours, so totally divest himself of his genius but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and splendour. WARBURTON.

This passage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely versed in ceremonial distinctions, one who could distinguish in the most delicate questions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakespeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expresses it, *the varnish of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's opinion may be supported by the following passage in *Lingua*, or *The Combat of the Tongue and the five Senses for Superiority*, 1607:—— "after all fashions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd *complements*." And again, by the title-page to Richard Brathwaite's *English Gentlewoman*, "drawne out to the full body, expressing what habiliments doe best attire her; what ornaments doe best adorne her; and what *complements* doe best accomplish her."

Again, in Sir *Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"——adorned with the exactest *complements* belonging to everlasting nobleness." Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Chairs and stools, and other such *complements* for a chamber."

Again, in *Marston's Sophonisba*, 1606:

"Enter Scipio and Lælius with the *complements* of a Roman general before them." Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 5:

"And both encreas'd her beauty excellent,
"So all did make in her a perfect *complement*."

STEEVENS.

This

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
[8] From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate [9].
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, and Costard, with a letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person [1]?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough [2]: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

This *child of fancy.*] This expression has been adopted by Milton in his *Allegro:*

"Or sweetest Shakespeare, *Fancy's child.*" MALONE.

[8] *From tawny Spain,* &c.] i. e. he shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very stile. Why he says *from tawny Spain* is, because these romances, being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country. Why he says, *lost in the world's debate* is, because the subject of those romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. So that we see here is meaning in the words. WARBURTON.

[9] ——— *in the world's debate.*] The *world* seems to be used in a monastick sense by the king, now devoted for a time to a monastic life. *In the world, in seculo,* in the bustle of human affairs, from which we are now happily sequestred, *in the world,* to which the votaries of solitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

[1] *Which is the* king's *own person?*] In former editions:

"Dull. *Which is the* duke's *own person?*

The king of Navarre is in several passages, through all the copies, called the *duke:* but as this must have sprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors, than a forgetfulness in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confusion, restored *king* to the text.

THEOBALD.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

[2] —*Tharborough:*] i. e. *Thirdborough,* a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Biron.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—, Arme,—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having [3]: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Cost. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner [4].

Biron.

[3] *A high hope for a low* having;] In old editions:

A high hope for a low heaven;

A *low heaven*, ſure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: "Though you hope for high words, and ſhould have them, it will be but a low acquiſition, at beſt." This our poet calls a *low having*: and it is a ſubſtantive which he uſes in ſeveral other paſſages. THEOBALD.

It is ſo uſed in *Macbeth*, act I:

eat prediction

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in alluſion to the gradations of happineſs promiſed by *Mohammed* to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Oh, how my ſoul is rapt to a *third heaven*!"

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*taken* with *the manner*.] The following queſtion ariſing from theſe words ſhews we ſhould read,———*taken* in *the manner*. And this was the phraſe in uſe to ſignify, taken in the fact. So Dr. Donne, in his letters, "*But if I melt into melancholy while I write, I ſhall be* taken in the manner; *and I ſit by one, too tender to theſe impreſſions.*" WARBURTON.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fost'ring patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet:

King. *So it is,—*

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for*

With the manner, and *in* the manner, are expressions, used indifferently by our old writers.

So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "—and, being taken *with* the manner, had nothing to say for himself."

STEEVENS.

the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth [5], (*Cost.* Me.) *that unletter'd small-knowing soul,* (*Cost.* Me.) *that shallow vassal,* (*Cost.* Still me.) *which, as I remember, hight Costard,* (*Cost.* O me!) *sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with,—with—O with,—but with this I passion to say wherewith—*

Cost. With a wench.

King. with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

[5] *base minnow of thy mirth,*] A *minnow* is a little fish which cannot be intended here. We may read, *the base* minion *of thy mirth.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is certainly the true one. The base *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus characterise the tribunitian insolence of Sicinius, under the same figure:

"——hear you not
"This Triton of the *minnows*?" STEEVENS.

 Biron.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it [6].

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, ſir; ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, ſee him delivered o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.
[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

[6] *I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.*] So *Falſtaff*, in the *Second Part of K. Henr IV*:
"——it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal." STEEVENS.

Coſt.

Cost. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſperity! Affliction may one day ſmile again; and 'till then, Sit thee down, ſorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Armado's Houſe.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, ſir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp [7].

Moth. No, no; O lord, ſir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal [8]?

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſignior?

Arm. Why tough ſignior? why tough ſignior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

Moth. And I, tough ſignior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough [9].

[7] *dear imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell in his laſt letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the* imp *his ſon.* It is now uſed only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our authour's time it was ambiguous, in which ſtate it ſuits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Piſtol ſalutes king Henry V. by the ſame title. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*my tender* juvenal.] *Juvenal* is *youth.* So, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell.*"
STEEVENS.

[9] —*tough.*] *Old and tough, young and tender,* is one of the proverbial phraſes collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers: Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, ſir.

Arm. I love not to be croſs'd.

Moth. He ſpeaks the mere contrary, croſſes love not him [1].

Arm. I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, ſir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, ſir.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here is three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how

[1] croſſes *love not him.*] By *croſſes* he means money. So, in *As You Like It*, the Clown ſays to Celia, "*if I* ſhould bear you, *I ſhould bear no* croſs." JOHNSON.

easy

easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you[2].

Arm.

[2] Moth. *And how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.*] Banks's *horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*History of the World, first Part*, p. 178) says: "If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the inchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And sir Kenelm Digby (*a Treatise of Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) observes: "That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly shewed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." Dr. GRAY.

Banks's horse is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakespeare; among the rest, by B. Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever *Banks* did with his *horse*."

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, lib. iv. sat. 2:

"More than who vies his pence to view some tricke
"Of strange *Morocco*'s dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"*Banks's horse* and he were both taught in a stable."

Again, in *Aristippus*, 1630:

"Before I heard this lecture, *Banks's horse* was an Aristotle to me." Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"It shall be chronicled next after the death of *Banks's* horse."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 134th *Epigram*:

"Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,
"Grave tutor to the *learned horse*, &c."

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad.

"———Both which
"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
"Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall, is the following; Nov. 14, 1595. "A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a yong nagg called *Morocco*." Again, Dec. 17th, 1595. "Maroccius excitatus, or *Banks's bay horse* in a traunce." Again, in *The Mastive*, an ancient collection of Epigrams:

"Attempteth eke like *Banks's horse* to dance."

Among

Arm. A moſt fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner; and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new deviſ'd court'ſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Among other exploits of this celebrated beaſt, it is ſaid that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the ſame circumſtance is likewiſe mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a ſatirical pamphlet, by Decker, 1609. "—From hence you may deſcend to talk about the *horſe* that went up, and ſtrive, if you can, to know his *keeper*; take the day of the month, and the number of the ſteppes, and ſuffer yourſelf to believe verily that it was not a *horſe*, but ſomething elſe in the likeneſs of one." Again, in *Lanthorn and Candle-light, or the Bellman's ſecond Night-walk*, by the ſame author: "More ſtrange tricks are play'd by ſuch riders, than *Bankes his curtall* did ever practice."

Again, in a *Collection of Epigrams*, by J. D. and C. M. no date:

" Another *Banks* pronounced long ago:
" When he his *curtall's* qualities expreſt."

Again, " Yet *Banks's horſe* is better knowne than he."

Again, in *Chreſtoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. 1598, lib. III. ep. 17:

" *Of Bankes' Horſe.*

" *Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,
" For he can fight, and piſſe, and dance, and lie,
" And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:
" But *Bankes*, who taught your horſe to ſmel a knave?"

STEEVENS.

Arm. O well-knit Sampſon! ſtrong-jointed Sampſon! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampſon's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.

A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of [3] the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion [4] by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard [5]; ſhe deſerves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter. [*Aſide.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth Forbear, till this company be paſt.

Enter Dull, Coſtard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſafe: and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' muſt faſt three days a-week:

[3] *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

[4] —*my* digreſſion] *Digreſſion* on this occaſion ſignifies the act of going out of the right way. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
"*Digreſſion* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

[5] *the* rational *hind Coſtard*;] Perhaps, we ſhould read—*the* irrational *hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reaſoning brute*, the *animal with ſome ſhare of reaſon.* STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*: if *hind* be taken in it's *beſtial* ſenſe, Armado makes Coſtard a *female.* FARMER.

Shakeſpeare uſes it in its *beſtial* ſenſe in *Julius Cæſar*, act I. ſc. iii. and as of the maſculine gender:

"He were no *lion* were not Romans *hinds*."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. p. 1. ſc. iii: "—you are a ſhallow cowardly *hind*, and you lye." STEEVENS.

For

For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away [6].

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

[6] Maid. *Fair weather after you. Come, Jaquenetta, away.*] Thus all the printed copies: but the editors have been guilty of much inadvertence. They make Jaquenetta, and a Maid enter; whereas Jaquenetta is the only maid intended by the poet, and is committed to the cuſtody of Dull, to be conveyed by him to the lodge in the park. This being the caſe, it is evident to demonſtration, that—*Fair weather after you*—muſt be ſpoken by Jaquenetta; and then that Dull ſays to her, *Come, Jaquenetta, away*, as I have regulated the text. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured here to dignify his own induſtry by a very ſlight performance. The folios all read as he reads, except that inſtead of naming the perſons they give their characters, enter *Clown, Conſtable, and Wench.* JOHNSON.

Moth.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. [7] It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect [8] the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn [9]; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal

[7] *It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words;*] I suppose we should read, it is not for prisoners to be silent in their *wards*, that is, in *custody*, in the *holds*. JOHNSON.

I believe the blunder was intentional. The quarto, however, reads, *It is* for prisoners, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —*affect*—] i. e. love. So in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. xii. ch. 74:

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might *affect*,
"Than her, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] *The first and second cause will not serve my turn;*] See the last act of *As You Like It*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

god

l of rhime, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer *. vise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues [1]:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise

* —*sonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*sonnet.* STEEVENS.

[1] —*chapmen's tongues:*] *Chapman* here seems to signify the *seller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheping* was anciently the *market*, *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that *the estimation of beauty depends not on the* uttering or *proclamation of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer.* JOHNSON.

In

In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam; at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge ſolemnized,
In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
[2] Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil)
Is a ſharp wit [3] match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

[2] *Well fitted*——] is *well qualified.* JOHNSON.
[3] ——*match'd with*——] is *combined* or *joined* with. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little, of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd [4] to meet you, gentle lady,

[4] *Were all* address'd] To *address* is to *prepare*. So in *Hamlet:*
"——it lifted up its head, and did *address*
"Itself to motion." STEEVENS.

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
[5] And sin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

[5] *And sin to break it:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
Not *sin to break it.*
I believe erroneously. The princess shews an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

Prin.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Roſ. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Roſ. How needleſs was it then
To aſk the queſtion!

Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.

Roſ. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

Roſ. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.

Biron. Now fair befall your maſk!

Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And ſend you many lovers!

Roſ. Amen; ſo you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more, in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands [6],
On

[6] ——— *and not demands,*
On *payment*, &c.]

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart [7] withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not

The former editions read:

——— *and not demands*
One *payment of a hundred thousand crowns,*
To have his title live in Aquitain.

I have restored, I believe, the genuine sense of the passage. Aquitain was pledged, it seems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of) but demands this moiety back again: instead whereof (says Navarre) he should rather pay the remaining moiety and *demand* to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and easy reasoning upon the fact suppos'd; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the residue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for security of it. THEOBALD.

[7] ——depart *withal*] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently synonymous. So, in *K. John*:

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part." STEEVENS.

Where

Where that and other ſpecialties are bound;
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs:
You may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel:
To-morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place! [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Roſ. Is the fool ſick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Roſ. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Roſ. My phyſick ſays, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Roſ. *Non poynt*, with my knife[8].

Biron. Now, God ſave thy life!

Roſ. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that ſame[9]?

Boyet.

[8] *Non poynt.*] So in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600:
"——tell me where he is.
No point. Shall I betray my brother?" STEEVENS.

[9] *What lady is that ſame?*] It is odd that Shakeſpeare ſhould make

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. * God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit Biron.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

make *Dumain* enquire after *Rosaline*, who was the mistress of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the same manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, because the last speech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore masks but the princess. STEEVENS.

* *God's blessing on your beard!*] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of [illegible] ill with such idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

Prin.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Too hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips [2].

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be [3].

Boyet.

[2] —*unless we feed on your lips.*] Shakespeare has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*:
"*Feed* where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale,
"*Graze on my lips.*" MALONE.

[3] *My lips are no common, though* several *they be.*] *Several* is an inclosed field of a private proprietor; so Maria says, *her lips* are *private property.* Of a lord that was newly married, one observed that he grew fat; "Yes," said sir Walter Raleigh, "any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *several.*" JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:
"——my sheep have quite disgrest
"Their bounds, and leap'd into the *severall.*"
Again, in Green's *Disputation*, &c. 1592: "rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *severall* to himself by force, &c." Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:
"Of late he's broke into a *severall*
"That does belong to me." STEEVENS.

My lips are no common, though several *they be.*]
In the note upon this passage it is said that SEVERAL *is an inclosed field of a private proprietor.*

Dr. Johnson has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell.* This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there, some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat,

and

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lyes)
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see [4],
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
[5] To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell* is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over the town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*. Dr. JAMES.

Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52, spell this word like Shakespeare. Leigh mentions the town bull, and says, "all *severals* to him are common." TOLLET.

[4] *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see*,] That is, *his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak*. JOHNSON.

[5] *To feel only looking*——] Perhaps we may better read:
To feed only by looking—— JOHNSON.

Mc-

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendring their own worth, from whence they were glass'd,
Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me [6].

[6] Boyet. *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the books, the 2d act is made to end: but in my opinion very mistakenly. I have ventured to vary the regulation of the four last acts from the printed copies, for these reasons. Hitherto the 2d act has been of the extent of seven pages; the 3d of but five; and the 5th of no less than twenty-nine. And this disproportion of length has crowded too many incidents into some acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better equality; and distributed the business likewise, (such as it is) into a more uniform cast. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has reason enough to propose this alteration, but he should not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preserved his observation, but continued the former division. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Park; near the Palace.

Enter Armado and Moth[7].

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*——[8] [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither[9]; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

[7] *Enter Armado and Moth.*] In the folios the direction is, *enter Braggart and Moth*, and at the beginning of every speech of Armado stands *Brag.* both in this and the foregoing scene between him and his boy. The other personages of this play are likewise noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confusion has been well regulated by the later editors. JOHNSON.

[8] *Concolinel*——] Here is apparently a song lost. JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally —*Here they sing*—or *Cantant.* Probably the performer was left to chuse his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in *K. Edward* IV. 2d p. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

"Here they two talk and rail *what they list.*"

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"He places all things in order, *singing* with the ends of old ballads as he does it."

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

"*Cantat Gallice.*" But no song is set down.

Again, in the 5th *Act:*

"*Cantat saltatque cum Cithara.*"

Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inserted; but instead of them, *cantant.* STEEVENS.

[9] ——festinately *hither*;] i. e. hastily. Shakespeare uses the adjective *festinate*, in another of his plays. STEEVENS.

Moth.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl[1]?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my compleat master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet[2], humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting[3]; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements[4], these are humours:

[1] *a French brawl?*] A *brawl* is a kind of dance. Ben Jonson mentions it in one of his masques:

"And thence did Venus learn to lead
"Th' Idalian *brawls*, &c."

In the *Malcontent* of Marston, I meet with the following account of it. "The *brawl*, why 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in B. Jonson's masque of *Time Vindicated:*

"The Graces did them footing teach;
"And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,
"They danc'd your mother down." STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's *Picture*, act II. sc. ii:

"'Tis a *French brawl*, an apish imitation
"Of what you really perform in battle." TOLLET.

[2] canary *to it with your feet,*] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

[3] *like a man after the old painting;*] It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

[4] *These are* complements,] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to '*complishments*, for *accomplishments*, but unnecessarily. JOHNSON.

[5] these betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make the men of note, (do you note men?) that are most affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation [6].

Arm. [7] But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt [8], and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

[5] *these betray,* &c.] The former editors:——*these betray* nice wenches, *that would be betray'd without these, and make* them *men of note.* But who will ever believe, that the odd attitudes and affectations of *lovers,* by which they betray young *wenches,* should have power to make these young wenches *men of note?* His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls,* but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

[6] *By my pen of observation.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads: "by my *penny* of observation;" and this is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit.* FARMER.

[7] Arm. *But O,—but O*———
Moth.— *the* hobby-horse *is forgot.*]

In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a fryar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*——humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The same line is repeated in *Hamlet.* See the note on act III. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

[8] *but a* colt,] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires. JOHNSON.

Moth.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: By heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain; he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathis'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs!

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſayeſt thou?

Moth. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo[9]:
Is that lead ſlow, which is fir'd from a gun?

[9] *You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo.* How is he too ſwift for ſaying that lead is ſlow? I fancy we ſhould read, as well to ſupply the rhyme as the ſenſe:

You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo ſo ſoon:
Is that lead ſlow, ſir, which is fir'd from a gun?

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourſelf time to think, if you ſay ſo.*

Swift, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:

"I have eaten but two ſpoonfuls, and methinks I could diſcourſe both *ſwiftly* and wittily already. STEEVENS.

Swift is here uſed, as in other places, ſynonymouſly with *witty*. I ſuppoſe the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As You Like It*, is her *wit*—the *ſwiftneſs* of her mind. FARMER.

By

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
[1] By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter; here's a Coſtard [2] broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* [3]; no ſalve in the male, Sir [4]: O Sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or ſalve, Sir, but a plaintain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

Moth.

[1] *By thy favour, ſweet* welkin,——] *Welkin* is the ſky, to which Armado, with the falſe dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for ſighing in its face. JOHNSON.

[2] *here's a* Coſtard *broken*—] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scorner*:
"I wyll rappe you on the *coſtard* with my horne."
STEEVENS.

[3] *no* l'envoy;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verſes to each piece, which either ſerved to convey the moral, or to addreſs the poem to ſome particular perſon. It was frequently adopted by the ancient Engliſh writers.
So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"Well ſaid. now to the *L'Envoy*."—All the *Tragedies* of *John Bochas*, tranſlated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.
STEEVENS.

[4] *no ſalve, in the male, ſir.*] The old folio reads, *no ſalve in*

thee

Moth. Doth the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it [5]:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy.*

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

thee *male, ſir,* which, in another folio, is, *no ſalve, in the male, ſir.* What it can mean is not eaſily diſcovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in uſe, *no ſalve in the mail* may mean, no ſalve in the mountebank's budget. Or ſhall we read, *no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the* vale, *ſir—O, ſir, plantain.* The matter is not great, but one would wiſh for ſome meaning or other. JOHNSON.

Male or *mail* was a word then in uſe. Reynard the fox ſent Kayward's head in a *male.* And, ſo, in *Tamburlane,* or the *Scythian Shepherd,* 1590:

"Open the *males,* yet guard the treaſure ſure."

I believe Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation to be right. STEEVENS.

I can ſcarcely think that Shakeſpeare had ſo far forgotten his little ſchool learning, as to ſuppoſe that the Latin verb *ſalve,* and the Engliſh ſubſtantive, *ſalve,* had the ſame pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preſerved. FARMER.

The ſame quibble occurs in *Ariſtippus,* or the *Jovial Philoſopher,* 1630:

"*Salve,* Maſter Simplicius.
"*Salve* me; 'tis but a *Surgeon's compliment.*"

STEEVENS.

No ſalve in the male, ſir, may mean, "I will have none of all the ſalves you have in the male:" treating him as a mountebank. MUSGRAVE.

Perhaps we ſhould read——*no ſalve in* them all, *ſir.*

TYRWHITT.

[5] *I will example it:*] Theſe words, and ſome others, are neither in the firſt folio, nor in the 4to 1631, but in that of 1598. I ſtill believe the whole paſſage to want ſome regulation, though it has not ſufficient merit to encourage the editor who ſhould attempt it. STEEVENS.

Now

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; Would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain, a gooſe, that's flat:—
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in:
Then theboy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market[6].

Arm. But tell me; how was there a [7] Coſtard broken in a ſhin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*:—

[6] *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb——*Three women and a gooſe make a market. Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

[7] *how was there a* Coſtard *broken in a ſhin?*] *Coſtard* is the name of a ſpecies of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already obſerved that the *head* was anciently called the *coſtard*. So, in *K. Rich.* III. "Take him over the *coſtard* with the hilt of thy ſword." A *coſtard* likewiſe ſignified a *crab-ſtick*. So, in the *Loyal Subject* of B. and Fletcher:

"I hope they'll crown his ſervice."——
"With a *coſtard*." STEEVENS.

I, Coſtard,

I, Coſtard, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one Frances;—I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe, in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I [8]. Signior Coſtard, adieu. [*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew [9]!—

[8] *Like the* ſequel, *I.*] *Sequele*, in French, ſignifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a ſingle page was all his train. WARBURTON.

I believe this joke exiſts only in the apprehenſion of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory ſenſe. They uſe it to expreſs the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus Holinſhed, p. 639.—"to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *ſequeale*, all civil warre and inward diviſion might ceaſe, &c." Moth uſes *ſequel* only in the literary acceptation. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*my incony* Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north ſignifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we ſhould read:

——*my incony* jewel. WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however ſpecious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reaſon, apparently a word of endearment. So, in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*Moſt briſky Juvenile, and eke moſt lovely* Jew." JOHNSON.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—*[1]*No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

The word is used again in the 4th act of this play:
——— *most* incony *vulgar wit.*"
In the old comedy called *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602. I meet with it again. A maid is speaking to her mistress about a gown:
"———*it makes you have a most* inconie *body.*"
Cony and *incony* have the same meaning. So, Metaphor says in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub:*
"O superdainty canon, vicar *incony.*"
Again, in the *Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:
"O I have sport *incony* i'faith."
Again, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble."
Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:
"A cockscomb *incony*, but that he wants money."
STEEVENS.

[1] *No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? it carries* its *remuneration. Why? it is a fairer name than a French crown.*] Thus this passage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common sense, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, slight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous.
THEOBALD.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her sweet hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon[2]! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print[3].—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron.

[2] *Guerdon*] i. e. reward. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy:*
"Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee, whate'er it be."
Again, "And hope for *guerdon* of my villainy."
Again, "Yet speak the truth and I will *guerdon* thee."
Again, in *Wily Beguil'd:*
"I hope, as *guerdon* for my just desert." STEEVENS.

[3] *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. It has been proposed to me to read *in point*, but, I think, without necessity, the former expression being still in use. STEEVENS.

——I will do it, Sir, *in print.*
So, *Ben Jonson*, vol. IV. p. 140, Whalley's edit:
"———fits my ruff well?
"*Lin.* In *print.*"
Again, vol. I. *Every Man out of his Humour.* (p. 195.)
"O, you are a gallant *in print* now, brother." TYRWHITT.
So, again in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:
"I am sure my husband is a man *in print*, in all things else."
Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:
"—this doublet fits *in print*, my lord."

Again,

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled [4], whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid [5];
Regent

Again, in *Blurt Master-Constable*:
"Next, your ruff must stand *in print.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *This* wimpled———] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakespeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which represents the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Isaiah, ch. iii. v. 22. we find:—"the mantles, and "the *wimples*, and the crisping-pins;" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is used as a verb:

"Here, I perceive a little rivelling
"Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,
"Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

[5] *This* signior Junio's *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid*;] It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion) that as there was a contrast of terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the words immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore:

This senior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a description of Cupid which sorts very aptly with such an emendation:

That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand *years a* boy.

The conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced unless there is reason to think, that, in the former reading, there is an allusion to some tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to disturb the text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is the character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to distraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining slave to this passion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as absolute a tyrant against the sex. Now, with regard to these two extremes, Cupid might very probably be styled Junius's giant-dwarf: a *giant* in his eye,

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors [6],—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field [7];

And

eye, while the dotage was upon him; but ſhrunk into a *dwarf*, ſo ſoon as he had got the better of it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this paſſage. He reads:

This ſignior Julio's *giant-dwarf*——

Shakeſpeare, ſays he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Beaumont's and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written ſo early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then publiſhed, the ſuppoſed alluſion to the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in ſupport of Upton's conjecture will aſcertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakeſpeare, in *K. Rich.* III. act IV. ſc. iv. uſes *ſignory* for *ſeniority*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149. Edit. 1614, ſpeaks of Edward the *ſignior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore ſuppoſe that *ſignor* here means *ſenior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus in the firſt folio, at the end of the *Comedy of Errors:*

"*S. Dro.* Not I, ſir; you are my *elder*.
"*E. Dro.* That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?
"*S. Dro.* We'll draw cuts for the *ſignior*. TOLLET.

[6] *Of trotting* paritors:——] An *apparitor* or *paritor*, is an officer of the biſhop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are moſt frequently iſſued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

[7] *And I to be a corporal of his* file, &c.] In former editions:

And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

A *corporal* of a *field* is quite a new term: neither did the *tumblers* ever adorn their *hoops* with ribbands, that I can learn: for thoſe were not carried in parade about with them, as the fencer carries his ſword: nor, if they were, is the ſimilitude at all pertinent to the caſe in hand. I read:

——*like a tumbler* ſtoop.

To *ſtoop like a tumbler* agrees not only with that profeſſion, and the ſervile condeſcenſions of a lover, but with what follows in the

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? what? I love[8]! I sue! I seek a wife!

context. The wise transcribers, when once the *tumbler* appeared, thought his *hoop* must not be far behind. WARBURTON.

The conceit seems to be very forced and remote, however it be understood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one shoulder and falling under the opposite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their master's colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cognisance*, or to be his servant or retainer. So, in *Holinshed*'s Hist. of Scotland, p. 301: "The earle of Surrie gave to his servants this cognisance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon, &c." So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274. "All that ware the dukes sign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their bosome." Again, in Selden's *Duello*, chap. ii: "His esquires cloathed in his *colours*." *Biron* banters himself upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a servant of that great general and imperator. TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—dispatches his lacquey to the chamber early to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly, &c." I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dressed out with ribbands, and in the position described by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

Corporals of the field are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*; and Raleigh speaks of them twice, vol. i. p. 103. vol. ii. p. 367, edit. 1751. TOLLET.

This officer is likewise mentioned in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

"As *corporal of the field*, maestro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears, that the captains Morgan and Sampson by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land-captaines." Brokesby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, "in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

[8] *What? what? I love!*] The second *what* has been supplied by the editors. I should like better to read—What? *I!* I love! TYRWHITT.

A wo-

A woman, that is like a German clock [9],
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect

9 ——— *like a German clock,*
Still a repairing; ———]

The ſame alluſion occurs in *Weſtward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:—" no *German clock*, no mathematical engine whatſoever, requires ſo much reparation, &c."

Again, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

" ——ſhe conſiſts of a hundred pieces,
" Much like your *German clock*, and near allied:
" Both are ſo nice they cannot go for pride.
" Beſides a greater fault, but too well known,
" They'll ſtrike to ten when they ſhould ſtop at one."

Ben Jonſon has the ſame thought in his *Silent Woman*, and B. and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d edit. 1714:—" Clock-making was ſuppoſed to have had its beginning in Germany within leſs than theſe two hundred years. It is very probable, that our balance-clocks or watches, and ſome other automata, might have had their beginning there; &c." Again, p. 91.——" Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, becauſe the ancient pieces are of German work."

A ſkilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial conſtruction of theſe firſt pieces of mechaniſm executed in Germany, we may ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was ſet up in 1540, (as appears from the inſcription affixed to it) is ſaid to be the firſt ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan;
[1] Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.

Prin. Was that the king, that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On ſaturday we will return to France.—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.

[1] *Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his ſecond act, not injudiciouſly, but, was before obſerved, without ſufficient authority. JOHNSON.

Here,

[2] Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part[3],
We bend to that the working of the heart:

[2] *Here, good my glaſs,*——] To underſtand how the princeſs has her glaſs ſo ready at hand in a caſual converſation, it muſt be remembered that in thoſe days it was the faſhion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glaſs, as Mr. Bayle coarſely repreſents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a ſmall mirrour ſet in gold hanging at the girdle, by which they occaſionally viewed their faces or adjuſted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon, perhaps, is miſtaken. She had no occaſion to have recourſe to any other *looking-glaſs* than the Foreſter, whom ſhe rewards for having ſhewn her to herſelf as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this paſſage, Dr. Johnſon is right in the hiſtorical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, is very indignant at the ladies for it: "They muſt have their *looking-glaſſes* carried with them, whereſoever they go; and good reaſon, for how elſe could they ſee the devil in them? And, in Maſſinger's *City Madam*, ſeveral women are introduced with *looking-glaſſes at their girdles*. FARMER.

Again, in the *Ladies Priviledge*, 1640:
"——I would not have a lady
"That wears a *glaſs* about her, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,*
We bend to that the working of the heart.]
The harmony of the meaſure, the eaſineſs of the expreſſion, and the good ſenſe in the thought, all concur to recommend theſe two lines to the reader's notice. WARBURTON.

As

As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill [4].

Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

Enter Coſtard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth [5].

Coſt. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt, and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is truth.
An your waiſt miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit [6],
One of theſe maids' girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.

Are

[4] —that *my heart means no ill.*] We ſhould read:
———though *my heart*——— WARBURTON.

That my heart means no ill, is the ſame with *to whom my heart means no ill*: the common phraſe ſuppreſſes the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[5] ———*a member of the commonwealth.*] Here, I believe, is a kind of jeſt intended: a member of the *common*-wealth is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meaneſt. JOHNSON.

[6] *An* your *waiſt, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as* my *wit,*
One of theſe maids' girdles for your *waiſt ſhould be fit.*]
And was not one of her maids' girdles fit for her? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the way changed places, by ſome accident or other; and that the lines ſhould be read thus:
An my *waſte, miſtreſs, was as ſlender as* your *wit,*
One of theſe maids' girdles for my *waſte ſhould be fit.*
Theſe lines are humourous enough, both as reflecting on his own groſs ſhape, and her ſlender wit. WARBURTON.

This

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon [7].

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break

This conjecture is ingenious enough, but not well considered. It is plain that the ladies' girdles would not fit the princess. For when she has referred the clown to *the thickest and the tallest*, he turns immediately to her with the blunt apology, *truth is truth*; and again tells her, *you are the thickest here*. If any alteration is to be made, I should propose:

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as your *wit.*

This would point the reply; but perhaps he mentions the slenderness of his own wit to excuse his bluntness. JOHNSON.

[7] ———— *Boyet, you can carve;*
Break up this capon.]

i. e. open this letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoriæ literæ*, says Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre au plus obligeant* poulet *du monde*; to reply to the most obliging *letter* in the world. The Italians use the same manner of expression, when they call a love-epistle, *una pollicetta amorosa.* I owed the hint of this equivocal use of the word to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop. THEOBALD.

Henry IV. consulting with Sully about his marriage, says, " my niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricasee.*"—A message is called *a cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Castle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phrase in carving. PERCY.

So, in *Westward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: at " the skirt of that *sheet*, in black-work is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till anon.*"

Again,

Break the neck of the wax [8], and every one give ear.

Boyet reads. *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair [9], beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate [1] king* Cophetua [2] *set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly say,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!)* videlicet, *he came, saw, and overcame: He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands*

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of *Gipsies Metamorphosed:*

"A London cuckold hot from the spit,
"And when the *carver* up had *broke him*, &c." STEEVENS.

[8] *Break the neck of the wax,*——] Still alluding to the *capon.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"Lectorius read, and *break these letters up.*" STEEVENS.

One of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reason why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera.* TOLLET.

[9] *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer* &c.] I would read, *fairer than fair*, more *beautiful*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Illustrate* for *illustrious.* It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. STEEVENS.

[2] *king Cophetua.*] This story is again alluded to in *Henry* IV:

"*Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.*"

But of this king and beggar, the story, then doubtless well known, is, I am afraid, lost. Zenelophon has not the appearance of a female name, but since I know not the true name, it is idle to guess. JOHNSON.

The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be seen in the *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry* IV. 2d part, and *Richard* II. STEEVENS.

the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles: For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

[3] Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it [4] ere while [5].

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm [6], a Monarcho [7]; and one that makes sport

[3] *Thus dost thou hear,* &c.] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[4] *going o'er it:*] A pun upon the word *stile.* MUSGRAVE.

[5] ——— *ere while.*] Just now; a little while ago. So *Raleigh*:

"*Here lies Hobbinol, our shepherd* while e'er." JOHNSON.

[6] A *phantasm,*] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, "a book called *Phantasm,* the *Italian Taylor and his boy*; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty." It probably contains the history of *Monarcho,* of whom Mr. Farmer speaks in the following note, to which I have subjoined an additional instance. STEEVENS.

To

To the prince, and his book-mates.
Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord, to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine;
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away [8].

-a monarcho;———] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
-*a* mammuccio.——— JOHNSON.

The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time.——" Popular applause (says Meres) dooth nourish some, neither do " they gape after any other thing, but vaine praise and glorie,— " as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that " lived about the court" p. 178. FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the same allusion:——" but now he was an insulting monarch " above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and " quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and " wrested himself wholly to the Italian puntilio's &c."

An allusion of a similar kind remains unexplained in Ben Jonson's Alchemist, act I. sc. i:

" ———and a face cut for thee,
" Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's."

Gamaliel Ratsey was a famous highwayman, who always robbed in a mask. I once had in my possession a pamphlet containing his life and exploits. In the title-page of it he is represented with this ugly visor on his face.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, May 2, 1605, this book is entered thus: " A book called the lyfe and death of *Gamaliel Ratsey*, a famous theefe of England, executed at Bedford." Again, " Twoo balletts of *Gamaliel Ratsey*, and severall his companie who were executed at Bedford." Again, " *Ratsey's Ghost*, or the 2d part of his life, with the rest of his mad pranks, &c."

A local allusion employed by a poet like Shakespeare, resembles the mortal steed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But short services could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *Come*, lords, *away*.] Perhaps the Princess said rather:
———*Come*, ladies, *away*.
The rest of the scene deserves no care. JOHNSON.

Here,

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exit Princess attended.*

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter [9]?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when [1] queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros.

[9] Who is the *shooter?*] It should be who is the *suitor?* and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on*, &c. seem only marginal observations. FARMER.

It appears that *suitor* was anciently pronounced *shooter*. So, in *The Puritan Widow*, 1605: the maid informs her mistress that some *archers* are come to wait on her. She supposes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-smiths.

Enter the *suters*, &c.

"Why do you not see them before you? are not these *archers*, what do you call them, *shooters?* *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope." STEEVENS.

[1] *queen Guinever*] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of the *Boy and the Mantle* in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In

Rof. Thou can'ft not hit it, hit it, hit it, [*Singing.*
Thou can'ft not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt Rof. & Kat.*

Coft. By my troth, moft pleafant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well fhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, fays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Coft. Indeed, a' muft fhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout [2].

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Coft. Then will fhe get the upfhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greafily, your lips grow foul.

Coft. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt all but Coftard.*

Coft. By my foul, a fwain ! a moft fimple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moft fweet jefts! moft incony vulgar wit!
When it comes fo fmoothly off, fo obfcenely, as it were, fo fit.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Lovelefs addreffes Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the* clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

Arma-

Armatho o' the one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man!
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan [3]!
To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a'
will ſwear!—
And his page o' t'other ſide, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit!
Sola, ſola! [*Shouting within.*
[*Exit Coſtard.*

SCENE II.

[4] *Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.*

Nath. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol.

[3] —*to bear her fan!*] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. ſc. iv. where Nurſe aſks Peter for her *fan*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Enter—Holofernes,*] There is very little perſonal reflexion in Shakeſpeare. Either the virtue of thoſe times, or the candour of our author, has ſo effected, that his ſatire is, for the moſt part, general, and, as himſelf ſays:

—*his taxing like a wild gooſe flies,*
Unclaim'd of any man.—

The place before us ſeems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is deſigned a particular character, a pedant and ſchoolmaſter of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a ſmall dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epiſtle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little leſs value than Stephens's Treaſure of the Greek Tongue*, the moſt complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls thoſe who had criticized his works *ſea-dogs or land-critics; monſters of men, if not beaſts rather than men; whoſe teeth are canibals, their toongs addars forks, their lips aſpes poiſon, their eyes baſiliſkes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like ſwordes of Turks, that ſtrive which ſhall dive deepeſt into a* Chriſtian lying bound before them. Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel deſire Holofernes to *abrogate ſcurrility*. His profeſſion too is the reaſon that Holofernes deals ſo much in Italian ſentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, printed 1598, and ſaid to be *preſented before her highneſs this laſt Chriſtmas*, 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the ſtage. *There is another ſort of leering curs,*

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood[5]; ripe as a pomewater[6], who now hangeth like a jewel in

that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet *of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a rymer.—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths on Socrates; those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue*, &c. Here Shakespeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the *sonnet* of *the gentleman his friend*, we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praiseful princess*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes say, *He will something affect the letter; for it argues facility*. And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the satire of Shakespeare is so seldom personal. It is of the nature of personal invectives to be soon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, destroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sarcasms, which, perhaps, in the authour's time, *set the* playhouse *in a roar*, are now lost among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithstanding the plausibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I considered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of pastoral entertainment, exhibited to queen Elizabeth, has introduced a school-master so called, speaking *a leash of languages at once*, and puzzling himself and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the present play. Sidney himself might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham observes, the school-master has long been one of the ridiculous personages in the farces of that country.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his supposition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in England, are

n the ear of Cælo,—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,— the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath.

are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but repreſentations of *hiſtories* without any decorum."—The ſcraps of Latin and Italian are tranſcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted ſo much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewiſe a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the ſonnets to his patrons.

" In Italie your lordſhip well hath ſeene
" Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
" Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtile, in ſenſe,
" Prooving by profiting, where you have *beene*.
—" To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We ſee then, the character of the ſchoolmaſter might be written with leſs learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the uſe of the word *thraſonical*, any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakeſpeare's time. Stanyhurſt writes, in a tranſlation of one of Sir Tho. More's epigrams:

" Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thraſonical* hufsnuffe."

It can ſcarcely be neceſſary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the Appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leiſure from modern plays, will condeſcend to open a few old ones, he will ſoon be ſatisfied, that Shakeſpeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the courſe of his profeſſion, ſuch Latin *fragments*, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis eſt*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *tritical* eſſay from that of king *James* to that of dean *Swift* incluſive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previouſly looked at the panegyrick on *Cartwright*, he could not ſo ſtrangely have miſrepreſented my argument from it: but thus it muſt ever be with the moſt ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleaſed to uſe on this occaſion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his Life of Sir *Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princeſs Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

In ſupport of Mr. Farmer's opinion, the following paſſage from *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594, may be brought:

" —Knowing him to be a *Thraſonical* mad-cap, they have ſent me a *Gnathonical* companion, &c."

Greene, in the dedication to his *Arcadia*, has the ſame word:

" —as of ſome *thraſonical* huffe-ſnuffe."

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dul. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket [7].

Florio's first work is, registred on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title. "Aug. 1578. *Florio his first Fruite*, being Dialogues in Italian and English, with certen Instructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tonge." In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and English dictionary to the earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he published his translation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but, even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work, "—as if an owle should represent an eagle, or some tara-rag player should act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce." STEEVENS.

5 —sanguis, *in blood*;] I suppose we should read in *sanguis*, blood. STEEVENS.

6 —*ripe as a* pomewater,] A species of apple, formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria.* See Gerard's Herbal, edit. 1597. p. 1273. STEEVENS.

7 '*twas a pricket.*] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:

"*Amoretto.* I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head.* Now, sir, a *buck* is the *first* year, a *fawn*; the *second* year, a *pricket*; the *third* year, a *sorell*; the *fourth* year, a *soare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head*; the *sixth* year, a *compleat buck.* Likewise your *hart* is the *first* year, a *calfe*; the *second* year, a *brocket*; the *third* year, a *spade*; the *fourth* year, a *stag*; the *sixth* year, a *hart.* A *roe-buck* is the *first* year, a *kid*; the *second* year, a *girl*; the *third* year, a *hemuse*; and these are your special beasts for chase."

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:—"I am but a *pricket*, a mere sorell; my head's not harden'd yet." STEEVENS.

Hol.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

[4] And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For

[8] *And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we taste, and* feeling are *for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.*]
The words have been ridiculously, and stupidly, transposed and corrupted. I read, *we thankful should be for those parts (which we taste and feel* ingradare) *that do fructify*, &c. The emendation I have offered, I hope, restores the author: at least, it gives him sense and grammar: and answers extremely well to his metaphors taken from *planting*. *Ingradare*, with the Italians, signifies, to rise higher and higher; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a progression; and so at length come to *fructify*, as the poet expresses it. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

*And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
For those parts which we taste and feel do fructify in us more than he.*

And Mr. Edwards, in his animadversions on Dr. Warburton's notes, applauds the emendation. I think both the editors mistaken, except that sir T. Hanmer found the metre, though he missed the sense. I read, with a slight change:

*And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
When we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.*

That is, *such barren plants* as are exhibited in the creation, to make us *thankful when we have more taste and feeling than he, of those parts*, or qualities *which* produce fruit *in us*, and preserve us from being likewise *barren plants*. Such is the sense, just in itself and pious, but a little clouded by the diction of sir Nathaniel. The length of these lines was no novelty on the English stage. The moralities afford scenes of the like measure. JOHNSON.

This stubborn piece of nonsense, as somebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it sense. I would read:

 And

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch [9] set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not [1] to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange [2].

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we *of* taste and feeling are) for those parts, that do fructify in us more than he.

Which in this passage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not strictly grammatical. What follows is still more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the sake of his rime, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing prose, he would have expressed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him*. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading. STEEVENS.

[9] *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool;*
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.] The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

[1] *And* raught *not*] i. e. *reach'd* not. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"———the fatal fruit
"*Raught* from the golden tree of Proserpine.
STEEVENS.

[2] *The allusion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. WARBURTON.

Dull.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd[3] *a pretty pleasing pricket;*
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, 'till now made sore with shooting:
The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel, the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L[4]*!*
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

3 *The praiseful princess*, &c.] The ridicule designed in this passage may not be unhappily illustrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fulkwell*, in his Commemoration of queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed 1575:
"Whose princely praise hath pearst the pricke,
"And price of endless fame, &c." STEEVENS.

4 *Makes fifty sores, O sorel!*] We should read:
———of *sore L*,
alluding to L being the numeral for 50. WARBURTON.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction: [5] if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur:* a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Coſtard.

Jac. God give you good morrow, maſter parſon.

Hol. Maſter parſon,—*quaſi* perſon [6]. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jac. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me

[5] *if their daughters be capable*, &c.] Of this *double entendre*, deſpicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themſelves, in their unſucceſsful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage.* STEEVENS.

[6] —*quaſi* perſon.] So, in *Holinſhed*, p. 953:
"Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garard was *perſon* of Honie-lane." I believe, however, we ſhould write the word—*pierſ-one*. The ſame play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falſtaff*. STEEVENS.

this

this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. [7] *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

[8] —*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vide, ei non te pregia.

Old

[7] Nath. *Fauste, precor gelida*] Though all the editions concur to give this speech to sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniously observed to me, it is evident it must belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the stage may not stand still, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating some verse by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptista Spagnolus (sirnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

Fauste, precor gelida &c.] A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers, Nov.* 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakespeare has sustained the character of his pedant.——*Il designe le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du* 16 *siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poesies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnabe dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le* Arma virumque cano, *le* Fauste precor gelida, *c'est-a-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgile les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par* Fauste, *precor gelida.*

WARBURTON.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were translated before the time of Shakespeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Vinegia, vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.]

In old editions: *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piacch.* And thus Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope. But that poets, scholars, and linguists, could not restore this little scrap of true Italian, is to me unaccountable. Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem.

THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that sees Venice little, values it much; he that sees it much, values it little.* But I sup-

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut*, *re*, *ſol*, *la*, *mi*, *fa*.—Under pardon, ſir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace ſays in his—What, my ſoul, verſes?

Nath. Ay, ſir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bowed.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.

ſuppoſe Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not ſerve the ſpeaker's purpoſe. JOHNSON.

The proverb ſtands thus in *Howell's Letters*, book i. ſect. 1. l. 36.

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto te diſpregia.
Venice, Venice, none thee unſeen can prize;
Who thee hath ſeen too much, will thee deſpiſe.

The players in their edition, have thus printed the firſt line. *Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.* STEEVENS.

Ce-

Celeſtial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings the heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſuperviſe the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd[9]; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret.* [1] Ovidius Naſo was the man: and why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *Imitari,* is nothing: [2] ſo doth the hound

[9] Nath. *Here are only numbers ratified;*] Though this ſpeech has all along been placed to ſir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reaſon. The ſpeaker here is impeaching the verſes; but ſir Nathaniel, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: beſides, as Dr. Thirlby obſerves, almoſt every word of this ſpeech fathers itſelf on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little, to the contents.

And why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitary *is nothing.*

Sagacity with a vengeance! I ſhould be aſhamed to own myſelf a piece of a ſcholar, to pretend to the taſk of an editor, and to paſs ſuch ſtuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitary?* Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two diſtinct things. The ſpeech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongſt his Engliſh; and he is here flouriſhing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole ſo plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakeſpeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senſes for Superiority,* 1607, takes particular notice of it.

"I remember, about the year 1602, many uſed this ſkew kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, whom Platony, the ſon of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a ſpectacle, half white half black." STEEVENS.

[1] *Ovidius Naſo was the man:*] Our author makes his pedant affect the being converſant with the beſt authors: contrary to the practice of modern wits, who repreſent them as deſpiſers of all ſuch But thoſe who know the world, know the pedant to be the greateſt affecter of politeneſs. WARBURTON.

[2] *ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the* tired *horſe his*

hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tired horſe his rider. But damoſella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron, one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the perſon written unto:

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd.—Trip and go, my ſweet [3]; deliver this paper into the royal

his rider.] The pedant here, to run down imitation, ſhews that it is a quality within the capacity of beaſts: that the dog and the ape are taught to copy tricks by their maſter and keeper; and ſo is the *tired* horſe by his rider. This laſt is a wonderful inſtance; but it happens not to be true. The author muſt have wrote—*the* tryed *horſe his rider:* i. e. one *exerciſed* and broke to the *manage:* for he obeys every ſign, and motion of the rein, or of his rider. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the word is uſed in the ſenſe of trained, exerciſed:

"*And how he cannot be a perfect man,*
"*Not being* try'd *and tutor'd in the world.*" WARBURTON.

The *tired* horſe was the horſe *adorned with ribands*,—The famous *Banks's horſe* ſo often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at croſs-purpoſes with this word: "Why didſt thou boare the horſe through the eares?" "—It was for *tiring*."

"He would never *tire*," replies the other." FARMER.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part ii. 1602:

"Slink to thy chamber then and *tyre* thee."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marſton, 1606:

"My love hath *tyred* ſome fidler like Albano."

MALONE.

[3] Trip and go, *my ſweet*;] So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, by Naſhe, 1600:

"*Trip and go*, heave and hoe,
"Up and down, to and fro.—"

Perhaps originally the burthen of a ſong. MALONE.

hand

hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Coſtard, go with me.—Sir, God ſave your life!

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Coſt. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly; and, as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours [4]. But, to return to the verſes; Did they pleaſe you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt [5]) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety, (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.*] you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Biron with a Paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer; I am courſing myſelf: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a

[4] *colourable colours.*] That is ſpecious, or fair ſeeming appearances. JOHNSON.

[5] —(*being repaſt*)] it has been propoſed to read, *before* repaſt. STEEVENS.

pitch;

pitch[6]; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov'd again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith secrets.—

King. [*Reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows[7]*:*

[6] *I am toiling in a pitch;*] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

[7] *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:*] I cannot think *the night of dew* the true reading, but know not what to offer. JOHNSON.

This phrase, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakespeare, in one of his other plays, uses *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at present recollect, in which. STEEVENS.

Why not *dew of night?* MUSGRAVE.

Nor

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will shew:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The king steps aside.*

Enter Longaville.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [*Aside*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers [8].

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. [*Aside.*] Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

[8] ——*he comes in like a perjure,*——] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus *Holinshed*, p. 838, speaking of cardinal Wolsey, "—he so punished perjurie with open punishment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was lesse used." STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside*.] O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop [9].

Long. This same shall go.——[*He reads the sonnet*.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

9 *Oh, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:*
Disfigure not his shop.]
All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in sense is there between Cupid's *hose* and his *shop*? or, what relation can those two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's *shop*? It must undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text. *Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men: and we have dealers whose sole business it is to furnish the sailors with shirts, jackets, &c. who are called *slop-men*, and their shops, *slop-shops*. THEOBALD.

I suppose this alludes to the usual taudry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of *Casa's Galateo* is this precept: "Thou must wear no garments, that be over much daubde with *garding*: that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes* hosen, or *Cupides* doublet." FARMER.

If

If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein [1], which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?——Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid [2], an old infant play:
Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not corporal; [3] there you lie. [*Aside.*

Dum.

[1] ——*the liver vein,*——] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. JOHNSON.

[2] *all hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and seek.* MUSGRAVE.

[3] *By earth, she is* but *corporal, there you lie.*] Old edition:
By earth, she is not, corporal, *there you lie.*
Dumain, one of the lovers, in spite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himself alone here, breaks out into short soliloquies of admiration on his mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleasure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord: he had no sort of post in the army: what wit, or allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal?* I dare warrant, I have restored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies these hyperbolical praises. I scarce need hint, that our poet commonly uses *corporal* as *corporeal.* THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is plausible, but perhaps unnecessary. The passage may be thus explained. Dumain swears first, *by heaven,* that she is *the wonder of a mortal eye.* Biron seems in his

 reply

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted[4].

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she[5]
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in sawcers; Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

reply to mean, Swear next *by earth*, that she is *not corporeal*; and when you have carried matters so far, I shall not scruple to tell you in yet plainer terms, *that you lie.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*amber* coted.] To *cote* is to outstrip, to overpass. So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——— certain players
" We *coted* on the way."

Again, in Chapman's *Homer:*

" ——Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,
" Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far his steeds." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*but a fever she Reigns in my blood.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

" For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages.
STEEVENS.

Dumain

Dumain reads his sonnet.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he) *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph so[6]*!*
But, alack, my hand is sworn[7],
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou, for whom even Jove would swear[8],
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain[9].

[6] *Air, would I might triumph so!*] Perhaps we may better read: Ah! *would I might triumph so!* JOHNSON.

[7] —*my hand* is *sworn,*] A copy of this sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads:

"But, alas! my hand *hath* sworn."

It is likewise printed as Shakespeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599. STEEVENS.

[8] —even *Jove would swear,*] The word *even* has been supplied; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy published in *England's Helicon*, 1614. STEEVENS.

[9] —*my true love's* fasting *pain.*] I should rather chuse to read *Festring*, rankling. WARBURTON.

There is no need of any alteration. *Fasting* is *longing, hungry, wanting.* JOHNSON.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'er heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, you blush; as his, your case is such; [*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria? Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile?
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?
I have been closely shrowded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To Dumain.*
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it[1]?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me: [*Coming forward.*

[1] *How will he triumph,* leap, *and laugh at it?*] We should certainly read, *geap,* i. e. jeer, ridicule. WARBURTON.
To *leap* is to *exult,* to skip for joy. It must stand. JOHNSON.

Good

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches [2]; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a knot [3]!

To

[2] *Your eyes do make no* coaches;] Alluding to a passage in the king's *sonnet*:

"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." STEEVENS.

[3] *To see a king transformed to a knot!*] *Knot* has no sense that can suit this place. We may read *sot*. The rhimes in this play are such, as that *sat* and *sot* may be well enough admitted.

JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king

——lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom so long,

i. e. remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *sat* is in some counties pronounced *sot*. This may account for the seeming want of exact rhime. In the old comedy of *Albumazar*, the same thought occurs:

"Why should I twine my arms to *cables*?"

So, in the *Tempest*:

"——fitting,
"His arms in this sad *knot*."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen *knot*:
"Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
"And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
"With folded arms.

Again, in the *Raging Turk*, 1631:

"——as he walk'd
"Folding his arms up in a pensive *knot*."

The old copy, however, reads—a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet seems to think it contains an allusion to St. *Matthew*, ch. xxiii. v. 24. where

To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon tuning a jigg,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys [4]!
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lyes thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men [5], of strange inconstancy.

When

where the metaphorical term of *a gnat* means a thing of least importance, or what is proverbially small. The smallness of a *gnat* is likewise mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewise a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind. It is foolish even to a proverb, and is said to be easily ensnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, observes, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it.

The *knott* is enumerated among other delicacies by sir Epicure Mammon in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist:*

" My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, &c.
" *Knotts*, godwits, &c."

Again, in R. Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:
" Six brace of partridges and six pheasants in a dish: godwits, *knots*, quails, &c." Again, in the 25th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,
" Of that great king of Danes his name that still doth hold,
" His appetite to please that far and near was sought."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 101st Epigram: " *Knot*, rail, and ruff too—" COLLINS.

[4] —critic *Timon*—] ought evidently to be *cynic*. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change. *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, speaking of the fair sex as harshly as is sometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

[5] *With* men-*like men*——] This is a strange senseless line, and should be read thus:

" *With* vane-*like men, of strange inconstancy*. WARBURTON

This

When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for Joan? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me [6]? When ſhall you hear, that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waiſt,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the king!

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, ſir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parſon miſdoubts it; it was treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of Coſtard.

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

This is well imagined, but perhaps the poet may mean, *with men like* common *men.* JOHNSON.
I believe the emendation is proper. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"If ſpeaking, why a *vane* blown with all winds.
STEEVENS.

[6] *In* pruning *me?*] A bird is ſaid to *prune* himſelf when he picks and ſleeks his feathers. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part I:

"Which makes him *prune* himſelf, and briſtle up
"The creſt of youth"—— STEEVENS.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame.— [*To Coſtard.*

Guilty my lord, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True true; we are four:—
Will theſe turtles be gone?

King. Hence, ſirs; away.

Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt Coſtard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be;
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven will ſhew his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?

My

My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending ſtar [8], ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues—
Fye, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs;
She paſſes praiſe; then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine [9]!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell [1],
The

[8] *She (an attending ſtar)*———] Something like this is a ſtanza of ſir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the inſertion:

——Ye ſtars, the train of night,
That poorly ſatisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light:
Ye common people of the ſkies,
What are ye when the ſun ſhall riſe? JOHNSON.

[9] *Is ebony like her? O* word *divine!*] This is the reading of all the editions that I have ſeen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewiſe conjectured,)
——— O wood *divine!* THEOBALD.

[1] ———*Black is the badge of hell,*
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl *of night;*]

In

The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well [2].

Biron.

In former editions,

———*the* ſchool *of night.*

Black being the *ſchool* of night, is a piece of myſtery above my comprehenſion. I had gueſſed, it ſhould be:

———*the* ſtole *of night*:

but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:

———*the* ſcowl *of night*,

as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

[2] *And beauty's* creſt *becomes the heavens well.*] This is a contention between two lovers about the preference of a *black* or *white* beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for the *white*, takes for granted the thing in diſpute; by ſaying, that *white* is the *creſt of beauty*. His adverſary had juſt as much reaſon to call *black* ſo. The queſtion debated between them being which was the *creſt of beauty*, black or white. Shakeſpeare could never write ſo abſurdly: nor has the Oxford editor at all mended the matter by ſubſtituting *dreſs* for *creſt*. We ſhould read:

And beauty's crete *becomes the heavens well.*

i. e. beauty's white, from *creta*. In this reading the third line is a proper antitheſis to the firſt. I ſuppoſe the blunder of the tranſcriber aroſe from hence. The French word *creſte* in that pronunciation and orthography is *crete*, which he underſtanding, and knowing nothing of the other ſignification of *crete* from *creta*, critically altered it to the Engliſh way of ſpelling, *creſte*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation cannot be received till its author can prove that *crete* is an Engliſh word. Beſides, *creſt* is here properly oppoſed to *badge*. *Black*, ſays the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the creſt of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *creſt* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmoſt degree of fairneſs, becomes the heavens. So the word *creſt* is explained by the poet himſelf in *King John*:

"———this is the very *top*,
"The *height*, the *creſt*, or *creſt* unto the *creſt*
"Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *creſt* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakeſpeare therefore aſſumes the liberty to uſe it in a ſenſe equivalent to *top* or *utmoſt height*, as he has uſed *ſpire* in *Coriolanus*:

"—to

Biron. Devils sooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair,
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now:
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.

Long. And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face ſee. [*Shewing his ſhoe.*

"—to the *ſpire* and top of praiſes vouch'd."
So, "the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the *top* of them all, becauſe *cap* was the *uppermoſt* part of a man's dreſs." See *All's Well that ends Well.* TOLLET.

Ben Jonſon, in *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, a Maſque, ſays:
"To you that are by excellence a queen,
"The *top of beauty*, &c."

Again, in the *Mirror of Knighthood*, Part I. ch. xiv:
"—in the *top and pitch of all beauty*, ſo that theyr matches are not to bee had." STEEVENS.

Biron.

Biron. O, if the ftreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were too much dainty for fuch tread!
Dum. O vile! then as fhe goes, what upward lies
The ftreet fhould fee as fhe walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing fo fure; and thereby all forfworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—fome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, fome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, fome quillets, how to cheat the devil [3].
Dum. Some falve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms [4]:
Confider, what you firft did fwear unto;—
To faft,—to ftudy,—and to fee no woman;—
Flat treafon 'gainft the kingly ftate of youth.
Say, can you faft? your ftomachs are too young;
And abftinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ftudy, lords,
In that each of you hath forfworn his book:
Can you ftill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ftudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?

[4] *Some tricks, fome quillets, how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every feveral allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every diftinct plea in the defendant's anfwer, began with the words *qu'il eft*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to fignify a falfe charge or an evafive anfwer. WARBURTON.

[5] ——— *affection's men at arms:*] *A man at arms*, is a foldier armed at all points both offenfively and defenfively. It is no more than, *Ye foldiers of affection.* JOHNSON.

From

[5] From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the book, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries [6];
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye [7]?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
[8] In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such

[5] *From women's eyes* &c.] This and the two following lines are omitted, I suppose, by mere oversight in Dr. Warburton's edition. JOHNSON.

[6] *The nimble* spirits in the arteries;] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name which is derived from ἀέρα τηρεῖν. WARBURTON.

[7] *Teaches such* beauty *as a woman's eye*;] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any authour. JOHNSON.

[8] *In leaden contemplation have found out*
Such fiery numbers——]
Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy, at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies' eyes are compared, as usual, to *stars*. He calls them *numbers*, alluding to the Pythagorean principles of astronomy, which were founded on the laws of harmony. The Oxford editor, who was at a loss for the conceit, changes *numbers* to *notions*, and so loses both the sense and the gallantry of the allusion. He has better luck in the following line, and has rightly changed *beauty's* to *beauteous*. WARBURTON.

Numbers are, in this passage, nothing more than *poetical measures*. *Could you*, says Biron, *by solitary contemplation, have attained such poetical* fire, *such spritely numbers*, *as have been prompted*

by

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd[9]:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides[1]?

Subtle

by the eyes of beauty? The astronomer, by looking too much aloft, falls into a ditch. JOHNSON.

9 ——— *the suspicious head of* theft *is stopp'd:*] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. But Mr. Theobald says, there is no *contrast* between a lover and a thief: and therefore alters it to *thrift*, between which and love, he says, there is a remarkable *antithesis*. What he means by *contrast* and *antithesis*, I confess, I don't understand. But 'tis no matter: the common reading is sense; and that is better than either one or the other. WARBURTON.

"*The suspicious head of theft* is the *head suspicious* of theft." "He watches like one that fears robbing," says Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective is sometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias:*

"A *heavy* pouch *with golde* makes a light hart."

FARMER.

1 *For* valour, *is not love a Hercules,*
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?]

The poet is here observing how all the senses are refined by love. But what has the poor sense of *smelling* done, not to keep its place

among

Subtle as ſphinx; as ſweet, and muſical,
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair [2];
And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods [3]
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.

Never

among its brethren? Then Hercules's *valour* was not in *climbing the trees*, but in attacking the dragon *gardant*. I rather think, that for *valour* we ſhould read *favour*, and the poet meant, that Hercules was allured by the *odour* and *fragrancy* of the golden apples. THEOBALD.

[2] *As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair:*] This expreſſion, like that other in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of——

Orpheus' harp was ſtrung with poets' ſinews,

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the ſun, is repreſented with golden hair; ſo that a lute ſtrung with his hair, means no more than ſtrung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

——as ſweet and muſical
As bright Apollo's lute *ſtrung with his hair.*

The author of the *Reviſal* ſuppoſes this expreſſion to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute ſtrung with ſunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *ſtrung with ſunbeams?* Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal ſenſe: and, in the ſtile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very ſame ſort of conception occurs in Lilly's *Mydas*, a play which moſt probably preceded Shakeſpeare's. Act IV. ſc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the *ſtrings* of *Daphne's haire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes, &c." WARTON.

The ſame thought occurs in *How to chuſe a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1608:

"Hath he not torn thoſe gold wires from thy head,
"Wherewith Apollo would have ſtrung his harp,
"And kept them to play muſic to the gods."

Lylly's *Midas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was publiſhed in 1592. STEEVENS.

[3] *And when love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods*
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.]

This nonſenſe we ſhould read and point thus:

And when love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods,
Mark, *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that Love was the parent and ſupport of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἔρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. *The voice and ſpeech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;

They

been a kind of cosmogony, the harmony of which is so great, that it calms and allays all kinds of disorders: alluding again to the antient use of music, which was to compose monarchs, when, by reason of the cares of empire, they used to pass whole nights in restless inquietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is,

Make *heaven*——— JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reason for this emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by the critic. The former reading, with the slight addition of a single letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When* LOVE *speaks*, (says Biron) *the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator.*

Mr. Collins observes, that the meaning of the passage may be this.—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inspire only drowsiness, when compared with the chearful effects of the voice of Love.* That sense is sufficiently congruous to the rest of the speech; and much the same thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arsileus' Reply to Syrenus' Song*, by Bar. Yong; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

" Unless mild *Love* possess your amorous breasts,
" If you sing not of him, your songs *do weary*."

Dr. Warburton has raised the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not possessed; but should either of these explanations prove the true one, I shall offer no apology for having made him stoop from the critic's elevation. I would, however, read,

Makes *heaven drowsy with* its *harmony.*

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike used to bespeak or summon attention, yet the former of them appears so harsh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line several times over before I perceived its meaning. To *speak* the *voice* of the gods appears to me as defective in the same way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, observes, that to *speak a sound* is a *barbarism.* To *speak a voice* is, I think, no less reprehensible.

STEEVENS.

Few passages have been more canvassed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

And when love speaks (the voice of all) the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is said to *speak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowsy themselves *with the harmony*) are supposed to make heaven drowsy. If one could possibly suspect Shakespeare of having read *Pindar*, one

should

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive [4]:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men [5];

Or

should say, that the idea of music making the hearers drowsy, was borrowed from the first Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as, I think, some one has proposed before:

"The voice *makes* all the gods
"*Of* heaven drowsy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowsy, the present commentator might infer from the effect it usually produces on himself. In *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an instance which should weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth some ditty that vast hell may ring
"With charms all-potent, earth *asleep to bring*."

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"——music call, and strike more dead
"Than common *sleep*, of all these five the sense."

STEEVENS.

The voice may signify the assenting voice; as in *Hamlet*:

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy *voice*."

By *harmony* I presume the poet means *unison*. MUSGRAVE.

4 *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*] In this speech I suspect a more than common instance of the inaccuracy of the first publishers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and several other lines, are as unnecessarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verses, which Dr. Johnson has since inserted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his revisal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

5 ——*a word*, that loves all men;] We should read:

——*a word all* women *love*.

 The

Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women;
Or women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelves,
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forſworn:
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay theſe glozes by:
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,

The following line:

Or for men's ſake (the author of theſe *women;)*

which refers to this reading, puts it out of all queſtion. WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, tranſpoſing the lines:

Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;
For women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women.

The antitheſis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itſelf worth little, has much of the ſpirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to "men's ſakes, the authors of theſe *words*." FARMER.

I think no alteration ſhould be admitted in theſe four lines, that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them, in which, as has been obſerved by the author of the *Reviſal*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *ſake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

Such

Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. *Allons! allons!* — Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn [6];
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure [7]. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. *Satis quod ſufficit* [8].

Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir: your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious [9]; pleaſant with-

[6] —*ſown cockle reap'd no corn*;] This proverbial expreſſion intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falſhood. The following lines lead us to this ſenſe. WARBURTON.

[7] *If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure*.] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

[8] *Satis quod ſufficit*.] i. e. Enough's as good as a feaſt. STEEVENS.

[9] *Your reaſons at dinner have been*, &c.] I know not well what degree of reſpect Shakeſpeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finiſhed repreſentation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the ſchoolmaſter's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Caſtiglione will ſcarcely be found to comprehend a rule for converſation ſo juſtly delineated, ſo widely dilated, and ſo nicely limited.

It may be proper juſt to note, that *reaſon* here, and in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe*; and that *audacious* is uſed in a

good

without ſcurrility, witty without affection [1], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed [2], his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. [3] He is

good ſenſe for *ſpirited, animated, confident.* *Opinion* is the ſame with *obſtinacy* or *opiniatrete.* JOHNSON.

So, again, in this play:

"Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak *audaciouſly.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *without* affection,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet:* —"No matter that might indite the author of *affection.*" So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio is call'd "an *affection'd* aſs." STEEVENS.

[2] —*his tongue* filed,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spencer, are frequent in their uſe of this phraſe. Ben Jonſon has it likewiſe. STEEVENS.

[3] *He is too* piqued,] To have the beard *piqued* or ſhorn ſo as to end in a point, was, in our authour's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign faſhions: ſo ſays the Baſtard in *K. John:*

"———*I catechiſe*

"*My* piqued *man of countries.*" JOHNSON.

See a note on *King John*, act I. and another on *King Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently interpreted.

Piqued may allude to the length of the ſhoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling* ſays:———"We weare our forked ſhoes almoſt as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote, and not only ſo, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotions, for our bootes and ſhooes are ſo long ſnouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's houſe." STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for ſo it ſhould be written) ſignifies *nicely dreſt* in general, without reference to any particular faſhion of dreſs. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dreſs themſelves by *picking out* or *pruning*, their broken or ſuperfluous feathers. So Chaucer uſes the word, in his deſcription of Damian dreſſing himſelf, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9885: "He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *piketh.*" And Shakeſpeare, in this very play, uſes the correſponding word *pruning* for *dreſſing*, act IV. ſc. iii:

"——or ſpend a minute's time

"In *pruning* me——"

The

is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe[4] companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak, dout, fine, when he ſhould ſay, doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable[5], (which he would call abominable) [6] it inſinuateth me of inſanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone; intelligo.*

Hol.

The ſubſtantive *pickedneſs* is uſed by B. Jonſon for *nicety in dreſs*. Diſcoveries, vol. vii. p. 116: "——too much *pickedneſs* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

4 ——*point-deviſe*——] A French expreſſion for the utmoſt, or finical exactneſs. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio ſays:

"I will be *point-device*, the very man." STEEVENS.

5 *This is abbominable*, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the moſt redoubtable pedants of that time. On ſuch ſort of occaſions, Joſeph Scaliger uſed to break out, "*Abominor, execror. Aſinitas mera eſt, impietas*, &c." and calls his adverſary, "*Lutum ſtercore maceratum, dæmoniacum recrimentum inſcitiæ, ſterquilinium, ſtercus diaboli, ſcarabæum, larvam, pecus poſtremum beſtiarum, infame propudium, κάθαρμα.*" WARBURTON.

Shakeſpeare knew nothing of this language; and the reſemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deſerves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppiſh manner of ſpeaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lilly and his imitators.

——*abbominable*,] So the word is conſtantly ſpelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books:

"And then I will bryng in
"*Abbominable* lyving." *Luſty Juventus*, 1561.

STEEVENS.

6 *it inſinuateth me of* inſanie;] In former editions, *it inſinuateth me of* infamy: Ne intelligis, domine? *to make frantick, lunatick?*

Nath. Laus Deo, *bene* intelligo.

 Hol.

Hol. Bone?——bone, for *benè: Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Hol. Bome, boon *for* boon Preſcian; a little ſcratch, 'twill ſerve.

This play is certainly none of the beſt in itſelf, but the editors have been ſo very happy in making it worſe by their indolence, that they have left me Augeas's ſtable to cleanſe: and a man had need to have the ſtrength of a Hercules to heave out all their rubbiſh. But to buſineſs: Why ſhould *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant ſhould coin an uncouth affected word here, *inſanie*, from *inſania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have theſe learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have reſtored the paſſage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.
The curate, addreſſing with complaiſance his brother pedant, ſays, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had miſtaken the adverb, thus deſcants on it.

Bone?——bone for *bene*. Priſcian *a little ſcratched: 'twill ſerve.* Alluding to the common phraſe, *Diminuis* Priſciani *caput*, applied to ſuch as ſpeak falſe Latin, THEOBALD.

It inſinuateth me of infamy. There is no need to make the pedant worſe than Shakeſpeare made him; who, without doubt, wrote *inſanity*. WARBURTON.

There ſeems yet ſomething wanting to the integrity of this paſſage, which Mr. Theobald has in the moſt corrupt and difficult places very happily reſtored. For *ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantick, lunatick.* JOHNSON.

Inſanie appears to have been a word anciently uſed. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Succeſſe of Rebellion from Time to Time*, &c. written in old Engliſh verſe by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though, from the concluding ſtanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word uſed:

"In the days of ſixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
"With a multitude of people; but in the conſequence,
"After a little *inſanie*, they fled tag and rag,
"For Alexander Iden he did his diligence." STEEVENS.

I ſhould rather read, "it inſinuateth *men* of inſanie." FARMER.

Enter

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, & gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stoln the scraps. [*To Costard aside.*

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket[8] of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as, *honorificabilitudinitatibus*[9]: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon[1].

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

[8] *the* alms-basket *of words!*] i. e. the refuse of words. The refuse meat of great families was formerly sent to the prisons. So, in the *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619, by J. Middleton: "his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the *basket*." Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It*, 1612: "He must feed on beggary's *basket*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Honorificabilitudinitatibus:*] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewise in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"His discourse is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of sound and no sense." I meet with it likewise in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a flap-dragon.*] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which topers swallow in a glass of wine. See a note on *K. Henry* IV. part II. act II. sc. *ult.* STEEVENS.

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I [2].

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit [3]: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy [4] *circùm circà*; A gigg of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou

[2] Moth. *The third of the five vowels,* &c.] In former editions: *The* last *of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the* fifth, *if I;*
Hol. *I will repeat them,* a, e, I————
Moth. *The sheep:—the other two concludes it* out.
Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same *vowel?* Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them.
THEOBALD.

[3] ——*a quick* venew *of wit:*] A *venew* is the technical term for *a bout* at the fencing-school. So, in the *Four Prentices of London,* 1632:

"————in the fencing-school
"To play a *venew.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *I will whip about your infamy* unum cita;] Here again all the editions give us jargon instead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean, *circum circa:* i. e. about and about: though it may be designed he should mistake the terms. THEOBALD.

wert

wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? Go to; thou haſt it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe [5] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, ſans queſtion.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the poſteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choſe; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it paſs:—I do beſeech thee, remember thy courteſy;—I beſeech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement [6], with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs.——The very all of all is,——but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecreſy,——that the king would

[5] ——*the* charge-houſe] I ſuppoſe, is the *free-ſchool*. STEEVENS.

[6] *dally with my excrement*,] The authour has before called the beard *valour's excrement* in the *Merchant of Venice*. JOHNSON.

have

have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck, with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate, and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be render'd by our aſſiſtance,—at the king's command; and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princeſs; I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; myſelf, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this ſwain, becauſe of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not[7], an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via[8], goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before the Princess's Pavillion.

Enter Princess and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yea, as much love in rhime,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax[9];
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath.

[7] *if this* fadge *not.*] i. e. suit not. Several instances of the use of this word are given in *Twelfth Night.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Via!*] An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *to make his god-head* wax;] To *wax* anciently signified to *grow*. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I.

"I view those wanton brooks that *waxing* still do wane."

Again, in Lylly's *Love's Metamorphoses*, 1601:

"Men's

Kath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy;
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd:
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in ſnuff [1];
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Roſ. Look, what you do, you do it ſtill i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Roſ. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not for me.

Roſ. Great reaſon; for, Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care [2].

Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But Roſaline, you have a favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Roſ. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.

" Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reaſon can make them wiſe?"
Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V.
" The ſtem ſhall ſtrongly *wax*, as ſtill the trunk doth wither."
STEEVENS.

[1] *taking it in* ſnuff;] *Snuff* is here uſed equivocally for *anger*, and the *ſnuff of a candle*. See more inſtances of this conceit in *K. Henry* IV. Part I. act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

[2] ———*for paſt* care *is ſtill paſt* cure.] The tranſpoſition which I have made in the two words, *care* and *cure*, is by the direction of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

Nay,

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils[3]! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's[4]!

Kath. Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows[5].

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

3 *'Ware pencils!*———] The former editions read:

Were *pencils*———

Sir T. Hanmer here rightly restored:

'Ware *pencils*———

Rosaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Ware pensals—— STEEVENS.

4 ———*so full of* O's.] i. e. pimples. Shakespeare talks of "——fiery *O's* and eyes of light," in another play. STEEVENS.

5 *Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.*] In former copies this line is given to the Princess; but as she has behaved with great decency all along, there is no reason why she should start all at once into this coarse dialect. Rosaline and Katharine are rallying one another without reserve; and to Katharine this first line certainly belonged, and therefore I have ventured once more to put her in possession of it. THEOBALD.

"*Pox* of that jest!" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm – the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Davison has a canzonet on his lady's sicknesse of the *poxe:* and Dr. Donne writes to his sister: "at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week[6]!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes;
And shape his service all to my behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state[7],
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin.

6 ——— *in by the week!*] This I suppose to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The expression was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"What, are you *in by the week?* So; I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner." Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year."

STEEVENS.

7 *So* portent-*like*, &c.] In former copies:

So pertaunt-*like*, *would I o'er-sway his state*,
That he should be my fool, *and I his* fate.

In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakespeare alludes again in *Measure for Measure*:

"*merely thou art* Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st towards him still——"

It

Prin. [8] None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Roſ. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſs.
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolery in the wiſe, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am ſtabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm!—encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace: Love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpris'd:
Muſter your wits; ſtand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to St. Cupid [9]! What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

It is plain from all this, that the nonſenſe of *pertaunt-like*, ſhould be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or deſtiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a perſon deſtined to bring miſchief, *fatale portentum*.
WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads:
So pedant-*like*———— JOHNSON.

[8] *None are ſo*, &c.] Theſe are obſervations worthy of a man who has ſurveyed human nature with the cloſeſt attention.
JOHNSON.

[9] *Saint Dennis, to ſaint Cupid!*——The princeſs of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppoſe his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Boyet.

Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe my eyes ſome half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The king and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you ſhall overhear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee;*
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly:
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears [1],
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians: as I gueſs [2],

[1] ——*ſpleen ridiculous*——] is, a ridiculous *fit.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians, as I gueſs.*] The ſettling commerce in Ruſſia was, at that time, a matter that much ingroſſed the concern and converſation of the publick. There had been ſeveral embaſſies employed thither on that occaſion; and ſeveral tracts

Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: so that a mask of Muscovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. WARBURTON.

There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.
[*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come. [*The ladies maſk.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, diſguiſed like Muſcovites; Moth with muſick, &c.

Moth. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata [3].
Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.
Biron. Their eyes, villain, *their eyes.*
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out—
Boyet. True; *out,* indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouchſafe
Not to behold—
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes,
With your ſun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

[3] *Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata maſks they wore to conceal themſelves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, ſurely, very abſurdly: for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make ſuch an inference. Boyet is ſneering at the parade of their addreſs, is in the ſecret of the ladies' ſtratagem, and makes himſelf ſport at the abſurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were maſk'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmoſt propriety. THEOBALD.

Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princeſs?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. What would they, ſay they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on this graſs.

Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs.

Roſ. It is not ſo: Aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

Boyet. She hears herſelf.

Roſ. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we, like ſavages, may worſhip it.

Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do!

Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe [4] thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Roſ. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.

King. Then in our meaſure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg; this begging is not ſtrange.

Roſ. Play, muſick, then: Nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtrang'd?

Roſ. You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.

King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.

Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.

King. But your legs ſhould do it.

Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then?

Roſ. Only to part friends:—
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts; and ſo the meaſure ends.

King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.

Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.

King. Prize yourſelves then; What buys your company?

Roſ. Your abſence only.

King. That can never be.

Roſ. Then cannot we be bought: And ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

[4] *Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars,*—] When queen Elizabeth aſked an ambaſſador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard,* ſaid he, *to judge of ſtars in the preſence of the ſun.* JOHNSON.

Roſ.

Rof. In private then.

King. I am beft pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed miftrefs, one fweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and fugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow fo nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmfey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen fweets.

Prin. Seventh fweet, adieu!
Since you can cog [5], I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in fecret.

Prin. Let it not be fweet.

Biron. Thou griev'ft my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchfafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you fo? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Pleafe it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What, was your vifor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reafon, lady, why you afk.

Kath. O, for your reafon! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mafk,
And would afford my fpeechlefs vizor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

[5] *Since you can* cog,——] To *cog*, fignifies *to falfify the dice*, and *to falfify a narrative*, or *to lye*. JOHNSON.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen;
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe: ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff!
King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits. [*Exeunt king, and lords.*
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.—
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puff'd out.
Roſ. Well-liking wits[6] they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, ſhew their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Roſ. O! they were all in lamentable caſes!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:

[6] *Well-liking wits*] *Well-liking* is the ſame as *embonpoint.* So, in *Job* ch. xxxix. v. 4. "——Their young ones are in *good-liking.*" STEEVENS.

No,

No, *point*, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps [7].
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

[7] —*better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*] This line is not universally understood, because every reader does not know that a statute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Rosaline declares that her expectation was disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Ros. *Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*] *Woollen caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. "Besides the bills passed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor sort of subjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of six years, (except the nobility and some others) should on *sabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." GRAY.

This act may account for the distinguishing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have observed that mention is made of this sign by some of our ancient pamphleteers and playwriters, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr Gray. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial saying. So, in *Hans Beer-pot*, a comedy, 1618:

"You shall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,
"You shall along." STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this passage is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for sallies of imagination. In Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says,—"though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*." STEEVENS.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. [8] Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dis-

[8] *Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;*
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing *clouds, or roses blown.*]
This strange nonsense, made worse by the jumbling together and transposing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:
Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud:
Or angels veil'd in *clouds: are roses blown,*
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn.
But he, willing to shew how well he could improve a thought, would print it:
Or angel-veiling *clouds*———
i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb says, *a cloud for a Juno.* It was Shakespeare's *purpose* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's *chance* to compare her to a *cloud:* and perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However, I supposed the poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare *a masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtile and refined, and says it should not be
———*angels* veil'd in *clouds,*
but
———*angels* vailing *clouds,*
i. e. *capping* the sun as they go by him, just as a man vails his bonnet. WARBURTON.

I know not why sir T. Hanmer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* should be *capping the sun. Ladies unmask'd,* says Boyet, *are* like *angels vailing clouds,* or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. What is there in this absurd or contemptible? JOHNSON.

Holinshed's *History of Scotland,* p. 91. says: "The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged." i.e. they began to

Difmafk'd, their damafk fweet commixture fhewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or rofes blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What fhall we do,
If they return in their own fhapes to woo?

Rof. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ftill, as well known, as difguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Difguis'd like Mufcovites, in fhapelefs gear[9];
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their fhallow fhows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage fo ridiculous,
Should be prefented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt ladies*[1].

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain in their own habits.

King. Fair Sir, God fave you! Where's the princefs?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Pleafe it your majefty,
Command me any fervice to her?

King. That fhe vouchfafe me audience for one word.

to defcend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakefpeare ufes the word *vailing* in this fenfe, the meaning is—Angels defcending from clouds which concealed their beauties; but Dr. Johnfon's expofition may be better. TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the ftream. So, in the French *Romant de la Rofe*, 1415:

"Leaue aloit *aval* enfaifant
"Son melodieux et plaifant."

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Caftle*, 1575: "——as on a fea-fhore when the water is *avail'd*." STEEVENS.

9 ——— fhapelefs *gear*;] *Shapelefs*, for uncouth, or what Shakefpeare elfewhere calls *diffufed*. WARBURTON.

1 *Exeunt Ladies.*] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here. JOHNSON.

Biron.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas [2];
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels [3], meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly [4]; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one [5],
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone:—
And

2 ——— *as pigeons peas;*] This expression is proverbial:
"Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,
"And utter them again as God shall please."
See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

3 —— wassels,] *Wassels* were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"———Antony,
"Leave thy lascivious *wassels*"——— STEEVENS.

4 *A mean most meanly*; &c.] The *mean*, in music, is the tenor. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the sweetest."
Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:
"Thus sing we descant on one plain-song, kill;
"Four parts in one, the *mean* excluded quite."
Again, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*. Cant. iii.
"The base and treble married to the *mean*." STEEVENS.

5 *This is the flower, that smiles on every one,*] The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to desert, as it were, the figurative,

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King.

rative, and to be received into the common style, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the *substance*, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the *image*. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaisant, finical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the *flower*, or, as he elsewhere expresses it, the *pink of courtesy*, that in common talk, or in the lowest style, this metaphor might be used without keeping up the image, but any thing affirmed of it as an *agnomen*: hence it might be said, without offence, to *smile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reason is this; in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects this image should be, for some little time, continued by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is, that the broken, disjointed, and mixed metaphor so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention of it is not apt to excite in us the representative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing represented. And then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrowed ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand: because the mind is already gone off from the image to the substance. Grammarians would do well to consider what has been here said, when they set upon amending Greek and Roman writings. For the much-used hacknied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this case temerariously. WARBURTON.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.]

As white as whale's bone is a proverbial comparison in the old poets. In the *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. i. st. 15:

" Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,
" And eke, through feare, *as white as whales bone.*"

And in Turberville's *Poems*, printed in the year 1570, is an ode intitled, " *In Praise of Lady P.*"

" Her mouth so small, her teeth so white,
" As any *whale his bone*;
" Her lips without so lively red,
" That passe the corall stone."

And in *L. Surrey*, fol. 14. edit. 1567:

" I might perceive a wolf, *as white as whales bone*,
" A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none."

Again,

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, and attendants.

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou [6],
'Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin.

Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore:*
"The kyng had no chyldren but one,
"A daughter, *as white as whales bone.*"
Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brightest precious stones, in describing the position of Pallas:
"A hundred steppes mounting to the halle,
"One of jasper, another of *whales bone*;
"Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle."
Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24. edit. 1736. WARTON.

It should be remember'd that some of our ancient writers supposed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale.* The same simile occurs in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:
"The erle had no chylde but one,
"A mayden *as white as whales bone.*"
Again, "That a fayre sonne had Chrystabell,
"*As whyte as whales bone.*"
Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Isenbras*, bl. l. no date:
"His wyfe *as white as whales bone.*"
Again, in the *Squhr of Low Degree*, bl. l. no date:
"Lady *as white as whales bone.*"
Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:
"—his herrings which were *as white as whales bone*, &c."
We should, however, read *whales* bone, the Saxon genitive case, and not *whale his* bone as it is here printed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*;
"Swifter than the *moones* sphere." STEEVENS.

6 ———*Behaviour, what wert thou,*
'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?
These are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath[7].
Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsully'd lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

that when it degenerates into shew and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprised in the quotation. JOHNSON.

[7] *The virtue of your eye* must *break my oath.*] Common sense requires us to read:

———made *break my oath.*

i: e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent —It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a crime which you yourself was the cause of. WARBURTON.

I believe the author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodness* and *power* are both comprised, *must dissolve* the obligation of the oath. The princess, in her answer, takes the most invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

King.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of these days)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle, sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet[8]
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd; they'll mock us now down right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

[8] ——*when we greet* &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

Ros.

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhime, like a blind harper's song:
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles[9], spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. *Sans* SANS, I pray you[1].
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

[9] Three-pil'd *hyperboles*,] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus says:
"I have worn *three-pile*." STEEVENS.

[1] Sans, sans, *I pray you.*] It is scarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obscured by the punctuation. It should be written *Sans* SANS, i. e. *without* SANS; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the last line of his speech, though just before he had *forsworn* all *affectation* in phrases, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

Write,

Write [2], *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true [3],
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

[2] *Write*, &c.] This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

"It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a *printed bill* on a plague door."

Again, in the *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"Have *tokens* stamp'd on them to make them known,
"More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"On our side, like the *token'd* pestilence."

Again, in *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, 1619:

"A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*." STEEVENS.

So, in *Sir Tho. Overbury's Characters*, 1632:

"*Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city *pestilence*." MALONE.

[3] ——— *how can this be true,*
That you should forfeit, being those that sue?]

That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies *to prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath broke once, you force not to forſwear [4].
King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.
Roſ. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, ſir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

[4] ——*you force not to forſwear.*] *You force not* is the ſame with *you make no difficulty.* This is a very juſt obſervation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with leſs reluctance. JOHNSON.
So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. x. ch. 59:
"—he *forced* not to hide how he did err." STEEVENS.

I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent [5],
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany [6],
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years [7]; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error [8].
Much upon this it is:—And might not you [*To Boyet.*

[5] —*a* consent,] i.e. *a conspiracy*. So, in *K. Henry* VI. Part I:
"———the stars
"That have *consented* to king Henry's death." STEEVENS.

[6] —*zany*,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a gross mimic. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:
"Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,
"When they will *zany* men." STEEVENS.

[7] —*smiles his cheek in* years;——Mr. Theobald says, he *cannot for his heart, comprehend the sense of this phrase*. It was not his heart but his head that stood in his way. *In years*, signifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"*With mirth and* laughter *let old* wrinckles *come*."
See the note on that line.——But the Oxford editor was in the same case, and so alters it, to *fleers*. WARBURTON.

Webster, in his *Dutchesse of Malfy*, makes Castruchio declare of his lady: "She cannot endure merry company, for she says much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinckle*." FARMER.
Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:
"That light and quick, with *wrinkled laughter* painted."
Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "—he doth *smile his cheek* into more lines than is in the new map, &c."

[8] ——*in will, and error.*
Much upon this it is:——And might not you]
I believe this passage should be read thus:
——*in will and error.*
Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*
Biron. *And might not you*, &c. JOHNSON.
In will and error. i.e. first in will, and afterwards in error.
MUSGRAVE.

Fore-

Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot [9] by the ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd [1];
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight! Peace; I have done.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O Lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, ſir; but it is very fine,
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Coſt. Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is not ſo:
You cannot beg us [2], ſir, I can aſſure you, ſir; we know what we know:
I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

9 —*by the ſquier,*] *Eſquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *ſquare*. The ſenſe is nearly the ſame as that of the proverbial expreſſion in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her ſo long that he can perſuade her to what he pleaſes. REVISAL.

1 —*Go, you are allow'd*;] i. e. you may ſay what you will; you are a licenſed fool, a common jeſter. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "*There is no ſlander in an* allow'd *fool.*" WARBURTON.

2 *You cannot beg us,*—] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardſhip of our perſons and fortunes. One of the legal teſts of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him [3].

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach. [*Exit Costard.*

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how [4]:
Where

[3] *I know not the degree of the worthy,* &c.] This is a stroke of satire which, to this hour, has lost nothing of its force. Few performers are solicitous about the history of the character they are to represent. STEEVENS.

[4] *That sport best pleases, which doth least know how:*
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,
There form, &c.

The third line may be read better thus:

——the contents
Die in the zeal of him *which* them *presents.*

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than

Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents,
There form confounded makes moſt form in mirth;
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

Enter Armado [5].

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converſes apart with the King.*

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why aſk you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch: for, I proteſt, the ſchool-maſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement!

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the great; the pariſh curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.
And if theſe four worthies [6] in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There is five in the firſt ſhow.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

than that of the Amazonian Queen, who ſays, on a like occaſion, in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,*
"*Nor duty in his ſervice periſhing.*" JOHNSON.

[5] *Enter* Armado.] The old copies read—*Enter* Braggart. STEEVENS.

[6] *And if theſe four worthies* &c.] Theſe two lines might have been deſigned as a ridicule on the concluſion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:

"If this firſt part, gentles, do like you well,
"The ſecond part ſhall greater murders tell."
STEEVENS.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
A bare throw at novum [7]; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick [8] out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Pageant of the Nine Worthies* [9].

Enter

[7] *A bare throw at* novum,—] This passage I do not understand. I fancy that *novum* should be *novem*, and that some allusion is intended between the play of *nine-pins* and the play of the *nine* worthies, but it lies too deep for my investigation. JOHNSON.

Novum (or *novem*) appears from the following passage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been some game at dice: "The principal use of them (the dice) is at *novum*, &c." Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: "The principal use of langrets is at *novum*; for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*:—"What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; sort them yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance." STEEVENS.

Novem——"a bare throw at *novem*." The former editions read *novum*. Dr. Johnson retains the old reading, but with great ingenuity conjectures, "*novum* should be *novem*, and the same allusion is intended between the play of nine-pins and the play of the nine worthies." There is no necessity for this emendation; *novum* was an old game at dice, as appears from a passage in Green's *Tu quoque*:

"*Scat.* ——By the hilts of my sword, I have lost forty crowns, in as small time almost as a man might tell it.

"*Spend.* Change your game for dice, we are a full number for *novum*." See Dods. *Old Plays*, vol. iii. p. 31. HAWKINS.

[8] *Cannot* prick *out*, &c.] Dr. Gray proposes to read, *pick* out. So, in *K. Hen.* IV. Part I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three such enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phrase still in use among gardeners. To *prick* may likewise have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31. is "The order of a showe intended to be made Aug. 1. 1621."

"First, 2 woodmen &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his esquires to beare before him

his

Enter Coſtard for Pompey.

Coſt. *I Pompey am,*——

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Coſt. *I Pompey am,*——

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee[1].

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker; I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. *I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnamed the Big,*—

Dum. The great.

Coſt. It is great, ſir;—*Pompey ſurnam'd the great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield, did make my foe to ſweat:
And, travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay, *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

his ſhield and penon of armes, dreſſed according as theſe lords were accuſtomed to be: 3 Aſſaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Chriſtians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may ſuppoſe it was the deſign of Shakeſpeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

[1] *With* libbard's *head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and ſhoulders had uſually, by way of ornament, the reſemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. WARBURTON.

The *libbard,* as ſome of the old Engliſh gloſſaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther.*

This ornament is mentioned in *Sir Giles Gooſecap,* 1606:
"—poſſet cuppes carv'd with *libbard's* faces, and lyon's heads with ſpouts in their mouths, to let out the poſſet-ale moſt artificially."

Again, in the metrical chronicle of *Robert de Brunne:*

"Upon his ſhoulders a ſhelde of ſtele,
"With the 4 *libbardes* painted wele." STEEVENS.

See *Maſquine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary:* "The repreſentation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of ſome old faſhioned garments." TOLLET.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right *.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,——

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! [*To Nath.*] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax [2] sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax [3]; he

* ——*it stands* too right.] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. STEEVENS.

[2] —*lion, that holds his poll-ax, sitting on a close-stool,*] Alluding to the arms given to the nine worthies in the old history. HANMER.

This alludes to the arms given in the old history of the *Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *seiante in a chayer*, holding a battell-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597. p. 23. TOLLET.

[3] *A-jax*;] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has these two lines:

"And I could wish, for their eternis'd sakes,
"My muse had plough'd with his that sung *A-jax*."

So,

he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Aliſander. [*Exit Nath.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you! a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:—But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his manus:
Quoniam, *he ſeemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
[*To Moth.*] Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh.

Hol. Judas I am,— [*Exit Moth.*

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iſcariot, ſir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Macchabæus.

Dum. Judas Macchabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kiſſing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more ſhame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, ſir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, ſir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, ſays, ' Enquire, if you underſtand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or ſuch as are well read in *A-jax*."

Again, in *The Maſtive*, &c. a collection of epigrams and ſatires: no date:

" To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,
" That wilt, from *A-jax* with thy force defend it."

STEEVENS.

Hol.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head[4].

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæſar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk [5].

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an aſs, let him go.
And ſo adieu, ſweet Jude! nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the aſs to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur Judas; it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Macchabæus, how he hath been baited!

[4] *A* cittern head.] So, in *The Fancies*, 1638:
"—a cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "Fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken *head* at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:
"I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—"
"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers ſhall wear thee on their *citterns*, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *—on a flaſk.*] i. e. a ſoldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"————like powder in a ſkilleſs ſoldier's *flaſk*,
"Is ſet on fire."

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Keep a light match in cock; wear *flaſk* and touch-box."
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan [6] in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves [7].

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace! *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea [8],
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

[6] *Hector was but a* Trojan—] A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakespeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part 1: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, &c." Again, in this scene, "—unless you play the *honest* Trojan, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *stuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Christmas Masque*:—" he has an *orange* and rosemary, but not a *clove* to stick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion. STEEVENS.

[8] —*he would fight*, yea,] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plausibly reads—he would *fight ye*; a common vulgarism. STEEVENS.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device; [*To the Princess*] sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whip'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates[9]; stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

[9] *—more* Ates;] That is, more instigation. Ate was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. John*:

"An *Ate*, stirring him to war and strife." STEEVENS.

Arm.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll flash; I'll do't by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms [1] again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen [2]: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none,

[1] —*my arms*—] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

[2] *it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen*, &c.] This may possibly allude to a story well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his best services. The dying man told him he had but one request to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their past friendship, punctually to comply with it, which was not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt.

WARBURTON.

Boyet. *True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen*, &c.] This is a plain reference to the following story in Stow's *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confessor.) "Next after this (king Edward's first cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Vifunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, who, when he hewed timber in the

none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter

the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore labour, the blood and humours of his head so congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the space of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his sleep) he *went woolward* and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness." Dr. GRAY.

The same custom is alluded to in an old collection of *Satyres, Epigrams*, &c.

"And when his shirt's a washing, then he must
"Go *woolward* for the time; he scorns it, he,
"That worth two shirts his laundress should him see."

Again, in a *Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, *woolward* have I hight,
"Thether for to go."

Again, in *Powell's Hist. of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons slew 1000 priests and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and *woolward* to crave mercy, &c. STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *swashbuckler*: "His common course is to go always untrust; except when his *shirt is a washing*, and then he goes *woolward*." FARMER.

Woolward] I have no shirt: "I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Gray, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakespeare, supposes that this passage is a *plain reference* to a story in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go woolward*; which, at the same time is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

"*Wolward* and wetshod *went* I forth after
"An a reechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,
"An yedeforth like a lorell, &c."

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon wol, *plague*, secondarily *any great distress*, and weard, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, "*in magno discrimine & expectatione magni mali constitutus.*" I rather think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *cloathed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shake-

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life.
Mer. Even so: my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion[1], and I will right myself like a soldier.
[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

Shakespeare's context, but more particularly from an historian who relates the legend before cited, and whose words Stowe has evidently translated. This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man was admonished, "Ecclesias numero octoginta *nudis pedibus* et *absque laneis* circumire." *Dec. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The same story is told by William of Malmsbury, *Gest. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. p. 91. edit. 1601. And in *Caxton's Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Visunius Spileorne, son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, ought to be Wulwin, surnamed de Spillicote, son of Wulmar de Lutegarshaile, now Ludgershall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the forest of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamshire. WARTON.

[1] *I have seen the days of* wrong *through the little hole of discretion,*] This has no meaning. We should read, *the day of* right, i.e. I have seen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time. WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion,* (i.e. not been too forward to resent them) *and will insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"*One may see day at a little hole,*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Day light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's. STEEVENS.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.
Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The [4] liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath [5], your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue [6]:
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.
King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe [7], decides
That

4 —*liberal*—] *Liberal*, in our author, frequently ſignifies, as in this inſtance, *free to exceſs*. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:
"——like a moſt *liberal* villain,
"Confeſs'd," &c.
Again, in *Othello*:
"I'll be in ſpeaking *liberal* as the North." STEEVENS.

5 *In the converſe of breath*,——] Perhaps *converſe* may, in this line, mean *interchange*. JOHNSON.

6 *An heavy heart bears not an* humble *tongue*:] Thus all the editions; but, ſurely, without either ſenſe or truth. None are more *humble* in ſpeech, than they who labour under any oppreſſion. The princeſs is deſiring her grief may apologize for her not expreſſing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that ſentiment. Beſides, there is an antitheſis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

The following paſſage in *K. John* inclines me to diſpute the propriety of Theobald's emendation:
"——*grief* is proud, and makes his owner *ſtout*."
By *humble*, the princeſs ſeems to mean *obſequiouſly thankful*. STEEVENS.

7 *And often, at his very looſe, decides*, &c.] *At his very looſe*, may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his *getting looſe*, or away from us.

So in ſome ancient poem of which I forgot to preſerve either the date or title:

"Envy

That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince [8];
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. [9] Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

" Envy discharging all her pois'nous darts,
" The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
" At her fierce *loose* that weakly never parts,
" But in despight doth force her to retire. STEEVENS.

[8] ———*which fain it would convince*;] We must read:
——*which fain would it convince*;
that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *over-power* grief. So Lady Macbeth declares, "*That she will* convince *the chamberlains with wine*." JOHNSON.

[9] *Honest plain words* &c.] As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the princess for the king in the king's presence at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus:

Prin. *I understand you not, my griefs are double:*
Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.
King. *And by these badges*, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors sacrifice propriety to the consequence of their principal character, into whose mouth they are willing to put more than justly belongs to him, or at least the best things they have to say. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, might have taken this speech out of the mouth of an inferior performer. STEEVENS.

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
[1] Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, fair ladies, you;
And even that falshood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time [2]:
But more devout than this, in our respects [3],
Have

[1] *Suggested us*——] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

[2] *As bombast and as lining to the time:*] This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is given to a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falstaff, "—my sweet creature of *bombast*." STEEVENS.

[3] *But more devout than* these are *our respects*
Have we not been;——]

This nonsense should be read thus:

But more devout than this, (save *our respects*)
Have we not been;——

i.e. save the respect we owe to your majesty's quality, your courtship we have laugh'd at, and made a jest of. WARBURTON.

We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours the ambassadors of love;

And

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so [4].

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this,—

And in our maiden council rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time;
But more devout than these are our *respects*
Have we not been, *and therefore met your loves*
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

The sixth verse being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

But more devout than this, (save *our respects*)
Have we not been;———

Dr. Johnson prefers the conjecture of sir Thomas Hanmer:

But more devout than this, in *our respects.*

I would read, with less violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:

But more devout than these are your *respects*
Have we not seen,——— TYRWHITT.

I read with sir T. Hanmer:

But more devout than this, in *our respects,* JOHNSON.

The difficulty I believe arises only from Shakespeare's remarkable position of his words, which may be thus construed.—— *But we have not been more devout,* or made a more serious matter of your letters and favours than these *our respects,* or considerations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have just before said, *we rated them in our maiden council at courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy.* TOLLET.

[4] *We did not* coat *them so.*] We should read, *quote,* esteem, reckon, though our old writers spelling by the ear, probably wrote *cote,* as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

We did not *quote* 'em so, is, *we did not regard them as such.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him. See, act II. sc. i." STEEVENS.

If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oath I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and, till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt [5],
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.

Biron. [6] And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Roſ.

[5] *To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,*] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more appoſite to the king's purpoſe than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

To flatter on theſe hours of time *with reſt*;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay paſs in quiet. JOHNSON.

[6] *Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?*
Roſ. You muſt be purged too: your ſins are rank:
You are attaint with fault and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never re[illegible]
[illegible]*t.*]

These

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank[7]:
You are attaint with fault and perjury:
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
•A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day.
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;

• These six verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the authors first draught, which he afterwards rejected; and executed the same thought a little lower with much more spirit and elegance. Shakespeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Rosaline's speech too long in the second plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted; but, in publishing the play, stupidly printed both the original speech of Shakespeare, and their own abridgment of it.
THEOBALD.

7 ——*are* rank.] The folio and 4to 1631, read—are *rack'd.*
STEEVENS.

Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit [8],
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own [9] dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital [1].

Prin.

[8] —fierce *endeavour.*—] *Fierce* is *vehement*, *rapid.* So, in *K. John:*

"——*fierce* extremes of sickness." STEEVENS.

[9] —*dear groans,*] *Dear* should here, as in many other places, be *dere*, sad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate*, *consequential.* So, already in this scene:

——full of *dear* guiltiness. STEEVENS.

[1] The characters of *Biron* and *Rosaline*, suffer much by comparison with those of *Benedick* and *Beatrice.* We know that *Love's Labour's Lost* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave. [*To the King.*

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, ſir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three year. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our ſhow.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter all, for the ſong.

This ſide is Hiems; winter.
This Ver, the ſpring; the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have ſeen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumſtance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

SONG.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue [2],
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,
And cuckow-buds [3] *of yellow hue,*
Do paint the meadows with delight [4],
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow;
Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow;
Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear!

WIN-

[2] *When*, &c.] The firſt lines of this ſong that were tranſpoſed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

[3] *Cuckow-buds*] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, ſays, that the *flos cuculi, cardamine*, &c. are called "in Engliſh *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheſhire *ladie-ſmocks*." Shakeſpeare, however, might not have been ſufficiently ſkilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has obſerved that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowſlips* are in French, of ſome called *coqu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This he thinks will ſufficiently account for our author's *cuckow-buds*, by which he ſuppoſes *cowſlip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

Cuckow-buds muſt be wrong. I believe *cowſlip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

[4] *Do paint the meadows with delight;*] This is a pretty rural ſong, in which the images are drawn with great force from nature. But this ſenſeleſs expletive of *painting with delight*, I would read thus:

Do paint the meadows much-bedight,

i. e. much bedecked or adorned as they are in ſpring-time. The epi-

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the shepherd blows his nail,*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan [5] *doth keel the pot.*

epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant. WARBURTON.

Much less elegant than the present reading. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *doth* keel *the pot.*] This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to *scum the pot.* GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:—"Faith, Doricus, thy "brain boils, *keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat's in the fire." STEEVENS.

To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*. FARMER.

To *keel* signifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 121. b.

"The cote he found, and eke he feleth
"The mace, and than his herte *keleth*
"That there durst he not abide."

Again, fol. 131. b.

"With water on his finger ende
"Thyne hote tonge to *kele*."

Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical History of the *Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid servant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i.e. a small quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greasy Joan keeled the pot."

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,
"And lumps of beef to swum abeen;
"And ilka time that I stir the pot,
"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*." STEEVENS.

[6] *the parson's* saw] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. So, in the fourth chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, translated by Lidgate:

"These old poetes in their *sawes* swete
"Full covertly in their verses do fayne, &c." STEEVENS.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the [illegible]'s saw [6],
And birds sit brooding in [illegible]
And Marian's [illegible] *and raw,*
When roasted crabs [illegible] bowl [7],
Then nightly sings the [illegible] owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt omnes* [8].

[7] *When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,*] So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" And sometimes lurk I *in a gossip's bowl*,
" In very likeness of a *roasted crab*."

Again, in *Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

" Now *a crab* in the fire were worth a good groat:
" That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toss-pot."

Again, " Good hostess lay a *crab* in the fire, and broil a mess of souse-a." STEEVENS.

[8] In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 350.

THIS child of fancy, *that Armado hight*, &c.] This, as I have shewn in the note in its place, relates to the stories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon those composed by the barbarous western writers, which have now the name of Romances almost appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and instead of giving us an account of these books of chivalry, one of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he promised to treat of, he contents himself with a long account of the poems of the provincial writers, called likewise romances; and so, under the *equi-*

voque of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another, that hath no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable ſatire to bring them back to their ſenſes. The French ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the Spaniards of their *romantic bravery*. A *bravery* our Shakeſpeare makes their characteriſtic, in this deſcription of a Spaniſh gentleman:

> *A man of compliments, whom* right and wrong
> Have choſe as umpire *of their mutiny:*
> *This* child of fancy, *that Armado hight,*
> *For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,*
> *In* high-born words, *the worth of many a knight,*
> *From* tawny *Spain,* loſt in the world's debate.

The ſenſe of which is to this effect: *This gentleman*, ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtyle.* Why he ſays, *from tawny Spain*, is becauſe theſe romances, being of the Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate*, becauſe the ſubjects of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Chriſtians againſt the Pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians: the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, inſtead of his father, they aſſigned the taſk of driving the Saracens out of France and the ſouth parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of thoſe peers, whom the old romances have rendered moſt famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakeſpeare makes Alençon, in the firſt part of Henry VI. ſay; "Froyſſard, a coun- "tryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands "bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spaniſh romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin del Oliva* *, or ſimply *Oliva*, thoſe

* Dr. Warburton is quite miſtaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spaniſh language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is

those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the higest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the priest in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Ecce-"tuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro "llmado Roncesvalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de "estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego sin remission al-"guna *." And of Oliver he says, "essa Oliva se haga luego "raxas, y se queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas †." The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be seen in the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of *our* plain and sensible ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagancies than the Spaniards, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, *to swagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquisitor priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro "fué el primero de Cavallerias qui se imprimiò en Espana, y todos "los demás an tomado principio y origen deste ‡;" and for which he humourously condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatazador de una secta tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *second* race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in these romances as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth observing, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Ariosto and Tasso, have borrowed, from each of these classes of old romances, the scenes and subjects of their several stories: Ariosto

is entitled in Spanish, "Historias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Castilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, "Histoire d' Olivier de Castille, & Artus d'Algarbe son loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d' Angleterre, &c. translatée du Latin par Phil. Camus, in fol. Gothique." It has also appeared in English. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94, 47. PERCY.

* B. i. c. 6. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

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choosing the first, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Tasso, the latter, *the Crusade against them in Asia:* Ariosto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland:* for as the Spaniards, by one way of transposing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, so the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of these fooleries, as we have said, had its original in Turpin's famous History of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of sir J. Maundevile, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with an impudent monkish addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse of than it deserved. This voyager, speaking of the isle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following story of an enchanted dragon "And also a "zonge man, that wiste not of the dragoun, went out of a schipp, "and went thorghe the isle, till that he cam to the castelle, and "cam into the cave; and went so longe till that he fond a "chambre, and there he saughe a damyselle, that kembed hire "hede, and lokede in a myrour: and sche hadde moche tresoure "abouten hire: and he trowed that sche hadde ben a comoun "woman, that dwelled there to reiceyve men to folye. And he "abode, till the damyselle saughe the schadowe of him in the my"rour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked him what "he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire limman or para"mour. And sche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And "he sayde, nay. And then sche sayde, that he myght not ben "hire limman. But sche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, "and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and "sche scholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come "and kysse hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I schalle "do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in lykeness of "a dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hideouse and horrible to "loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchaunte"ment. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou seest "now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf "thou kysse me, thou schalt have all this tresoure, and be my "lord, and lord also of all that isle. And he departed, &c." p. 29, 30. ed. 1725. Here we see the very spirit of a romance adventure. This honest traveller believed it all, and so, it seems, did the people of the isle. "And some men seyne (says he) that "in the isle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and "lykenesse of a great dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in "lengthe, as men seyn: for I have not seen hire. And thei of "the isles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, these kind of stories, believed by pilgrims and travellers,

would have less credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkish historian, who supplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be supposed, that these *children of fancy* (as Shakespeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, insinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood)* should stop in the midst of so extraordinary a career, or confine themselves within the lists of the *terra firma*. From *him* therefore the Spanish romancers took the story of the British Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Guenivver, and his conjurer Merlin. But still it was the same subject, (essential to books of chivalry) the wars of Christians against Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or design, they changed the Saxons into Saracens, I suspect by design; for chivalry without a Saracen was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and served the knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Greaal. This saint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by Joseph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made saints of their knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a saint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and discipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himself. "Là confession (says the preacher) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; "et si tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne "peus estre recordé si non par trois choses: premierement par la "confession de bouche; secondement par une contrition de cœur, "tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. "Telle est la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & si te confesse en "cette maniere & recois la discipline des mains de tes confesseurs, "car c'est le signe de merite.—Or mande le roy ses evesques, dont "grande partie avoit en l'ost, & vinrent tous en sa chapelle. Le roy "devant eux tout nud en pleurant & tenant son plein point de vint "menuës verges, si les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en soupirant, "qu'ils prissent de luy vengeance, car je suis le plus vil pecheur, "&c.—Apres prinst discipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut."

" ceut." Hence we find the divinity-lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'squire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Lastly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himself, and disturbance to the world, frequently ended his course, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monastery; or turned hermit, and became a saint in good earnest. And this again will let us into the spirit of those dialogues between Sancho and his master, where it is gravely debated whether he should not turn saint or archbishop.

There were several causes of this strange jumble of nonsense and religion. As first, the nature of the subject, which was a religious war or crusade: secondly, the quality of the first writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpose. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted justs and tournaments, because he understood they had much hindered the crusade decreed in the council of Vienna. " Torneamenta ipsa & hastiludia sive juxtas in regnis " Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in " quibus ea consuevere frequentiùs exerceri, specialiter interdix- " it." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed.* I. Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the crusades by turning the fondness for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we see the books of knight-errantry so full of solemn justs and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propose it as the best means of subduing the Turk, to assemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation *. WARBURTON.

* See Part ii. l. 5. c. 1.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.